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From the Westminster Review.

THE PAPAL STATES.

1. *The Christian Alliance. Its Constitution, List of Officers, and Address.* New York. 1843.
2. *Apostolato Popolare.* London. 1842-3.

THE first of the above pamphlets contains what may be termed the "Constitution" of an American Society, dating from the 12th May, 1843, which announces itself as established "to promote religious freedom, and to diffuse useful and religious knowledge among the natives of Italy, and other Papal Countries." Each member of the society is to contribute not less than one dollar annually to the formation of a social fund, which is to be devoted—first, to the sending a judicious agent to all those localities of North and South America, Europe, and the African Coast, resorted to by large bodies of Italians, there to establish a correspondence, and depositories for the sale of bibles and other books, and to effect other arrangements for the religious and intellectual improvement of the Italian people; secondly, to the publication of tracts and books in the Italian language. 'L'Histoire de la Reformation,' by Merle d'Aubigné, and M'Crie's

'Memorials of the Reformation in Italy,' are named as samples of the works to be translated. The third object of the fund is—"laying before the American public the true state and condition of the various Popish Countries, and the character of Popery as a system."

As far as set forth in the 'Constitution,' and at more detail in the address which follows, the aim of this association is good, although its plan is incomplete. It is solely theological. "With questions properly political," say its founders, "our association has nothing to do." Now, we acknowledge that in Italy, as every where else, the religious question surpasses in importance all others; but we believe that sooner or later the thinking world will be convinced that, in the present state of the Peninsula, it is impossible to get at the religious question otherwise than through the political. *To be must precede to think*; and Italy is not. To aim at her *present* progress towards religious liberty would be to impose the task of physical motion on a prisoner bound hand and foot. You may warehouse bibles, or copies of Merle d'Aubigné and M'Crie, at every point around Italy that may favor their dispersion; slowly, and in numbers imperceptible, they may reach the hands of those who

have no need of them, of those whose souls are already freed; but the mass, "the gay unthinking peasantry" of the villages of Italy, "the mechanics and shopkeepers of her towns," will never hear of them. The gendarmes, the priests, and the Custom-house form, between them and the instruction you seek to afford, a triple wall insurmountable to individual agents of a Transatlantic society. Every theory of education, then, for the masses of Italy, resolves itself into a problem of liberty. And well do her patriots know this. Since the founders of the Christian Alliance wrote in their address that "The patriotic minds of that glorious land are understood to have abandoned the hope of liberating their country by insurrection and the sword," projects and attempts of that very order have multiplied in a frightful ratio. Setting aside the address, however, the Christian Alliance is a symptom that interest is awakened in America for the misfortunes of Italy, and that the importance of that country in the European circle is felt and comprehended by our kinsmen across the ocean. The example shown deserves to be imitated on a larger scale among ourselves.

The 'Apostolato Popolare' is a periodical publication in Italian, published in London, of which twelve numbers have made their appearance; and it represents the opinions of the National Italian Association, known as "Young Italy." Bearing such a title, and were it only as the symptomatic "straw," it has a claim to be better known among us than it is. The religious question has often been handled in it, and in a sense decidedly opposed to Papacy. Though the positive doctrinal category of its conductors remains hitherto undeveloped, we have evidence that they are sensitively alive to the pre-eminence of the religious principle in the work of social renovation. While deploring it, they endeavor to make prominent the existing want of belief. They proclaim that the world cannot live without satisfying this want; and they appear disposed to appeal from the Pope to a Council,—but to a Council faithful to its own convictions, charged to inquire into and direct the religious aspirations now stirring in the bosom of Humanity.

The absolute ignorance of the English public with regard to the contents of the few publications that from time to time throw a ray of light on the situation and tendencies of the Peninsula, is but a result of the indifference that prevails upon the

Italian question—an indifference which would be strange any where, but which is almost inconceivable as existing in the midst of a Protestant people, valuing liberty of conscience and proclaiming itself to be now more than ever alarmed at the inroads of the Papal spirit. What! are we complaining of the active propagandism of the Court of Rome amongst us—do we point with exclamations at symptoms (whose more than temporary importance, by-the-bye, is much exaggerated) of a return to war on the part of the Vatican, and are we forgetting our most powerful auxiliary? Behold at the feet of that throne of usurpation, that exhausts our anathemas, a people seeking nationality, whose nationality recognized, would be a final sentence to the power of enslaving Belief. We know that in 1831, in an effort of national organization, their first and spontaneous step was the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope; that is to say, the lopping away of half his strength. Almost all the leaders of this movement, since driven into exile, proclaim a creed diametrically opposite to that of which we dread the influence; and has it never struck us that if these men were free to express their present convictions, a blow would be struck at the very root of the evil? Obviously the Italian national question embraces the solution of the religious question, and our duty is at least to study it.

When, about a year ago, we heard that some bodies of men had shown themselves in the Papal States,—that an unusual fermentation pervaded Italy, and that a general rising was looked for, our indifference never for an instant forsook us. Although the titles of *Count* and *Marquis* attached to the names of those who were designated as principals were of a nature slightly to jog our aristocratic torpor, many among us waited the good pleasure of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, ere we could even admit that, after all, this might be an outbreak—not of our old circulating library acquaintance, the banditti,—but of patriots driven to this extremity by the mal-administration of their country's affairs. Our journals recorded the facts without comment. Their editors did not give themselves the trouble of examining if this were the last throes of the dying, or a signal of the uprising of a great people. None thought of inferring from the *Counts* and *Marquises*, valued at so much a head by the Pontifical Government, a new proof that the nobility fraternized with the people in these unceasing aspirations of patriotism.

None thought of seeing in Dr. Muratori's band, that kept in check for six weeks all the forces of the Pope, Swiss or native—or later, in the bands of Calabria, when the agitation had reached Southern Italy—a symptom of progress in insurrectional intelligence, a practical programme of the destined war on the foreigner, drawn up by the most devoted among the Italian youth. When, in the sequel, we heard that the brothers Muratori had taken refuge in exile; that the brothers Bandiera, and some others with them, had encountered martyrdom, the sole conclusion drawn was—*All is ended*; and the trifling amount of attention, of curiosity, that the troubles had excited among us, immediately subsided.

This is to treat somewhat too lightly both the cause of a people to whom Europe owes its civilization, and the efforts of those brave men whose object is to give that people new life.

Yet *nothing* is ended; the ground beneath trembles to-day just as yesterday. The symptoms of fermentation continue; and it requires no very practised eye to foresee that important events will come to pass in Italy, perhaps very soon. The struggle, obstinate and prolonged, that for thirty years has periodically driven to the dungeon, to the scaffold, or to exile, the élite of her educated youth has not yet terminated.

The map of Europe has to be re-modelled. New nationalities appear to be establishing. The part of statesmen should be to prepare for England a new political and commercial existence by cultivating the germs of sympathy and alliance with the new Powers that will spring out of the crisis. If the present Cabinet neglect this office, let us ourselves, as far as possible, discharge it. Hereafter Englishmen will thank us.

Those who would seriously investigate the present condition and prospects of the Italian people should commence their inquiry with the States of the Pope. Discontent is there most menacing, and the religious question, which is there located, the Papal States the most directly important.

Our readers will recollect how the districts which now form the territories of the Pope accepted his authority in the middle ages as a power protective of the spirit of democracy and of the municipal franchises, against the despotic usurpation of foreign emperors. Originally, it was a sort of synallagmatic contract, more or less ex-

plicit,* by which there was conferred on the Pope a right of suzerainty and the tribute, reserving to themselves the uncontrolled administration of the finances, the choice of magistrates, the power of making and dissolving alliances,—all in a word that constitutes *bonâ-fide* independence. Afterwards, devotion to the Holy See, the splendor necessary to the centre of Christianity, the necessities of the Church reforms to be accomplished, petty tyrants to be put down, furnished so many bases for the profound and Machiavelian system of usurpation, consummated by Alexander the Sixth and Clement the Seventh. One by one the popular liberties were swallowed up: those that were nominally spared were rendered nugatory. Thus, a Council and a Magistracy were left in the towns, possessing the right of voting on municipal matters; but the Sovereign reserved the power of appointment to the Council, the choice of the heads, the fixing of the time when and the matters on which they were to deliberate. If local statutes were conserved, they were those which might tend to maintain division and rivalry between city and city, and which, such as the difference of weights and measures, were bars to commerce and intercommunication. Deprived of liberty and political life, and under the thousand ills notorious as inherent to ecclesiastical government, the Roman provinces had attained, at the time of the French Revolution, the wretched supremacy of Italy in misery and misgovernment.

Under Napoleon, the Marches and Legations formed part of the kingdom of Italy, as they had before been comprised in the Italian Republic. An enlightened public administration, the subversion of every feudal privilege, the abolition of the old law, and the substitution of codes more adapted to the times and manners, the equality of all in the eyes of the law, the diffusion of education, military rank open to all classes of the youth, and lastly, Nationality beaming brightly before the eyes of all as possibly to be realized at no distant time, rapidly elevated these provinces from their sunken

* The formally-signed charter regulating the relations between Bologna and Nicholas the Fifth is well known. There is preserved in the archives of Ancona a letter from Clement the Eleventh, entreating the consent of the Municipality to a tax of one quattrino (less than half a farthing) per pound of butcher's meat, and this request, made at a time when the usurpation was already complete, enables us to judge of the limits of preceding conventions.

state. Rome, and the other portions of the Estates of the Pope, which were united to the Empire in 1810, made less progress than the Marches and Legations. The inevitable consequences of foreign domination, obtrusive in all things, even to its language, neutralized the civil and legislative benefits that might otherwise have resulted. However, these provinces were also improving, when in 1814 one stroke of the pen annihilated all those elements of wealth, of life, of progress, so recently manifest.

That epoch restored old authorities, but did not restore ancient rights. Promises were lavished, as at the beginning of all Restorations. The Napoleon Code was to be maintained, taxes were to be lowered, public education was to be confided to those whom public opinion esteemed the most capable. All these promises were violated. The canon law was resuscitated; old forms were revived. The taxes remained such as they had been under the exigencies of war; with this difference, that their produce, of which a part at least, under the kingdom, had been appropriated to public works and institutions, was wholly swallowed up in pensions, in sinecures, and in the support of the luxury and vices of the high dignitaries of the Church; thus, while the salary of the Prefect of Bologna was 12,000 francs annually, the Cardinal Legate, discharging the same functions, now receives 64,000 francs. Education was no more mentioned; but to possess and to exhibit talent was to give cause for suspicion and persecution. From all this, combined with the ever-present idea of Italian Nationality, sprang the insurrection of 1831.

This is not an occasion for going into the details of that movement, or for referring to the motives that localized it in the Roman States—motives, in our opinion, arising from the errors of the men whom accident placed at the head; but we will remind our readers that the insurrection spread over ten provinces in three or four days, without the effusion of a single drop of blood, without a shadow of opposition, and that it succumbed only before an Austrian army. A capitulation was signed at Ancona, on the 26th of March, between the Insurrectionary Government and Cardinal Benvenuti: a full and entire amnesty was guaranteed. This was shamefully broken. The document was sent to Rome the same day, but remained unanswered whilst the patriots were in force. On the 3d of April, when all had been given up, arms and fortified places, and when Bandiera, the Austrian Rear-Admiral—the

same whose two sons died in July, 1844, for the national cause—had arrested on the high seas some of the most compromised, an edict of the Pope annulled the convention. Prosecutions commenced. Edicts of the 14th and 30th of April declared guilty the authors, the accomplices, and favorers of the insurrection; the poets who had celebrated it, the orators who had eulogized it, all those who had in any manner concurred in it.

In the mean time the local causes of insurrection appeared so evident and so just to the eyes of other Governments, that a Memorandum was addressed to the Court of Rome on the 21st of May, 1831, in the name of the five Powers, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and England, in which there was enforced the necessity of introducing radical changes into the system of administration. By a circular of the 3d of June, addressed to the Ministers of those Powers, the Pope himself admitted this necessity, and he engaged himself to give such institutions as would, he said, open for his reign a *new era*. The edicts of the 5th of July, 5th and 31st of October, and 5th of November, 1831, made their appearance in discharge of these engagements.

What kind of constitution these edicts gave to the Papal Government will appear further on. We will here state that the people openly and angrily repudiated it. The Municipal bodies exclaimed against what they termed a deception. Petitions circulated in town and country, and were covered with signatures: there were some, as that of Forlì, that boasted the name of the Bishop's Vicar himself. They were unanimous in demanding the admission of fathers of families to the higher offices of the Magistracy; the election by the people of the Councils for the *Comuni*, from which were taken the Provincial Councils, that were to furnish in their turn the members of the Council of State; the publication of the revenue accounts; publicity to the proceedings of courts of law; and the permanent establishment of the National Guard. The essential defects in the Edicts were pointed out in an argumentative Memorial addressed to the Pro-Legate Count Grassi, by the corps of judges and advocates of Bologna. A committee was formed at Bologna, on the 5th of January, 1832, chosen, with the assent of the Pro-Legates, by the heads of the Magistracy, who were charged to make known to the Government the real wishes of the people. This committee was dissolved. The

Pope persisted in exacting the precise and simple execution of the enactments of the 5th of July, and succeeding dates. On quitting the Legations, at the end of July, the Austrians had intrusted the preservation of order to the Civic Guard: the disbanding of this guard was decided upon, and on the 10th of January, 1842, Cardinal Bernetti announced that it would be replaced by a reorganized regular soldiery. These soldiery, whose pay was forthcoming by the raising of a loan, were in great part composed of banditti and miscreants picked from the prisons of Civita-Castellana, San Leo, and St. Angelo; the officers were in general men known for their ferocity or for an ultra Sanfedism;* their commander was Barbieri, who in 1831 had been with difficulty saved from the fury of the populace. Foreseeing a frightful reaction, the Romagnese refused to receive them. Resistance was however hopeless, for on the 12th there came notes from the four Powers, approving the march of the troops, offering their assistance to the Pope to obtain him an immediate and unconditional surrender, and informing the recusants that they had not to expect justice. The Romagnese resolved that it became them to evince their opinion to the world by a marked demonstration. The troops advanced under the direction of Cardinal Albani: the Civic Guard resisted, then fell back, to weaken the enemy, by compelling him to spread over the country. The Papal ruffians committed horrors which would be incredible were it not that there are living and unexceptionable witnesses to the facts. Cesena was given up to plunder: even the churches were not excepted; in that of the Madonna del Monte, men suing for life, the crucifix in hand, were pitilessly massacred. At Forlì,† children, old men of eighty, and pregnant women, were among the murdered. These excesses would have driven the whole people to the direst reprisals, when the Austrians made their appearance a second time, invoked by the Pope.

We omit the French expedition to Ancona, which took place at the beginning of February. It had no bearing on the principal question, and was only undertaken to

* The *San fedist* (from *santa fede*, holy faith) were, like the *Caldeari* of the Neapolitan States, a secret association opposed to the patriots.

† Cardinal Albani, in a manifesto, spoke of these scenes as *an unlucky accident*; he declared that he would cause to be distributed among the families of the victims the sum of 60*l.* sterling, taken from the *Provincial Treasury*.

quiet the anxiety of France. But we dwell with pleasure on the noble language held at this time by Lord Seymour, who had been despatched to Rome by the English Government. He alone of the Envoys of the great Powers plainly declared that the pretended reforms neither answered the requirements of the people, nor even the guarded demands of the Memorandum of the 21st of May. He alone affirmed, in a correspondence with Prince Metternich, that there could be no possible tranquillity for the Italian provinces until justice was done. On his departure he bore with him the esteem of the Italians, who were afflicted to perceive that while every intervention for ill was tolerated in Europe, there was not a single Government that deemed itself obliged to interfere effectively for good. The language of the other Powers was mean, false, and designedly canting. They spoke of the *imprescriptible rights of the throne*, and of *legitimate authority*; they loaded with commendations the *wisdom* of the Court of Rome; the King of Prussia declared his profound veneration for the *sacred person* of the Pontiff; Nicholas laid his sincere regards *at the feet* of Gregory. France descended still lower, and even to calumny, in the person of M. De Saint Aulaire, who asserted that the Civic Guard had plundered the public treasury. The Belgian question now absorbed attention; Austria and the Pope remained masters of the ground; the patriots commenced a more silent struggle: but the Italian question had made one step in advance; for the subjects of the Pope, convinced that they had nothing henceforward to hope from without, drew closer their bonds with those who alone can work out their triumph, the twenty millions of their brethren.

From this rapid survey, our readers will have deduced the unanimity of opinion that reigns in the Papal States respecting their government: we shall now show what that government is.

We are not here about to treat of the Pope, that *nominal* head of the State, all-powerful for evil, absolutely impotent for good. As a general rule, he may be set down as an old imbecile, thrust into power by a faction of the Cardinals, who share among them the spoils; or as a veteran trafficker in ambition, who settles with the electors the price of his elevation to the Papacy, and who is compelled, at the risk of his life, to observe the conditions of the compact. The real chief is the Secretary of State (*Secretario di Stato*): this is he

who was the leader of the triumphant faction in the Conclave. He stands above all authority. He is supposed to receive the responses of the Papal oracle, and to utter them in the name of laws. A few strokes of the pen, forwarded to a tribunal, enable him to annihilate, without publicity, statutory enactments. It often happens that, when an advocate is relying upon particular articles of law as the basis of the right of his case, even in the third court of appeal, he is obliged to hear that those articles are no longer in force. The secretary lords it over the finances and every other branch of the administration, sparing himself the trouble of advertising the subalterns of his intentions, so that his commands and their regulations are continually at variance. The department of Foreign Affairs is exclusively his.

Next to him comes the Cardinal *Camerlengo*. His duties it is hard to define. His titles confer on him the Presidency of the Apostolic Chamber, and the management of the Customs and the Mint: but the Mint has a special President within dependent powers, and the Customs are at the direction of the Treasurer. The superintendence of all that regards the supply of food, of agriculture, of industry, makes him a sort of Minister for the Interior, were it not that there is a separate department for what relates to provision. His titles would lead one to infer that the general direction of the postal department, and of the roads and bridges, was intrusted to him, though he has nothing to do with them: the posts are under a separate and independent jurisdiction; and the roads and bridges appertain to a Congregation of Cardinals.

Indescribable as Proteus, the *Camerlengo* seems to be thrown into the midst of the governmental chaos we are describing, for the sole purpose of mystifying the citizen in the endeavor to fix on the source of his grievances. Frequently does it occur that the regulations enforced by this high functionary, in virtue of some one of his titular powers, are in direct collision with those of the Treasury or the Congregation of Bridges and Roads; and it then becomes impossible for the unfortunate who suffers by the contradiction to tell to which of these authorities he is to appeal. More definite in duty, but equally unaccountable as to performance, is the Treasurer-General, who completes the supreme triumvirate of the Papal States. He is the real Minister of Finance; though, with the usual rule of *misrule*, sev-

eral branches of that head are entirely independent. He attends to the collection of the revenue, and appoints the provincial receivers: he contracts loans, and orders the sale or purchase of public property. *He never gives account to any one of his administration*, nor of the distribution of the funds that enter the Treasury; neither has any one a right to demand an account. He can only be dismissed from his office by promotion to the Cardinalate: he then leaves on his desk a key supposed to be that of the Treasury; being the only formality that is indispensable.

Below these three great dignitaries are to be found a multitude of Congregations and other authorities with undefined functions: the Congregation of Bridges and Roads, composed of Cardinals residing at Rome; to whom belong a Council of Arts, comprising six engineers, a central directory for the care of the post roads, and an administrative council for cross-roads, a board of dikes and water-courses, an administrative council for the aqueducts of Rome, an engineer-in-chief for the provinces, the Reno commission for all the Legations established at Bologna, besides an endless number of sub-councils, inspectors-in-chief, and engineers, all enormously paid for doing nothing;* the Congregation of *Buon Governo*, composed of Cardinals and presiding over the business of the Marches, whose duties should be discharged by a principal department of the Home Office; the Pope's Auditor, whose cares, according to the constitution, should be confined to the legal protection of widows, minors, and the poor, but whose power has so thriven that he can now suspend, by a decree, the decisions or the results of decisions pronounced by the tribunals, even when the cause has run the course of all the courts, and is no longer liable to appeal,† the Congregation of Studies, a body of Cardinals to

* Every traveller knows that, saving in some provinces of the Kingdom of Naples, there is no part of Italy where the bridges and roads are so neglected as in the Papedom; and yet this branch of the administration numbers as many officials as would suffice for United Italy, were Italy one. The inspectors receive ninety scudi monthly, engineers of the first class seventy-five, those of the second forty-five; the members of the council and engineers-in-chief much more. The Roman scudo is worth 4s. 2d.

† The *Auditor* has upon each rescript a fee of three, six or more Roman scudi. Everybody at Rome knows the names of Signor Buttaoni and Monsignore Isola, who pocketed about 25,000 scudi on 5,000 rescripts.

superintend the spread of education under a system that proscribes mutual instruction as tainted with heresy; the *Congregazione Militare*, composed of *Monsignori*, under the presidency of the Cardinal Secretary of State; the Legates and Delegates, veritable Pachas of the Holy See,—the former, Cardinals, acting as Viceroys in the four principal provinces of the State,—the latter, *Monsignori*, taking care of the districts of lesser importance, but both exercising an administrative, restrictive, and judicial authority, immense, arbitrary, and irresponsible; lastly, the *Governor of Rome*, having in his hands the general direction of the Police, presiding over the Metropolitan criminal tribunals, and, like the Treasurer, only quitting his office by promotion to the Cardinalate.

Again, below these authorities, almost all irresponsible, all without definite limits to their power, and busy for plunder and anarchical confusion, is a greedy, intriguing, demoralized herd of Prelates, legists, auditors, secretaries, and subalterns, whose omnipotence, each in his sphere, has its root in the universal ignorance, fated and inevitable to the very constitution of this administrative hierarchy. Ignorance of every thing essential to the good government of a state is decreed as to the Pope: for, on the one hand, the faction of Cardinals who assure his election is composed of men themselves aspiring to the Papacy, or who design to govern in his name, and who take care, therefore, to choose some old incapable; on the other hand, a legal *veto* on the Conclave, whether that of Austria or that of France, might be guaranteed against any Cardinal who should have manifested views opposed to those of either one or the other power, or who without such manifestation, may have given reason to suppose, from a particular course of study, or from recognized ability, that he is capable of pursuing a national and independent policy.* Ignorance

is decreed for all the high functionaries of the State, because, in the first place, the Pope is bound to select them, not from the most capable, but, in accordance with

introduced who had any chance of being elected, and for his share in which the Abate Sartori paid for his boldness by imprisonment and exile. In fact, no one thought of the individual who became the future Pope. The electoral potentials consisted then of the Foreign diplomatists, of a numerous faction, headed by Cardinal Rezzonico, nephew of Clement the Thirteenth, and of an opposing faction. Braschi treated secretly with the Ambassadors, engaging himself never to give way to the party desirous of recalling the Jesuits, but to maintain the decree of expulsion issued by Ganganelli. In return, he received from them a promise that they would employ the *veto* against every Cardinal of the Jesuitical party, and that they would procure for him the suffrages of the Spanish, Portuguese, and French Cardinals. The insignificance of Braschi induced the Envoys to believe that, once Pope, their courts might use him at their pleasure. Rezzonico, who, as head of a faction, could not be himself elected, was casting about for one who in the sequel would become his submissive tool. Braschi had been drawn from obscurity and raised to the dignity of Treasurer-General by a Rezzonico, Clement the Thirteenth; and he had had to endure numerous humiliations from Ganganelli. These considerations, the isolation, the feigned submissiveness, and the promises of Braschi convinced the Cardinal, an ardent partisan of the Jesuits, that he should find in Braschi a docile agent. However, neither the support of the Ambassadors nor of Rezzonico would have procured the election of Braschi, without the assistance of juggling trickery. The Cardinals, once assembled in Conclave, antecedent to that agreement between parties that can alone bring about a positive result, proceed as a matter of custom to a kind of mock election: each day they give votes *ad honorem* in favor of Cardinals of no importance, taking care that the suffrages never reach the required number. There are pawns put forward to be sacrificed, in order to reconnoitre the adversary's plan of attack and to clear the way for the decisive movements of the greater pieces. By this artifice, Rezzonico, who in public affected a contempt for his *protégé*, brought about the election of Braschi. "Let us give him," said he to his followers, "some votes *ad honorem*; there is no danger of his election; there will not be a single voice from the opposite side in favor of an adherent of mine." "Braschi is so pliant a person," he caused it to be hinted to his opponents, "that he will never dare to set himself at loggerheads with the powers by recalling the decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits; he certainly won't have any of my votes, but I can have no objection to others amusing themselves with his name, just as I myself shall put forward Cardinals equal nobodies to himself, until we hit on a name we are both satisfied with." By following up this device, one fine morning, to the astonishment of everybody the unrolling of the papers proclaimed Braschi Pope. Of course, such successes are infrequent. But this little history will serve to show how much the intellectual capabilities of the candidate are thought of by the electors.

* Of course, we are speaking of modern times, and not of those in which the Papal election was still held to be the effect of a special Divine interposition. In our days, intellect is so little esteemed in the Conclave, that it is rarely successful unless by entrapping votes in disguise. A sketch of the election of Pius the Sixth—a man, doubtless, unequal to his office, but who nevertheless played a tolerably independent part in the political Mählström—will suffice to explain our meaning. When the Conclave was opened on the death of Ganganelli, Cardinal Braschi (Pius the Sixth) was thought so insignificant that he had not even the honor of being named in *Il Conclave*, a satirical drama of the day in which all the Cardinals were

former engagements, from among those who contributed by their intrigues to his election; secondly, because, chosen from the clergy, they can have no administrative knowledge, theoretical or practical: a Canon becomes a Treasurer; a Cardinal who has devoted his life to the study of ecclesiastical antiquities directs the War department; a man who has presided over a diocese as Bishop turns up a Secretary of State.* Ignorance is decreed for two-thirds of the head *employés* in the secondary branches of administration, because they are filled up from that mass of *Prelati*, followers of the Cardinals, who possess the three indispensable requisites, celibacy, nobility, and interest, and whose education is limited to what is taught in the schools under the name of philosophy, and to the elements of jurisprudence; often indeed given to those whom it may be wished to dispense with in higher offices, on account of malversation, but whom it may not be desirable to brand with public disgrace: this was the constant custom of Cardinal Consalvi. On this ignorance in the chiefs is built the grasping insolence and unbridled license of the mixed class we are now speaking of. Each head has its auditor, his legist, his secretary, who does every thing for him; these despise their master, whose ignorance they are fully sensible of, and whose favor they have obtained by cringing subserviency, if not by disgraceful compliances; they know they have no longer hold of office than the duration of the flickering life of that aged Pope who elevated their patron, and their aim is to amass a purse as quickly as possible. Public opinion is no check on them, for they know that the moral responsibility of their misdeeds will fall wholly on their nominal superior.

Yet lower, beneath this factitious class of intermediates between principals and subalterns, swarm, as reptiles in filth, a hideous

* The premium of a centesimo granted, for the protection of agriculture, by Cardinal Bernetti, Secretary to Leo the Twelfth, to whomsoever should kill a sparrow, and the long and elaborate enactments to prevent two premiums being paid for the same sparrow; the circulars of the same party exhorting to the cultivation of liquorice; the instructions he ordered to be read by the country clergy to set on foot a general massacre of grasshoppers; the sowing of turnips in November, recommended by Cardinal Albani, Secretary to Pius the Eighth, as a remedy for the scarcity in the Marches and in Romagna, in 1829, in answer to the *comuni*, who demanded aid towards employment and food for the people—are all traits of economy worthy the notice of *Punch*.

race, not to be hinted at in good society, but whose abnormal existence must be proclaimed in this our effort to make intelligible the nature of the papal government and the justice of the revolutionary movements of the people,—a race of valets, parasites, prostitutes, traffickers in vice, legions of familiar demons who crawl from the basement to the very summit of the edifice. The celibacy of the clergy, the occupiers of every avenue to power, is the source of their influence; and it will be easily understood that in a State where every thing goes by interest, that influence is immense. For ages past, the interior corruption and the power exercised at Rome by domestics and women of gallantry have been notorious; but before the time of Pius the Sixth, the profligacy of the priests, though more brazen, had not, in general at least, stained the family hearth; the natural children of Popes, Cardinals, and Bishops, impudently recognized by their elevation to the highest dignities, were not the offspring of their neighbors' wives. The terror of the Reformation and the ordinances of the Council of Trent still exercised an ameliorating influence, if not on the reality, at least on the outward decorum of the manners of the clergy. At a later period, it is observed by an Italian writer, the depravity general in Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the examples set by Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and Alberoni, and the *morale* of the theology disseminated by the Jesuits, masters in the art of inciting the human passions, to turn them in the end to their own account—of leading to transgression, to set a price on the pardon—and of fostering covert infamy, to lord it over their penitents by the possession of their secrets, taught the Roman Cardinals and Bishops that it was more convenient and less scandalous to insinuate their seduction where it was the interest of all parties to conceal it.

The effects of this lesson became apparent in the Papacy of Pius the Sixth, and have but augmented since. At that date, the famous Marchesa Sacratì, wife of Gnudi, a Bolognese, was all powerful at Court. The husband was created a Chevalier and a Marquis; and got a fortune out of the Customs, during the treasurership of Braschi. Women became the agents between the *Prelati* and the petitioners for employments or gratuities; they, and often their husbands, made this traffic a source of wealth. And out of these shameless practices, which we

avoid portraying in full, grew the influence of servants as accomplices and procurators. Men such as Marianino and Giovannino, the former in the service of the elder Cardinal Albani, the other in that of Cardinal Consalvi, might be seen, under Pius the Sixth and Seventh, holding levees in which were trafficked the employments, pensions, and favors that ought to have been solicited from the Secretaries of State. Places endowed with large emoluments were created solely to gratify the craving of these insatiable *camerieri*.* The dishonoring tradition is: till unbroken, and a short residence at Rome is sufficient to enlighten the traveller as to the value to her husband of the all-potent influence vested in the wife of Gaetanino, the pontifical barber.

What, then, is the result, the inevitable consequence of this scheme of government as a whole?

1. ANARCHY among the chiefs. *Anarchy as to the general system*: all unity of system is impossible where each Pope is set up by a coterie, the antagonist in general of that which produced his predecessor. Every Pontiff signalizes his accession by a *Motu-Proprio*, which annuls or modifies those of the preceding. Pius the Seventh, while rigidly exacting the taxes of the Kingdom of Italy, suppressed almost all the Liberal institutions of Napoleon. He re-established the Inquisition, the Bishops' tribunals, the Delegates of provinces, with the right of secret judgment, in criminal cases; he restored its old pre-eminence to the Rota, but he preserved the Colleges of Justice.

Leo the Twelfth utterly subverted, as far as there was any good in them, the ordinances of Pius the Seventh. By his *Motu-Proprio* of the 5th October, 1824, he abolished the Colleges of Justice, substituting for them a single judge; without reference to distance, he made the metropolis the place of appeal for the great part of the provinces; he lowered the salaries of all the Communal officers; in order to prevent people from knowing how a trial was proceeding, he made Latin the language of the courts; he lowered the land-tax and increased the stamp-duties; he drove the wealthy Jews to emigrate, by persecution,

A few years afterwards, Pius the Eighth improved on the system of Leo the Twelfth: he almost doubled the scale of duties. So

we may go on; and it will be seen with what rapidity these changes occur, when we recollect that in the short space of eight years, from 1823 to 1831, four Popes succeeded to that dignity.

Anarchy between the different sections of the system; for, as we have before indicated, the limits of their powers are not defined. Whilst the Popes, whenever they are consulted by their ministers, authorize rescripts which receive no publicity, and which nevertheless derogate from all anterior laws, the high functionaries of the state are every instant encroaching on each other's department. This is carried so far that in 1827 or 1828—we cannot refer to the precise date—the Treasurer and the Camerlengo both published at the same time a set of contradictory regulations for the post, each pretending to flow from the living oracle of the voice of our Lord.*

The same collision of powers regularly occurs in the provinces wherever there is a *Monsignore* for Delegate and a Cardinal for Bishop. The Legates and Delegates, the Bishops wherever the interests of an ecclesiastic are implicated in a cause, the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, that of the Consulta as a final court in capital cases, that of the Congregation of Rome, that of the Fabbrica di San Pietro for the discovery of pious legacies in testamentary papers, ancient or modern, against which there is no appeal but to Rome. the Rota, the Segnatura, and we know not how many more tribunals or individuals, are invested with judicial attributes.

The Police is at the beck of all. At Rome, it is an appendage to the Governorship, but without injury to the powers of the Bishops and Inquisitors; or in the provinces, to those of the Legates and Delegates, Bishops, Inquisitors, Mayors, or Agents: and parties who have been acquitted by one of these authorities, may be prosecuted and condemned by another. As a result of this confusion, which it is impossible for us fully to present to our readers, it came to pass under Leo the Twelfth, that a man who had stolen a considerable sum from an innkeeper of Rome, was convicted by the ordinary tribunals, acquitted by that of the Capitol, and

* This is the formula sacred to laws: how properly applied may be judged of, "Does it tend to the good of the State, to the advantage of our well-beloved subjects?" asked Pius the Eighth of the Treasurer who presented to him the tariff of duties. "Yes, most holy Father." "Well, let it be promulgated."

* Consalvi created an edileship of Rome for Giovannino.

finally sent to the galleys by the Pope. Under Pius the Eighth, the privileges of the port of Ancona were abolished, with a respite of three days only, by the Treasurer, Monsignore Cristaldi, and immediately re-established by the Secretary of State, Consalvi. Under the same Pope, the Cardinal Camerlengo announced a premium for the encouragement of the native cloth manufacture, and the Cardinal-Treasurer overlaid it with so many restrictions, that not a single manufacturer could lay claim to it. In 1832, the Communal Councils of several towns in Romagna were chosen according to law by the Pro-Legates, approved at Rome, dissolved by Cardinal Albani, the Secretary of State, and shortly after re-elected man for man. But what has not come to pass, what will not come to pass, in this *chaos of confusion and doubt*, as it was designated by a famous jurisconsult, Cardinal De-Luca?

2. INSUBORDINATION among the subalterns. In the government of the Pope, says a Roman proverb, *La metà comanda, la metà non ubbidisce, eppure tutto si fa*—one half orders, the other half doesn't obey, and yet every thing goes on. How can it be otherwise? Inferiors hold their superiors in no respect; neither do they hold them in fear, for they know that in general their officers are but the produce of a patronage that must soon lose its power. *Prelati* the greater number, they look on those above them as upstarts whom the next turn of the wheel may abase. Some rely upon their privileges. The Provincial Prefects, for example, cannot be recalled under three years. In a pamphlet on the States of the Church, M. Etienne Croiz mentions the fact of a Cardinal being placed, in 1839, over the Legation of Forli, who was well known to be almost in a state of mental derangement. When recalled at the end of his term, he refused obedience, and replied to the Secretary of State, that he, member of a princely family, had no orders to receive from a *parvenu*. They succeeded in dispossessing him, by finding a pretext to send him on a tour through the neighboring Legations, and installing another Prefect in his absence.

Moreover the example of insubordination is set them in high quarters. Leo the Twelfth ordered that the Secretary-General of a province should always be a stranger to the district; and shortly after he gives that appointment at Bologna to Signore Zecchini, a native, and one who had always resided there. Why should officials respect the laws

of their sovereign, when they themselves have the power of changing them? Pius the Eighth publicly declared, on his election, that he was sensible of the enormity of the revenue duties, and that he would amend the tariff and diminish the imposts. A Commission was issued to this effect: their report was communicated to certain high functionaries and to the Chambers of Commerce of Bologna and Ferrara; so that its recommendations became pretty generally known. The lower duties alarmed the contrabandists who had established an assurance company, that guaranteed them against loss from government seizures. They intrigued with the subordinates of the Finance Minister, and got up so strong an opposition that, spite of the intention of the Pope, and the wishes of the magistrates and merchants, the project was abandoned, and a new tariff promulgated, that raised duties instead of abating them. Again: the Cardinal *Datario* asserts that his powers extend to the nullifying ordinances signed by the Pope, without even the necessity of announcing to his sovereign that he has exercised the assumed right; why then should not the tribunals essay the same feat? Pius the Seventh had empowered the Court of Appeal at Bologna to receive causes that had been heard in the Bishop's Court. The advocates and judges at Rome, annoyed at the decreased litigation brought to the metropolis, induced the defeated party in a suit between the Marchese Albergati and the Great Hospital at Bologna, to have recourse to the Tribunal of the Segnatura at Rome; and this court quashed the decision of the Court of Appeal, on the ground of want of jurisdiction. This was a flagrant violation of the Pope's edict: and yet, notwithstanding remonstrances, notwithstanding the representations of the Archbishop of Bologna himself, the reversal took effect, and served as a precedent for restoring matters entirely to the old routine.

So also, the Secretary of State and the Treasurer are continually violating that law of Benedict the Fourteenth, confirmed by Pius the Seventh and Leo the Twelfth, which orders that every letting or contract for revenue tolls shall be made by public auction, and that some time shall elapse even after that, to see if any party is inclined to advance on the last offer. In defiance of this regulation, they bestow the profit on whomsoever they please, often on men ruined by vicious extravagance, or on such as have rendered them personal services. Why should not subalterns do the

same, each in his sphere? In the Papal States then, particularly in the provinces, we have what is worse than tyranny, that is, anarchy—a mob of tyrants. There, nothing is certain. The law is no protector. You go to the Custom-house, to the Registry office, to the Excise, for salt and tobacco, and you find duties for ever increasing, new regulations, unheard-of restrictions. You inquire, whence they spring? The reply is, *from Rome*. You insist on seeing the authority. *You have not*, you are told, *the right of demanding it: you may appeal to Rome for redress, but in the mean time you must obey*.

3. VENALITY—CORRUPTION; beginning at the Pope and descending to the domestics of the least of the *Prelati*. Twenty volumes would scarcely suffice for the recital, and a few pages are all that we can command. But who has not heard of *nepotism*? The example of the Popes in the middle ages, by force or intrigue, in the name of the Church's rights, stripping princes and people of their possessions to enrich their nephews—at a later period, by corruption of the courts and by stooping to the basest arts, laying hold on inheritances with the same object—has produced its effects in all ranks of the hierarchy. What this example has been near our own times, may be learnt from the story of Pius the Sixth and the Lepri family. The details are preserved in a fragment of contemporary history, written by Ugo Foscolo, and yet unpublished; but we have verified the facts, and their significance will amply apologize for the space they occupy.

Pius the Sixth had but two nephews, children of a sister married to Conte Onesti of Cesena. Unwilling that the Braschi name should perish with himself, he made these nephews adopt it, and thenceforward undertook their advancement. The younger was made a cardinal; the elder was married into a patrician family: for him therefore a patrimony was indispensable, and it was set about in this way. The Lepri family, one of the wealthiest in Rome, had only one direct heir, the priest Don Amanzio, a man besotted with ambition that never could be gratified, for his imbecility was proverbial. His fortune Pius had fixed on for the Duca Braschi. He placed about Don Amanzio two of his creatures, the Abate Stampa, a kind of parasite-buffoon, charged to inflame his ambition, and Monsignore Nardi, Latin Secretary, who was to turn this foible to account. Persuaded by them that he was justified in aspiring to a Cardinal's hat, presented by Nardi to the

Pope, fêted by the Duca and Duchessa Braschi, Don Amanzio's head was completely turned. He began by making presents successively of his pictures, his jewels, and his rare books; he ended by giving his estates. Not daring to name him Cardinal, the Pope did worse: he made him Prelate-Referendary to the Segnatura, that is to say, to a court of Jurisconsults; and he himself attended at the installation of this idiot with the Pontifical insignia and unusual pomp. To this honor he shortly after added that of *Chierico di Camera*. All Rome was in laughter; the scandal was so great that Pius was obliged to retire to the country for a little time. But, as the price of all this, Don Amanzio had given up all his fortune to the Duca Braschi and his successors, by a donation *inter vivos*.

The scene now changed; to caresses succeeded ingratitude. The Pope avoided his visits; the Braschi, pretending some offence, closed their doors against him: flatterers forsook him: impoverished, with his soul steeped in bitterness, Don Amanzio fell ill. Having summoned a confessor, he unfolded every thing to him, begging him to make public after his death the history of the donation, and his remorse at having left a crowd of relatives a prey to the miseries of poverty. The confessor suggested to him to retract the gift aloud and before witnesses, as a testamentary revocation. He did so, and died. Aided by the enemies of the Braschi, the relatives made their claim: some among them besought the Pope to help their poverty by giving them a portion of that wealth which in justice they had a right to. Cardinal Giovannetti warmly pressed him to admit the death-bed retraction. Pius rejected both counsel and supplications; he ratified as a royal investiture the transmission of the property to his nephew. The matter being referred to the courts, he chose tribunal and judges, and of course obtained a favorable decree. An appeal was made. To indicate beforehand to the new judges what decision was expected and what rewards were in store for them, Pius the Sixth promoted to high office and afterwards to the Cardinalate, one Cioia, who had strenuously supported the Braschi as a member of the first court. From one tribunal to another, the cause at last reached the *Rota Romana*, the jurisconsults composing that court, jealous of their ancient reputation, and warned by the expression of public opinion, reversed the preceding decisions, declared the donation vicious, and condemned Braschi to make restitution.

The people would have borne the judges in triumph: and Pius was driven to a compromise with the lawful heirs.

Office, pension, petitions, the farming of duties or the contracting of loans,—all are matters of venality at Rome. Every high functionary has some one about him—nephew, cousin, man of business, or servant,—who traffics on the favor and power of his master. Thus, with the name of Cardinal Albani will be always associated those of Costantini and Nicolai; those of Ruggi and Tommassini with Cardinal Galeffi; Diomilla with Cardinal Dandini; Paolo Massani with Cardinal Bernetti; Marchese Marini with Cardinal Guerreri, and so on.

One may be astonished at seeing a notorious plunderer ennobled and titled; as Marini, for example, who was convicted of having appropriated 400,000 *scudi* as Director of the Territorial Registry; but the answer was ready at Rome—he is Cardinal Guerreri's man. You hear that Bernetti and Mattei have let for 900,000 *scudi*, the duties on salt and tobacco, which were annually worth to the state 1,200,000 *scudi*. How is this? Why were they not put up to public competition, as required by the Apostolic Constitutions? How was it that no attention was paid to the proposals of the Tuscan and Genoese speculators who offered 200,000 more? The answer is ready at Rome. Paolo Massani was a shareholder in the company to whom the duties have been let. After the thing was settled he sold his share for 6,400*l.*; he kept more than 1,000*l.* for himself, and the balance is probably handed over to his master. It grieves us to wade through this filth, and to have to drag our readers with us; it grieves us to have to mention names; but having determined to lay an unmistakable finger on the tainted sore, we must be precise. That venality, of which we have forbearingly cited a few examples, runs through all ranks of the State. It descends to the basement of the social structure—to the lacqueys of the most inconsiderable Prelate, who have an established table of fees, to which every one must submit, who would be sure of access to their master; ay, to the lacqueys of the Judges of the Segnatura and the Rota, who demand vails from an advocate who has gained a cause. It is shamelessly barefaced in the pensions so liberally granted to “widows in danger” (*vedove periclitanti*), the price of dishonorable favors which we can only hint at. It is systematized under the Treasurer, whose head clerks receive an

annual compliment on the profits of tradesmen and contractors. It arises almost as a matter of necessity from the organization of the Tribunale della Fabbrica, whose servants receive no salaries, but share among them the profits of the condemnations pronounced by the Judge.* It interferes with private compacts; it is known that the Pope ordered the Conservator of Mortgages to erase all that burdened a palace sold by Prince Spada to Prince Buon Compagni, in order that the vendor might receive immediate payment.

Sometimes it assumes the bearing of right; it is on record that Monsignore Polidori, Secretary of State before Bernetti, claimed in a court of law a sum from certain contractors, relying on an agreement which everywhere else would have been scouted. It was a paper by which the competitors covenanted to present him with a certain amount if the contract (for salt and tobacco) was concluded in their favor. The consequences are—for the money thus sacrificed to individual cupidity is diverted from the real necessities of the State—the progressive impoverishment of the Government, and thence, as a remedy, ruinous loans ever being contracted, principally with Jews; enormous imposts, especially inflicted on the provinces;† financial *coups d'état*,

* This tribunal is composed of a judge, entitled the Commissary, a Registrar, and a Procurator-iscal, who takes the part of prosecutor. If the judge acquits, they pocket nothing; they receive only when he condemns. The outrageous proceedings of the Commissary may be divined. “*Majores exorbitantiæ et scandala*,” says Cardinal De Luca, Disc. 20, “*resultant ab illis inferioribus ministris qui vulgo Commissarii dicuntur, qui more pyretarum et grassatorum per dioceses et provincias cursitare profitentur, ad proprium lucrum et extortiones, non ut opera pia impleantur.*”

† The taxes were high enough under the Kingdom of Italy and the Empire; but the produce was devoted to the improvement of the country: a powerful army flattered the national pride; commerce and the circulation of money increased every day. The Papal restoration destroyed all this, but maintained, nay, augmented, the taxes. The tax on land (which Gioia and the Italian economists declare oppressive whenever it exceeds a seventh of the rent) attained in the Marches and Legations to the proportion of 1.50 for every piece of land worth a hundred *scudi*, producing three and a half, or at most, four per cent. The indirect taxes grew enormously in the towns and very seriously in the rural districts; on which, especially on the Marches, fell the tax levied on ground grain, and on Romagna, the tax on cattle, so fatal to agriculture. Add to these the house-tax, irregularly and arbitrarily levied—*tassa focatica*; moreover, extremely high duties on the importation of mer-

such as that by which the Grand Treasurer leased to certain imprudent capitalists the administration of several branches of the finances, obtained from them considerable advances, then rescinded all the contracts as unfair, without repayment of the advances, and with threats of a prosecution against those who were bold enough to ask for them;* the rapid growth of the public debt (24,000,000*l.* before 1831, and increased since,) for the redemption of which Pius the Seventh founded a treasury, in which nothing has been deposited. Thence also results—the central focus of corruption being at Rome—the habit of seizing every opportunity of favoring the metropolis at the expense of the provinces; the tax imposed by Consalvi throughout the country on each venture in the lottery, to go to the poor of Rome; the order, emanating from the same source, to every notary to ask testators whether they designed nothing for the poor, not of their own locality, but of the metropolis; the tenth of the profit accruing from each lottery devoted to the relief of the Roman mendicants; the prohibition of the sale or printing of all scholastic books, the issuing of which is a monopoly belonging to the Apostolic Hospital of San Michaelè à Ripa at Rome; the immense number of matters in which the right of appeal is reserved to Rome alone, &c. Thence, also, the singular spectacle of places and pensions conferred on men guilty of crimes that elsewhere would be severely punished. The Marchese Nunez, Prefect of Police at Bologna, imprisoned the Advocate Rovere and others on a charge of conspiracy; he gained

over a criminal from one of the prisons, to assert that he was an accomplice in the plot, and to reveal the details; he produced false witnesses and forged a document. The iniquity was discovered; the accused proved an alibi, and were liberated; but Rovere went mad, and his young wife died of grief; Nunez was recalled to Rome, where he received a pension of 260*l.*

The famous Prelato Pacca, Governor of Rome, to gratify his brutal passions, imprisoned intractable husbands, or confined uncomplaisant wives. When public indignation could no longer be resisted, it was thought sufficient to forbid the Governor to visit the prison of San Michaelè, or to summon to him females detained there. Pacca left Rome afterwards for having forged bonds on the Treasury, but he notwithstanding got a pension.

The Advocate Greppi of Bologna, Prefect of Police in 1815, was wounded with a sword one evening as he was entering his house; he denounced as the assassin one Monti, and as the suborner of the crime one Zecchi, whose wife he was enamored of: he produced false witnesses; the accused remained in irons till the real assassin avowed the act on his death-bed; Monti and Zecchi were discharged, and the false witnesses punished; Greppi was appointed Member of the College of the University of Bologna, and afterwards, under Gregory the Sixteenth, had a seat at the Tribunal of Appeal in that city.

Chiefs of bands of brigands, as Majocco, who had plundered on the highway for seventeen years in the province of Frosinone, and Barbone, on whose head a reward of 214*l.* had been set by the *Comune* of Velletri, were employed, the former as Captain of Chasseurs in the very province which abounded with the victims of his depredations, and the relatives of those he had murdered; the latter as Commissary of Police at Rome. Facts like these, the catalogue of which we could swell to any length, happen only under the Papal Government, and form, in our opinion, a characteristic pregnant with meaning.

In all that we have hitherto said on the nature of this Government, we have not touched on the political question; that is to say, on that most sensitive question, in relation to which even a government generally just and fair, starting from fear to proceed to repression, is apt to fall into evil courses. Now, this question is in action—busily, vividly, passionately, more so

chandise and on foreign manufactures, the demoralizing revenue from lotteries,—duties on salt, tobacco, alum, vitriol, playing-cards, &c., always farmed—stamps, post duties, registers, mortgage, judicial fees, the conservancy of the navigable rivers and ports of the country, which ought to have been defrayed by the Treasury, but which augmented by a tenth or a twentieth the contributions of the provinces, the cost of military enrolment equally borne by the provinces and the *commune* all unequally distributed, so as to exact from one province more than from another, and from all more than from Rome; *whose splendor*, according to the counsel continually impressed upon Leo the Twelfth by Cardinal Severoli, *the Holy Father should have at heart beyond all things else.*

* Bologna long deplored the loss of Jacopo Longhi, to whom the tobacco monopoly had been leased. He lost in this way 24,960*l.*: his agent at Rome was silenced by a threat of the Castle of St. Angelo. Longhi died of despair and poverty in a bed not his own, having surrendered his furniture for the benefit of his creditors.

than in any other province of Italy. The national party, which in some other states has an *idea* for its dominant motive, is exasperated in those of the Pope by *material* interests—by wretchedness, by corruption, or by the parching up of every source of life. A spirit of universal discontent, an unceasing murmur for revolution, agitates the Papal districts, and is ever threatening the existence of the tyrannical and imbecile Government whose oppression crushes them. But without our going into detail, the reader may conceive what that Government would become when trembling in an agony of fear, whose normal state is such as we have been describing. There is nothing which fear would not drive it to, were it not that the fear itself is a check: or, as phrased by one of our elder poets—

“ Their fears shall make them cruel, till cruelty
Shall make them fear again.”

The tribunal of the Inquisition is extant there in all its strength, and with all its demoralizing modes of espionage—secular in its numerous secret agents, religious in the confessional. We shall not recount the numerous persecutions of the Jews, that, under Leo the Twelfth, forced the richest families to emigrate, with a loss to the State of 400,000*l.*, and which now almost always resolve themselves into exactions of money, to an amount predetermined; but we invite our readers to form an exact notion of the spirit animating the ecclesiastical police, by the perusal of an Edict of the Monk Ancarani, Inquisitor-General for the province of Romagna, dated from Forli, the 14th May, 1829, and an Edict of Cardinal Guistiniani, Bishop of Imola (3d June, 1828). In the first they will find secret accusation formally organized; and in the midst of absurd regulations about necromancers and the blasphemers of God, and especially those offending against the Holy Virgin, an immense field opened to arbitrary action in articles relating to prohibited books, and to *all those who obstruct, or shall obstruct, the Office of the Holy Inquisition, or who have assaulted, or shall assault in any manner whatsoever, by themselves, or others, in his person, character, or property, or otherwise, any officer, servant, informer, or witness of the Holy Office.* In the second they will find a premium of *ten years' indulgence* for informers, and a most aristocratic tariff of punishment for offences of impiety, such as blasphemy, couched in uncouth language. For the

first offence, a conviction for blasphemy is met with a fine of five and twenty crowns of gold, fifty for the second, one hundred for the *third*; but if the guilty party was a poor plebeian, a *povero plebeo*, for the first offence he was to make the *amende honorable*, during an entire day, at the door of the church; for the second offence, he was to be whipped; and for the third, to have *his tongue bored and be sent to the galleys.* In case of fine, the informer would pocket a third, in addition to the ten years' indulgence. What might be taken as blasphemy may be judged from the following: a dramatic poet was fined by the Censor acting for the Cardinal-Vicar, for having Homerically styled Atrides *King of Kings!*

The same savage spirit prevails, with a much increased activity in execution, in all that regards political opinion: accusation is proof; suspicion is enough for punishment. The poet Sterbini was exiled (and remains so) for having in a tragedy called *La Vestale*, irreverently handled the mummeries of the priests of *pagan Rome*. Three individuals, the advocate Bottoni, and the lieutenants Bocci and Piolanti, were imprisoned eleven months, fettered and without seeing the light of day, as guilty of an attempt at assassination on the person of Cardinal Rivarola, on the mere assertion of two fellows, who, as appeared by an agreement afterwards discovered, had conspired to gain the reward of 640*l.* offered to whomsoever would denounce the offender. Processes, summary and expeditious (*in via sommaria e spedita*), became sheer lists of proscription, hastily filled up to get rid of those against whom no proof could be obtained. *La publica voce e fama* (public talk and rumor) was taken as their basis. Five hundred persons were condemned to banishment in 1825, in virtue of this compendious plan, and were presented with the order of expulsion before they had learnt there were any proceedings against them. Cardinal Rivarola pushed this process *sommaria e speditiva* to such a length, that in his famous commission in Romagna, he condemned individuals who had been dead before the commencement of the proceedings, and others who could never be identified in consequence of the confusion of names and designations. In the list of the convicted was to be found Francisco *Piana*, advocate of Bologna: there was a *Piana*, an advocate in that city, but his baptismal name was different; there was a Francisco, but he was not found guilty. Among the

condemned also was the advocate Agostino Javeggi, of Ferrara; there was an advocate Javeggi, but Agostino was not his prenomén; and there was an Agostino Javeggi, but neither an advocate, nor of Ferrara. The slightest word from an informer, or the merest breath of rumor (*voce pubblica*), was sufficient for the Cardinal to inscribe a name on the roll of the condemned.

Those who escape the process *sommario*, are still to be reached by the *precetto*. This is an injunction not to be from home before sunrise or after sunset, not to frequent coffee houses or other public places, not to be idle, &c. Its first result is to take away the possibility of the employment that it prescribes, for such as are under the ban of the *precetto*, and are known to be objects of suspicion to the Government, are rejected at every workplace. Its deep abomination is that it inflicts penalties on those whose conduct is proof against any other criminal proceeding. And this *precetto*, that has been known, in critical times, to be launched against hundreds, thousands of citizens, is an attribute not of the courts alone, but of every chief of police, without the necessity of accounting anywhere for its use.

To be added to all these are grievances, the weary list of which would be too heavy for our pages, but that may be easily learnt elsewhere, or even conjectured—the decline of commerce, an inevitable consequence of the severity and frequent alteration of the tariff of duties, of the tedious processes of the courts, of the time granted to debtors—sometimes years; of the power given to bankrupts to summon the creditor before a judge appointed by the sovereign at the suggestion of the debtor,* of the absurd sanitary regulations; of the extensive contraband fostered by the enormity of the imposts; the decay of manufacturing industry, to be ascribed to the vexatious interference of the Government officers, to the prevalence of exclusive privileges, and to the war waged against the provincial manufacturers by the industrial interests of the metropolis, who are supported by high functionaries; the impediments offered to

the development of agriculture, by increased burdens, by the law's uncertainty, by the law's delay, by the overgrown possessions of religious corporations, by the barriers opposed to the diffusion of agricultural knowledge; the almost absolute want of public instruction, particularly as regards the rural population, and the vitiation of private education by the inevitable meddling of the priests and religious orders: add all these, and you will have a conception, faithful as far as it goes, though very incomplete, of Papal administration.

We shall give an example for each, of the conduct of the Government towards manufactures and agriculture. Signori Fabri and Meloni had a manufactory of silk at Bologna: the beauty of their stuffs procured them abundance of orders; but this was not agreeable to the dealers at Rome, who accused them to the authorities of selling goods of foreign manufacture. They were in consequence subjected to various harassing regulations, such as having the warp marked by the revenue officers before being woven, and a prohibition to take the stuff out of the loom, save in the presence of these officers. This was vexatious enough, for the officer was not always in the factory when he was wanted, and the work was therefore interrupted; but this was not all. The Judge-fiscal at Bologna was appointed especially to verify the facts. The suspected goods were sequestered, and then, to decide the point, the Judge determined that stuffs of a similar quality should be manufactured in the presence of the revenue officers and a functionary of his own. This was done, and the result was declared satisfactory. Nevertheless, the Treasurer ordered the goods to be seized and sent to Rome. Borne down by this long persecution, Fabri became a bankrupt; Meloni called his creditors together, and, touched with his misfortunes, they returned him a trifling sum, to start him in some small business. The manufacture of course ceased.

The Agricultural Society of Bologna, of which Filippo Re, known by his book on manures, was a long time Secretary,—a society that published exceedingly useful reports on agriculture—had an income of 80*l.* from the State. The Government deprived them of that, and of their place of meeting; and now, owing to the arts of a party specially charged with their surveillance, they very rarely assemble. A glance at the state of agriculture would present the fol-

* The reform of Gregory the Sixteenth may be quoted against us; but that reform, while abnegating the power of the Pope's Auditor, had nothing to say to the power of the Pope himself. Very shortly after its promulgation, time and a special judge were in fact granted to a resident of Perugia.

lowing as prominent facts. The cultivation of rice and hemp is the only existing resource of the Bolognese; but that of hemp, which is costly in labor and in the quantity of manure it requires, is every day on the decrease; the provinces that originally formed the patrimony of St. Peter, are wretchedly poor and depopulated; the progressive spoliation of the mountain-woods, to the maintenance of which a wise government would pay vigilant attention, is and will be more and more to be deplored; in their descent the waters bring with them deposits that fill up the beds of their courses, and the river dykes are menaced with disruption. In the winter of 1843, several square leagues of excellent land, between the Reno and the Po, were laid under water; and a numerous body of proprietary ruined.

But beyond all this, there lies matter infinitely more significant, which must never be lost sight of—the religion of the question, the consciousness now general, that all is brought to pass in the name of a LIE; the *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Peres*, that irrevocably sentences every power usurped in the name of that which is no longer believed in, that no longer believes in itself. Just so is it with the Pope. His Swiss and his Austrians are feared; but men laugh at his excommunication, at his infallibility, at his Vicariousness for God or Christ on the earth: Pasquin's satires are more potent than the uplifted finger that pretends to rule over *urbem et orbem*. When, in 1831, the *de facto* rulers of the Roman States issued a decree abolishing the Pope's temporal power, not a single individual throughout their breadth, uttered a protest. When, as men seize a common malefactor, violent hands were laid on the Cardinal Legate Benvenuti, who came to foment disunion in the Army of the Insurrection, not a single mouth cried out sacrilege. And when the Transtiberines, whose blind faith is so much extolled, discover that bread is too dear, they send a loaf with their *vivas*, into the stately equipage of his Holiness: they treat him as the savage treats his fetiche. All the world of Italy knows, and nowhere so well as in the Popedom, from how much intrigue results the nomination of him, who, as the representative, we say not of God, but of Humanity, should be one filled with all intelligence, and all love, hailed by the Church, by the welcome of the faithful. All the world knows how the inspiration of the Sacred Spirit (shame that we must so

word it) posts to Rome in an ambassador's portmanteau; how the recommendation of Gaetanino, or his like, is more efficacious with the Holy Father, than sentiments of eternal justice; how every severity of enactments for the observance of the Sabbath vanishes before the Fair of Sinegaglia—it's so profitable to the Treasury; how, in short, all spirituality has fallen before the interests of temporal power. And how, then, can you look for its existence among the subjects of that power? Urged by a blind reaction, and estimating religion by its application under their eyes, the educated youth for the most part lapse into materialism; the people, save a portion of the rural population, are without belief, even though professing it. Half from fear, half from habit, they may still frequent the churches, may be found gazing on the pomp of ceremonies, but with curiosity, not with reverence; their southern imagination may be excited, but the heart is untouched. The Papal Power, then, is not only *hated* for the evil it works, but *despised* as an imposture, for the sources whence it obstinately persists in deriving the authority by whose virtue it is existent; and it may be conceived what degree of bitterness this feeling adds to reaction. Men's aspirations are bent the more earnestly to the advent of political liberty. They feel that from that advent, in some way or other, will result the solution of the religious question; they feel that from the flight of the Pope—and he will fly, sooner than submit with cordiality to the deprivation of temporal power—and from his first Bull of excommunication against the rebels, will naturally arise an appeal to a Council; or some other mode of establishing what are the wants of religious faith in Italy.

Our readers, we hope, will now understand why a fearful agitation is periodically at work in the Papal States, and will be at work more and more. An energetic protestation it is, in the name of every brave and noble heart of these provinces, published to slumbering and careless Europe; and it will be converted into a triumphant and unanimously proclaimed revolution, on the day that Europe, aroused to a sense of justice and of zeal for the maintenance of a principle so often announced in words, shall say to the Austrians—*Keep to your own territory, whatever may occur beyond you: the subjects of the Pope are on their own ground: let them manage their own affairs as suits them best.* Nay, a revolution some

day it will become, though Europe should persist in sanctioning the degrading and iniquitous intervention of one Foreign Power in the concerns of another.

In this rapid survey, we have purposely abstained from touching on civil, commercial, or penal legislation. Bad, very bad, it is, we can vouch for. But it may be altered; and yet without any positive amelioration. A better system would be a dead letter within two months of its promulgation; and would not, could not, be carried into execution. This was the deep conviction of the inhabitants of the Roman provinces, when from all sides a *new æra* was promised them in 1831. Of this, too, we ourselves are deeply convinced; and this we have labored to impress on our readers by dwelling on the generalities appertaining to the fundamental constitution of this mockery of a government.

And the proof has been demonstrated; as can be shown by a few words devoted to one of the greatest deceptions that modern diplomacy has sought to pass for a truth.

In the Note of the Secretary of State to the Romagnese (23d March, 1831), it was said—"The Holy Father is now in great part aware of your new wants He is occupied without intermission in expediting the surest remedies. *REAL* are the improvements he is projecting, and real are the advantages you will derive from them."

A Note from the same official to the Marches, of the 18th May, 1831, said—"The Holy Father having at heart the execution of the measures he has already announced to his people, is occupied, &c. . . . A *NEW ÆRA* is commencing."

It was said—and we are happy to give our article the sanction of an official avowal—in a ministerial note to the French Ambassador of the 3d June, 1831—

"Administrative and judicial functions will be no longer exclusively reserved for a privileged class, and the *Motu-proprio* of Pius the Seventh shall be properly carried out.—There shall be given to the Communes a system by which local business will be directed by themselves. A well-digested law will confide the Communal government to proprietors, without neglecting the proper influence of persons of education, and those engaged in industry.—The Provinces will have Councils and Administrative Committees. For these the Communal Councils will furnish the elements and model. The revision of the public accounts, the diminution of the Debt, the management of the finances, will be organized so that no

reasonable doubt can arise, &c.—The fixed and faithful administration of the laws will be *guaranteed* by requisite institutions."

And in a Circular of the 9th July, 1831, the Ministers of the Foreign Powers, France especially, complimented the Pontiff and announced to the four corners of Europe the initiation of the *NEW ÆRA*. Sebastiani, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, congratulated the Chamber that a *theocratic Government had been secularized*.

And now, let us inquire what was the reality of the *New Æra*, organized by successive edicts from the 6th of June, 1831, to the 7th January, 1832—let us inquire what was *actually* the result.

As to the guarantee for the fixed and faithful administration of the law, *nothing*: as to the basis on which taxation was to be wisely regulated, *nothing*; for a proper application of the public revenue, *nothing*: for the admission of the non-privileged classes to administrative and judicial offices, *nothing*.

The Bishops' Courts, and their civil and criminal jurisdiction, were preserved. A single judge (*a priest*) decides in civil cases: he is appointed not by the supreme head but by the Bishop, and he has jurisdiction in all cases whatever in which an ecclesiastic may be mixed up. Judges chosen by the Bishop, and removable at his pleasure, decide in criminal matters.

The tribunals of the Congregations at Rome are preserved.

The tribunal della Fabbrica di San Pietro is preserved.

The tribunal of the Inquisition is preserved.

The removability of Judges, the monopoly of the higher judicial offices at Rome by the privileged classes, and separate tribunals for every thing relating to revenue, are likewise preserved.

Throughout the provinces the representatives of the Government are all *Prelati*: a single exception has been made for Romagna, and we shall see by and by what this is.

No change in the Communal Councils, nor in those of the Delegations.

The taxes have been increased; contracts for farming the revenue have been continued; the custom-house system is the same; nothing has been done for industry or agriculture; the state of public education is worse; the Police remains the same as to powers, but it is, if possible, more objectionable as to agents.

So much for what has *not* been done; now for the opposite picture.

Legal processes were *reformed* by an edict of the 5th of October, 1831: that is to say, 1. In virtue of this edict, the code of procedure is to be drawn from the edict itself, the Code of Pius the Seventh (1817), the commercial regulation of the 21st of June, 1821, the regulation of the 21st of October, the regulation of the 21st of January, 1818, a more recent regulation in the tariff of judicial fees—from more than three thousand sources. 2. Beside the continuance of the Tribunal della Fabbrica with all its absurd powers, and of peculiar tribunals for every thing relating to revenue, privilege is so carefully fostered, that the ecclesiastical Curia have jurisdiction in a process between laymen whenever the first parties to the cause mutually consent, so that third persons made parties are against their inclination compelled to submit to an incompetent tribunal. 3. The little good effected by Leo the Twelfth in his *Motu proprio* of the 21st of December, 1827, has been annulled by referring to Rome exclusively all appeals from decrees and orders of the ecclesiastical Curia, all motions (in case of opposing judgments) for revision or re-hearing in causes involving a certain amount, all motions (in a similar case) in causes involving an uncertain amount, or relating to communes, to mortgages, or accounts in bankruptcy; all demands for the limitation or annulment of judicial acts for want of form, competency, or exception to the judge or other officer; all appeals in processes before the Tribunal della Fabbrica di San Pietro, &c., &c. 4. The constitution of the tribunals is unequal: in the Legations they are composed of six judges, in the Delegations of three, who act also in criminal cases; the deputies to the judges may plead as advocates. The Segnatura is composed of a Cardinal Prefect, seven Prelates with votes, a Prelate Auditor, an Auditor of the Prefecture, and Prelate Reporters. 5. The complication of forms, and consequently the expense, has been increased; powers of procuration, which were heretofore in a private form, must now be notarial; in setting out the pleas, a copy must be given of all documents referred to; the poor are deprived of the benefit granted by Pius the Seventh and Leo the Twelfth as to cheap law in matters under fifty crowns. 6. The execution of judgment is trammelled by the numerous exceptions contained in sections 102, 121, 110, 115,

126, &c., of the statute of organization. 7. Notwithstanding the declaration in article 12 that there should be no more special judges or *privativa*, the Tribunal of the Capitol, the Mercenaries-Judge (n. 36), and the special officials attached to the Court of Rota, are still kept up. 8. The exacting demoralization of subalterns is under so little restraint as to be ostentatious in printed circulars, a copy of one of which is subjoined in the note.*

As we mentioned before, a layman was placed over Romagna; but under the title of Pro-Legate, leaving it to be inferred that a Legate of the privileged class was at hand to make his appearance, without giving cause for surprise to any one: and this, indeed, was the case: for the lay Pro-Legate appointed to such of the three provinces, there was soon substituted a Cardinal Commissary with unlimited powers. (Albani, Byignole, &c.)

Much has been said of the institution of provincial Councils; but as these councils were nominated by the Councillors of the district, who are chosen by the Councillors of the Commune, which at last are selected by the Government, the bias of the members is necessarily not of the opposition; in the second place, their functions extend only to roads, bridges, and water-courses; beyond these they cannot go without being immediately dissolved by their President (Edict 5th July, article 12, title 3); they have not even the right of petitioning, to represent to the Government the wishes of the people: in fact, these bodies can be dissolved and replaced according to the pleasure of the Government (Art. 7, title 3). True, the Comte de St. Aulaire, in his enthusiastic note of 12th June, 1832, quotes a Circular which he says is appended to the Edict, authorizing

* Rome, 31st August, 1832.

Most illustrious Signore,

On the occasion of the return of the fêtes of August, the domestics (*la famiglia*) of his Excellency the Right Reverend Monsignore the Secretary of the Consulta, hasten, according to custom, to wish your Excellency every kind of happiness, and to entreat his Excellency, should he deign to notice their good wishes, to forward his answer, either by his agent or by the Post, to the undersigned, who subscribes himself, with the deepest respect, most illustrious Excellency,

Your very humble, &c., &c.,

CARLO SIGNORELLI

Camériere to Monsignor the Secretary of the Consulta.

P. S.—Your Excellency will be kind enough to recollect the Ordinance.

To the Governor and Chancellor, &c.

the councils to submit their suggestions, wishes, &c., to the Pontiff. This Circular, however, would be in contradiction to the Edict of the 5th of July, and its execution would of course be impossible. But the fact is, that it has never been published, a form necessary, since it derogates from an Edict, nor has it ever been communicated to the councils since their convocation. It was probably put together for M. de St. Aulaire's sole benefit.

The Edict of the 11th June, respecting the redemption of the Debt, is a copy of that of Pius the Seventh, confirmed by Leo the Twelfth: it was never acted on under those two Popes; and it never has and never will be under Gregory the Sixteenth.

An Edict of 21st November, 1831, established a Congregation for the *revision of the public accounts*. This Congregation had been before instituted by Leo the Twelfth, but without any principle of action. We know not what it may be now doing, but we do know what it has not done. We know that it has not revised the large contracts so ruinous to the State, beginning with the sale of the salt and tobacco monopoly, and the Rothschild loan, both almost contemporary with its institution; that it has not checked the waste of public money, lavished in wanton pensions—nor looked into the public offices, the uselessness of many among them, the accumulation of several in one person—nor reformed the doings of the army contractors, those for prisons and others, in which needful outlay is doubled, because the public servants share in the profit—nor put in force the new land surveys that remain unused after ten years' labor and some thousands expended at the cost of the landed proprietors, because the Campagna of Rome (held by princes, cardinals, and *abati*) must be forced up to the value of land in the provinces—nor organized a *surveillance* on the collectors of the revenue—nor revised the land tax or the indirect taxes. But what is to be expected from this Congregation? It is only in the *preamble* of the Edict that mention is made of provision for economy and prudence in the administration; the clauses of the Edict itself enact nothing. The Congregation is composed of a Cardinal, presiding, of four Prelates, and four laymen, *chosen by the Government*: matters are decided by the *majority*; there is no publicity to their proceedings; and their duties are limited to examine if what the authorities have im-

posed has been collected, accounted for to the Treasury, and disbursed under the usual heads.

Such, then, is the NEW ERA announced, and realized it is pretended, by the Diplomacy of Europe, after the insurrection of 1831. Such are the causes of the past, present, and ever-growing agitation. M.

From the Eclectic Review.

THIRLWALL'S HISTORY OF GREECE.

A History of Greece: by the Right Reverend Connop Thirlwall, Lord Bishop of St. Davids. In 8 vols. London: Longman and Co.

WE may at length congratulate ourselves on possessing, in our own language, a history of Greece, written with profound and well-digested learning, free from all party bias, executed on an extended scale, and with no small measure of enthusiastic love for the subject: finally, at so moderate a price as to be accessible to most students. Considering the general suffrage which has been given in favor of the work, alike in England and in Germany, we should be undertaking a hopeless task indeed, if we had the least inclination to disparage it; and, it may rather seem to be our duty to state what are its excellencies, than to rejudge a sentence which has been already pronounced. We do not, it is true, think it to be perfect as a history; but that is in no small degree due to the extreme difficulty presented by the materials. A large part of the work, in the 4th, 5th, and 6th volumes especially, is, perhaps, more like a store house for some future historian of the same times, than such a history as is pleasant to read: and the complaint of tediousness admits perhaps of no reply, except, that while human affairs are not in every crisis of equal interest, that which is less interesting cannot be omitted, without throwing darkness on the subsequent history. We have ourselves often been disposed to wish that numerous discussions had been thrown into appendices, in order to leave the narrative less embarrassed; but, probably, no one except the author, is a fair judge of the opposite inconveniences which this plan would have involved. Made up as a large part of the account is, by piecing together the fragmentary notices of orators and philoso-

phers, with the little trustworthy and sometimes imperfect annals of a Sicilian historian, it was perhaps inevitable, that the first history which should combine into a single point of view all the scattered lights of antiquity, would partake largely of comment, and sometimes of painfully minute discussion; for, on these minutiae, the trustworthiness of the narrative, or the characters of individuals, will not seldom depend. Since Mitford wrote, Greek chronology has undergone a yet more searching examination than before; and, no one has done better service in it than our countryman Mr. Fynes Clinton, whose *Fasti Hellenici* spare a modern historian many doubts, or many dissertations. By the elaborate industry and energetic fancy of a hundred German scholars, a new life has been given to the dead and musty contents of libraries. We believe, however, we are justified in saying, that no history of Greece now exists in German, which can compare with Thirlwall's. Our learned neighbors abound in *monographs* of great value; but a mind was wanting to fuse all into a single system. The coolness and impartiality of an Englishman has now passed the German theories through the sifting of his own comprehensive intellect; and, while never too haughty to accept any of their suggestions, has unceremoniously refused to adopt the partialities or enmities of any, however distinguished.

The problem with which he had to deal, is a most extensive and arduous one. The main cause of the instructiveness of Greek history, is, that Greece, like modern Europe, consisted of many states, which at different eras of time either take the lead or fall into comparative obscurity. A historian of Rome has a single centre which cannot be mistaken,—the city itself; and his work cannot fail of having an obvious unity, however ill it may in other respects be executed. But in Greek history the only unity to be aimed at is of a deeper and (so to say) more spiritual kind.

Hellas, no doubt, was a little world in herself, divided by a tolerably sharp line from *Barbarians*. The Olympic and other national games, recognized the diversity, and helped to establish it more firmly; the poems of Homer and Hesiod, and the music to which they were sung, were still more efficacious in the same direction; though the Dorian and Ionian fashions, were distinguished from each other markedly, in music as in other matters. Hellenic feel-

ings and institutions, both as to politics and religion, pervaded all those states which ever obtained any signal eminence; and the business of the historian is to put these forward in strong light, with their development in civil and military action: tracing clearly, as far as it can be ascertained, the causes of their rise and fall. The subject is thus variously complicated, and exceedingly difficult to grasp as a whole. If a writer is disposed to delay completing his earlier volumes, until all the study has been ended which is needed for the later, the uncertainty of human life reproves his plan; yet, unless the whole is first clearly seen, it is impossible rightly to decide on the proportionate space which the parts deserve. If we were to speculate on the best means of perfecting a history, we should prescribe to the accomplished author, in a new edition to remodel rather freely some parts of the work, so as to expunge* discussions which it suffices to have published once, and to reduce all the parts to that proportion which on a final survey of the whole may appear most symmetrical.

From this point of view we are disposed to criticize his treatment of Alexander the Great, and his immediate successors. We cannot convince ourselves, that, in a history of Greece, a fifth part of the space which Bishop Thirlwall has allowed, is deserved by them. Alexander is himself a wonderful phenomenon in history, of whom a *biography* should be studied; but of his Asiatic career a rapid and succinct sketch would suffice in Grecian history. The quarrel of his generals over the carcase of his kingdom, is a melancholy appendix to his life, which, however appropriate as an introduction to the history of the Ptolemies, or of the Seleucidæ, has very little to do with Hellenic affairs.

Much less do we understand on what principle we have so many details concerning the early Greek philosophy, (in treating which Bishop Thirlwall has shown how interesting and perspicuous, in a dark and unattractive subject, he can be,) while the

* There is something particularly disagreeable in the *obscurity* and *indirectness* of the attacks on Mitford, which run through several volumes of Thirlwall's history. If he had quoted Mitford in the usual way, the reader would have been able to refer and examine whether the criticism was sound. We do not ourselves doubt, that Mitford deserved sharper reproof than he has received; but the manner of administering it has an ungenerous and carping appearance from its backhandedness.

Socratic schools, in their various branches, are wholly passed over. It seems to follow, that the author found the subject too large and discursive; which, however true, forms an equally good reason for reserving the history of the older, as well as of the later philosophy, for its own peculiar place.

As compared with all preceding histories, the fullness of the information concerning the secondary states, is an eminent point of superiority in Thirlwall. Mitford indeed, as his reading was confined within a rather limited range, confined also his narrative to the few leading states of Greece; and, if his work were as impartial and accurate as it is decidedly the contrary, we should still have a very imperfect view of Greece as a whole. Even in Thirlwall we miss something. We should have been glad of more pointed statement or discussion, if the materials are not full enough to allow of positive details, concerning those interesting states, Ægina in the earlier period, Acarnania and Rhodes in the latter. Rhodes indeed vanishes from his pages as if by oversight, so that the reader cannot learn how she fell under the Roman yoke.

Although the characteristic excellencies of the work before us are to be looked for rather in erudition, sound judgment, wise political remark, and philosophic perspicacity, than in vivid description, or kindling sentiment, yet, wherever the sources of information are adequate and consistent, there is a flow and grace in the narrative which makes the book pleasing to an English reader. In fact, in the eighth and last volume—which relates the melancholy end of Greece, when, after the last attempts at free constitutions, she fell by the fraud and force of savage Rome,—we were agreeably disappointed to find how much of continuous interesting narration it contained. The grouping of the author's pictures is sometimes beautiful; as, in the whole story of the attempts at reform in Lacedæmon, under the ill-fated, amiable Agis, and the high-spirited Cleomenes. We are disposed to attribute much of the liveliness diffused through the whole work to the judicious use which has been made of Plutarch's biographies. The old-fashioned writers on Greece committed the serious error of regarding Plutarch, (as Diodorus,) to be every where of equal authority, without discriminating the cases in which their materials were likely to be trustworthy; and, accordingly, gave the highest weight to all their narratives alike. This was coarsely corrected by Mit-

ford, who in a hundred instances went so far as to prefer his own conjectures or fancies, to the testimony of 'late writers,' even when no valid objection to it could be alleged. But Plutarch, judiciously used, is a highly valuable author, for the vividness with which he enables us often to appreciate the persons of the men, whose actions alone, in a rather dry form, present themselves in the professed historians. Thirlwall is not above profiting in such a matter, even by the gossip of Athenæus, though careful to give no intrinsic weight to it. We may add, that although his historical style is rather deficient in warmth, this is, on a candid judgment, attributable to the restraint which he has purposely put on himself, in order to avoid partizanship or national feelings: for from time to time he expresses himself with great depth and point on the moral questions which the events throw up, and uniformly shows himself a deliberate friend of rational and real liberty, of national independence, and above all, a hater and scorner of oppression. If the feelings of the historian break out less seldom, however that may weaken *our* hearty sympathy with the narrative, it may perhaps on the whole contribute to give it a more widespread influence over minds differently affected.

After these general remarks on the execution of the elaborate work which will long be a standard of reference, we may perhaps be allowed to enter somewhat more into detail concerning a few matters which intimately affected the character of Greek history itself, and some of which are not usually put forward prominently. In tracing back the series of causation to its earliest point, we are led to two primitive facts on which all beside has depended, viz., the physical structure of the land of Hellas, and the temperament, moral and intellectual, of the people; out of which, in combination, their political and religious peculiarities arose. How far their temperament may itself have been indirectly a result of their land, and of the habits which it imposed, is far too difficult a speculation to be here touched. But it is obvious, that a third condition of essential moment entered the problem, to determine the development of the Hellenic nation;—viz., the state of the neighbor countries. This is the disturbing force, which, ever since Rome became powerful, has forbidden Greece any longer to be what once she was. If all the rest of the human race could now be re-

duced to an inoffensive and ignorant barbarism, it is not a very hardy fancy to believe that a series of phenomena would be exhibited once more in Greece, closely analogous to those which distinguished its early history. But by reason of the minute scale of the geography, Greece can never again play the part which once she did. Her energies are necessarily outweighed by the masses of great nations on all sides of her, by which her own internal actings are controlled almost as imperiously as are any external efforts on her part. This, we believe, is the true and sufficient reason for the difference between ancient and modern Greece.

In early times, when communications were as yet impeded, the formation of extensive monarchies was forbidden by the mountain barriers which cut up the territory into little states. The kings were essentially feudal, and depended on their barons for their supplies of men. Their power was not so widely spread, that they had much chance of controlling each refractory chief in turn by the arms of the rest. No such succor to the regal power was found, as the chartered cities of Europe, and the taxes which they paid, furnished to our modern potentates: and by natural necessity, the Greek kings, who had never been more than 'chiefs among chieftains,' sank into more complete equality with their nobles, the more settled the state of Greece became, and the more the commonalty throve. As it is out of war that the *primacy* of chieftains springs, so it may be expected to decline in time of peace. That this cause was not inoperative, may at least be conjectured from various facts in the early Greek history, which as far as we know have not hitherto been duly considered. 1st. During the whole republican period of Greece, monarchy, after the Homeric fashion, continued to prevail in many neighboring nations, which still remained in an unsettled and half barbarous state; as Molossia and Epirus, Macedonia, Illyria, and Thrace. Some of these may have been opposed to the Greeks in blood and language; but with the majority the difference must have been very slight. 2d. In Thessaly, which, by reason of its rich soil, had most frequent changes of population, the royal power continued very late and very despotic. That the circumstances were such as to forbid the growth of a middle class, appears from the herd of serfs, called *penestæ*, who characterized this region, with

the enormous wealth of a few great houses. This was also accompanied with a proverbial faithlessness of character, assimilating the Thessalian policy to that of Asiatic courts. 3d. In Peloponnesus, where the Dorian invasion and the lingering struggle consequent on it, besides the after-wars of Lacedæmon and Messenia, kept up confusion for a very long period, royalty survived in both these states, until Messenia was subdued. In Sparta it was tempered to a *diarchy*, jealously limited; yet, as hereditary commander of the army, the king, in time of war, had always considerable power. 4th. In Attica, which, from its barrenness, was little coveted, and where, in consequence, the population was soonest stationary, and foreign invasion unknown, the royal power seems to have first given way. Even in the legendary period of the Trojan war, it is not pretended that any fixed dynasty of kings reigned hereditarily at Athens. Such of them as are not mythical inventions, seem to have been elective chiefs; and after Codrus, the name of royalty vanished. Arcadia, the only other district of Greece which remained untouched by foreign invasion, exhibits no titular king, as far as we remember, even in the earliest times.

As monarchy had been supplanted by aristocracy, so, in all the maritime cities, the growth of commerce, by raising an opulent middle class, naturally undermined the exclusive dominion at which the aristocracies, with their usual infatuation, aimed. In fact, there is strong reason to believe that where political communities are on so minute a scale, democracies are a very natural result. The machinery of government is simple. The people have to choose as a public servant some well known and respected individual, and give him discretionary powers: *they* need only to exercise so much intelligence, as to choose him for moral worth and talent. The rich are too few to make in themselves a powerful order, unless fixed institutions, like the *clientship* at Rome, firmly attach a large band of followers to them. Aristocracies in Greece seldom ventured to allow to the commons the use of heavy arms, or training to carry them; and this entailed a military weakness on such states, in comparison to their whole numbers. The smallness of the communities called out great political energy, by making every individual feel the weight which his own conduct might have: but the evils were also very serious. The

comparative ease with which a revolution is effected in a small state, made the ruling power intensely jealous of those who were disaffected to the constitution. Rich men were always dreaded, and therefore generally liable to vexation or oppression from a democracy. Arbitrary banishment (called *ostracism*) was thought a necessary means of saving the state from their possible intrigues. Moreover, local passions and feuds had so much intensity, that the triumph of either party was always a severe social disaster to the other, and generally cruel and sanguinary. The aristocracy being, for the most part, weaker in physical force, was fraudulent, dark, and malicious: the people, being the stronger, was fierce and violent with open force, when once in conflict, but not given to assassination or secret crime. One peculiar cause is said to have exposed a Greek aristocracy to the direct attack of a city populace, and, in many cases, to have led to their destruction, when passions had become fiercely inflamed; viz., that the nobility generally lived in town houses, which, however fortified, were not to be compared to the castles of feudal barons. It seems to us, however, rather doubtful, whether the physical weakness thus incurred by the privileged class produced, in the long run, any result that would not otherwise have come about. In Attica, the aristocracy were greatly attached to a country life; yet the power and influence of their order sank steadily and irrecoverably in a series of generations. For many reasons, this is the most remarkable and instructive country of all Greece; and we must dwell a little upon it.

In one sense, we may say that Attica contained the *oldest* population, being that which had been least affected by foreign action: and when her history first dawns upon us, we find her afflicted with the very evils which distress nations in the latest stage of their history; viz., a feud between the rich and the poor, owing to a population too great for the soil—enormous and hopeless debts of the lower classes, with outreries for fresh division of property. Through these difficulties Athens was brought, in no small measure, by the wisdom of Solon, her great lawgiver; but the remedies were not finally effectual (probably through the foolish obstinacy of the nobles), until the revolution was carried still further under Cleisthenes, and the constitution came forth as a pure untempered democracy. Hereby many valuable safe-

guards were lost, and numerous evils, ultimately fatal, were inevitably incurred: yet, under the difficulties of the case, it was probably the best result that could have been attained, and gave to Athens not only a brilliant career of false glory, but for nearly two centuries a large amount of domestic tranquillity and concord. The entire change of constitution brought about, from the heroic monarchy to the unlimited democracy of Pericles, is vast indeed; yet the transition was effected by steps so gradual, and was, as it were, so forced forward by the growth of the nation, and in conformity with their habits, that no savage and unnatural conflicts disgraced the progress of the constitution. The most violent measures recorded were perpetrated by foreign interference: on one occasion, when the Spartan king Cleomenes banished seven hundred Athenian families (a specimen of the mild methods by which the Spartans kept up oligarchy); on another when the Thirty Tyrants, upheld by Lacedæmonian power, shed more blood of their own countrymen in ten months of peace, than the Peloponnesians had shed in any ten years of war. In consequence of the long period during which an unchanged population had lived in Attica, without any violent revolution, manners and customs had taken a fixed form almost equalling written law in precision. The complexity and minuteness of arrangement in the laws attributed to Solon and Dracon, testifies to a great development of legal experience, and shows punctilious and business-like habits to have been common in the community. Perhaps no circumstance more materially affects the good working of complicated institutions, than their having grown up very gradually, so as to form part of the people's daily life. Beyond a doubt, this was a principal cause of the eminence of Athens: add to which, the whole body of the people were constantly called to perform one or other legal function, as jurymen, as arbitrators, as judges (or rather, what we might call *chairmen* of the jury), to say nothing of criminal trials. Besides, in every 'tribe' (which, relatively, may be compared to our *county*), and in every 'parish,' there were various associations in which the sharpness of the common people was exercised, and the art of co-operating politically was learned. A still more important fact lay beneath this, in the consolidation of all Attica into a single civil community; so that the Athenian power contained the resources and the

hearts of a whole *district*, or country, whereas Sparta, Thebes, and the other leading states, were only *cities*. This great advantage enjoyed by Athens, was ascribed by tradition to Theseus, who was said to have incorporated all the country towns into the Athenian franchise. There is ground for suspecting that it was facilitated by the great mixture of population that Attica contained; since, not only did all the Greeks of Achæan (*i. e.*, Ionian) blood, who were driven out from other parts by the Dorians, flock into Attica, but even Pelasgians (*i. e.*, Æolian Greeks?), and in short, the beaten chieftains of every tribe, from early times take refuge there. In the long lapse of time all were moulded together into a single national temperament, as has happened with so very mixed a race as the modern French. The population of Attica had local legends and associations, but were not so wedded to their localities as to resist that centralization which was needed for full political unity. If certain speculations concerning the races of man be correct, we might even believe that the blending of blood in the Attic people was of physical benefit to their intelligence. Be this as it may, it is gratifying to observe, that with them, as every where, *justice was strength*. If the Spartans had imparted their franchise to all Laconia and Messenia, their power would have multiplied tenfold. If Athens had incorporated her subject colonies with herself, as justice demanded, she would not have fallen as she did. So far as she carried out the principal of her own republicanism, she thrived wonderfully; but she broke it short off, when her power stretched beyond her own territorial limits.

In the later Greek times, several attempts were made at enlarged confederacies. That of the Olynthians, immediately after the great Peloponnesian war, became soon so prosperous by their internal union of interests, as to alarm the Lacedæmonians, then in the height of their power. Treating the free intermarriage of the states as a sort of impiety, they founded a pretext for war upon them, and with difficulty dissolved a union which, but for them, would have secured that no Philip or Alexander should dictate to Greece. The far more celebrated Achæan League at one time seemed likely to unite all Peloponnesus. It was crippled by the kings of Macedon and the foolish Ætoli-ans, and was born far too late to acquire a strength that could resist Rome: yet what we see, shows that it was solely by

such unions that Greece could have been permanently secured. These Ætoli-ans themselves, in those times exercised an amount of power quite disproportionate to their territory, owing to their being a homogeneous people possessed of a common franchise. Through a consciousness of their strength, they were remarkably brave, and conceived a stupid ambition of becoming lords of all Greece. But they were semi-barbarians, who made war avowedly and unscrupulously for the sake of immediate plunder, and soon became the great authors of destruction to the whole nation and to themselves.

If we may digress for a moment concerning the greatest republic which the world has ever seen, it may be remarked, that North America has advanced one step—and a most important one—beyond any that has preceded her, in the entire absence of all conditions that restrict the naturalization of foreigners. Slavery is the great blot of the United States. If we could forget this, we might say, that they had *bona fide* renounced the right of subjecting foreigners to a yoke which they do not bear themselves. Whether they are ever to rule over foreign possessions, and how they will govern them, remains to be seen. No nation on earth, as far as we know, has ever ruled a people of foreign language decently well; but when one country obtains power over another of similar language and habits, it is so easy to amalgamate both into one greater nation, the justice of it is so manifest, and the reward so speedy, that it is lamentable to see how blindly all ancient nations neglected this obvious duty. Hitherto, the United States have shown the fullest disposition to deal on terms of perfect equality to all of Anglo-Saxon blood: moreover Germans in great numbers are freely naturalized among them. The Athenians were far from having reached the same point of liberality, during the period of their power, towards Greeks who settled among them; yet such immigrants (*μετοικοι*) were admitted into very many *social*, though not *political* privileges, and altogether enjoyed advantages far greater than in any of the more powerful states. In consequence, great numbers of aliens resided fixedly in Attica, and added no small strength to the community.

We cannot help regretting deeply, that Dr. Arnold has lent the weight of his name to inculcate systematically the excellence of an illiberal exclusiveness, which the whole history of Greece (and of Rome, too) proves

to have been eminently mischievous. He is possessed with the idea, that because some races of men are superior to others, therefore it is right for a predominant race to pass laws that give to it a permanent ascendancy in the state; and he tacitly assumes that he has with him the authority of the Greeks in the matter, as though their history warranted us in supposing the practice to have been wise. He puts the argument in the front ground, as a reason for excluding the Jews from the English parliament: because, forsooth, their race is not so good as ours! Now we will pass by the absurdity of forgetting that a Jew has but to overcome any scruples against uttering the magic words, 'On the faith of a Christian,' and he will at once become admissible, in spite of his bad *breed*: for we are not here pleading that special question: but we say, that Greek states were always weakened by the exclusiveness which Arnold recommends, and strengthened by the liberality which he calls 'Jacobinism.' Certain conditions are, of course, essential, to enable men to co-operate: a jury consisting of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, with a Spanish judge, and Italian witnesses, would have little chance of getting through a cause satisfactorily. Even a house of assembly mixed up of French and English, or of Dutch and Belgians, can with extreme difficulty keep together. The same embarrassment may *temporarily* arise among men of the same language, in consequence of difference of religion, if one religion has been suffering persecution from the other; but then it is the past injustice which entails the present dangers; it is the exclusiveness, which ought never to have existed, that make the transition into a better state arduous. Nevertheless, that is no reason for a permanent upholding of the injustice. No such cases existed at all in Greece. The dialect of Dorians and Ionians was strongly distinguished, as that of broad Scotch from English; but they were mutually understood with ease. Their prevailing religious institutions differed; but neither had a particle of bigotry against the other. Thus, where no previous oppression had taken place, intimate and perfect political union might have been effected. Even the petty island of Ægina, containing perhaps twelve square miles, much of it mere rock, was, in the early days, which preceded Athenian greatness, of wonderful strength in population and wealth, owing to its free reception of foreigners, and its unrestricted

liberty of trade. Ægina is interesting, considering its oligarchical institutions, as showing that great commercial activity and great liberality towards other states, were not, even in Greece, incompatible with oligarchy. The aristocratic Pindar, that great lover of order, concord, and sobriety, praises no state of Greece for these qualities, and generally for justice and good laws, more highly than Ægina:

'Where, eminently among nations, Justice the Saviour is cultivated, who sits on the bench by the side of Jupiter, protector of Strangers.'

'Ægina, a common light to Greece, by Justice, which succors strangers.'

'Well governed,' 'Stranger-receiving,' 'Soil dear to strangers,' and other such epithets are commonly annexed by him to this little island. If physical circumstances could justify any country in being inhospitable, one might think that a rock of the sea, unable to produce sustenance for its own people, would reasonably have sought to repel strangers from its soil. Nor do we for a moment deny, that self-preservation and good order may acquire that a small state, which is in danger of being swamped by immigrants of a character heterogeneous to its own institutions, may take means to secure in them some fitness for performing the duties of citizens, before admitting them into full citizenship. This is quite a different thing from exclusion 'on account of blood;' a barrier which angelic virtue could not surmount. However, Ægina prospered by her signal hospitality to such a degree, as to have excited amazement and some incredulity in the moderns. In the two or three centuries which preceded the Persian invasion, it was the most remarkable state in Greece, being comparable only to Venice or Tyre in the nature of its power and wealth. In the middle of the sixth century before Christ, Ægina had a factory for its merchants in Egypt; and, according to some, its slave population was 470,000.* It is, however, probable that the majority of these were imported for re-exportation, and no

* We take this statement of *numbers* from the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' where it is ascribed to Aristotle, without any more distinct reference. We have not been able to verify it from the ample indexes of Bekker's edition, as republished at Oxford. [In the 1st volume of his new edition, Thirlwall (p. 474) has added a note on the ruins of the harbor of Ægina; in which he quotes from Doctor Alessandro Pini, that its mole is a far more magnificent work than any executed by the Athenians.]

inference can be drawn as to the number of the free men. The population was fed by corn from the Black Sea, as well as probably from Egypt and Cyrene; and the warlike navy of Ægina was strong in proportion to her commercial fleets. We have no details to inform us distinctly what were the privileges enjoyed by strangers in Ægina; but having the broad testimony that they were very great, side by side with the prosperous results, we may fairly claim the case as making for our side.

As for Athens, nothing can be clearer than that the foundations of her greatness were laid during the period in which she most freely admitted strangers to a full participation in her civil franchise; and that she undermined her own constitution and the sources of her power by stopping short in the process towards her Ionian allies. Similar remarks (with some modification) may be made concerning Rome. Her greatness during the early regal times was founded on the very free admixture even of nations so heterogeneous as Tuscans and Latins; her extreme weakness in her first republican period rose out of the unjust privileges of the Patrician race; her prime of strength, of internal virtue and of happiness, was after she had abolished distinctions of race at home, and had as yet little foreign dominion; finally, her ruin was assured, and in no small degree caused, by neglecting to admit the Italians at an early period into equal rights with Romans. If Rome had *wished* to do this, a way of obviating practical difficulties would have been found by her as easily as by modern nations.

All the aristocracies of Greece which maintained exclusive privileges for their own blood, were ruined by this very thing; yet there is little doubt that their ascendancy at first arose out of a real superiority of race. Common sense and knowledge of our own world, without any wide induction from history, may assure us, that if a tribe be ever so superior, nothing will more certainly make it degenerate, than to pass laws which shall secure its ascendancy even in spite of such degeneracy. It is like voting to a company of merchants a monopoly of the market, because their goods have hitherto been excellent and cheap;—a short way of securing, that henceforth they shall become dear and bad. This is what will ever come of privileges granted to races of men.

Connected with the unwise and unjust

prerogatives of blood, was the restriction on intermarriage, by which they were kept up. Arnold has justly remarked on the vast benefit which Christianity has conferred by abolishing the prejudice against intermarriages between neighbor-tribes and cities; which prevented the states of Greece and Italy from being fused into single nations, and perpetuated a state of things in which neighbors were mutually the most dangerous enemies. If any continental states (what was, at any rate, rare indeed) allowed freedom of trade, the evil must have been greatly lessened; but the same narrow-mindedness usually restricted trade, marriage and citizenship, equally. As a general rule, a person whose parents were of different states, was liable to lose his citizenship in both; which formed a heavy penalty on intermarriage, and hindered men of mixed blood from becoming a cement between states which ought to have been united.

It is often asserted, that what we call *representation*, was unknown to the Greeks and Italians; and that for this reason free governments could not exist among them on any but the smallest scale.* This is substantially true; although we hold it as certain, that if they had been bent on enlarging their states by just and equal measures, they would inevitably have worked out the representative system in its full development. But they seldom or never sincerely desired to attain an enlargement of the political community *at the expense of parting with the independent sovereignty of the constituent cities*. The same jealousy which has shorn the American congress of nearly all power to enforce its own decrees;—the same self-importance of individuals, which has split again and again the republics of South America;—were in full activity in Greece. It is not, therefore, that they could not discover the representative system, but that they did not like it. A congress was often formed of deputies from many states; but the pettiest states sent as many as the most powerful. If for a moment this congress had been looked upon as a central and permanent authority, the greater states would have resisted on being represented in some proportion to their real power; and if this had been done, the assembly would have become a true parlia-

* Thirlwall, vol. i. p. 409. For special purposes, as for making permanent laws *on defined subjects*, the Athenians used to choose delegates; and sometimes gave 'full powers' to their senate.

ment. But no one seriously desired it. The greater powers found it convenient to use a congress as their tool for injustice, when circumstances allowed; and to disobey at pleasure, when its decisions were adverse. It remains to be seen whether the same sacrifice of the fundamental principle of representation, which some whiggish politicians have admired in the North American congress, will not permanently doom it also to imbecility.

Such being the political tendencies of the Greek population, the petty states, under the excitement of mutual rivalry, were raised to a considerable development of industrial, political, and sometimes purely intellectual activity; but when Greek society had reached the stage at which, from wealth and knowledge, it was competent to form itself into a considerable and united nation, since this was not done on terms of equality, an implacable struggle took place to effect it by vassalage. All active and aspiring minds saw that Greece ought to be one, and under one head; but unhappily, though naturally, each city thought that itself ought to be that one head. If republican Greece had been the whole world, out of the utter failure of any one state to establish its supremacy might have ultimately arisen a 'stable equilibrium,' an acquiescence in one another's independence, and a sort of international diplomacy, such as is now seen in Europe, though every thing must have been on so minute a scale. It is truly remarkable, that by all the fierce battles which were fought for one hundred and fifty years, by the devastating of fields, and other mutual inflictions, Greece became neither less populous nor poorer, nor in any sense weaker, as regards national resources. We have the express testimony of Demosthenes,* (on which Thirlwall justly lays stress,) that in his day Greece was stronger than she ever had been; and the military art was naturally far more advanced than under Pericles or Aristides.

* It may be as well to exhibit here the words of Demosthenes, 3rd Philippic, *η. and ι.*—'Ships of war and masses of population and abundance of warlike equipment, and every thing else by which we estimate the strength of cities, are now all of them by far more and greater than those of former days.' After referring to the great strength of the Lacedæmonians at the end of the Peloponnesian war, he proceeds: 'Although every thing, so to say, has made great advances, and nothing remains on the scale of former days, yet I think nothing has changed and advanced more than military affairs,' &c.

Thus, the ruin of Greece did not come, directly and properly, by mutual destruction. But an enemy was on their border,—the military monarchy of Macedonia; and a single able, politic, and ambitious prince, by help of their dissensions, succeeded in raising his kingdom to a height of power, against which no coalition, morally feasible, was able to stand. By Philip, and his son Alexander, the liberty of Greece was destroyed. With it, her intellectual and artistic genius almost vanished, her population wasted, her wealth declined, whatever she had of natural goodness or innocence was perverted, and she fell an easy prey to the oppressive and destructive Roman, who, with accelerated rapidity, effected the work of ruin. Such might be the fate of modern Europe, if there were any despotic power exterior to it, great enough to swallow up all the free states, in consequence of their mutual enmities: and in *Russia*, some speculators believe they see a second Macedonia. Little urgent as may be the danger at present, (considering the want of development in the Russian resources,) it is hard to assert that the comparison is very strained, or that there is not cause for alarm in the distance. The remedy, however, is to be sought, not in a wicked and absurd attempt to injure Russia, but in cementing the interests of our country with that of others, and thus broadening our own basis;—by free-trade, by granting to foreigners all sorts of indulgencies (as they are called)—we mean equal rights—by facilitating their entire or partial naturalization; and by avoiding all exclusively English and anti-European objects. If, Athens, Sparta, or Thebes had done this,—if, we say, *one* leading state in Greece had pursued such a course,—Greece might have defied, first, Macedonia, and afterwards Rome. But if statesmen will persist in crooked measures, calling injustice 'patriotism,' and deceit 'policy,' the God of truth will not alter his laws to save their nations from suffering.

The whole history of Greece is an instructive comment on wars to preserve the balance of power, of which so much used to be talked in Europe. By this phrase is sometimes meant, wars to forbid territorial aggression, which are quite another matter: but, to justify war against another state, solely because we think it is likely to become too powerful, is evidently an opening for the most unprincipled injustice. When done in well-meant ignorance, it may

easily have no other effect, than to allow some neighbor, when all the belligerents are exhausted, to make encroachments on several of them, until he becomes more formidable than the party before dreaded. Just so, the Athenians feared the power of Olynthus and of the king of Thrace; and did their best to weaken both states; while Macedonia looked on, and was not feared. But no sooner had the Thracians been torn asunder, than,—at a moment when Athens was called by domestic danger,—young Philip of Macedon conquered Thrace piecemeal; and then swallowed up Olynthus: after which the Athenians had every cause to wish that they had not been jealous of those states, now irrecoverably fallen. What other lesson can we learn from the great war of Europe against France? Napoleon, it is true, had committed much territorial aggression, and the case was more aggravated; yet the result of the war has been to allow Russia and her despotic neighbors to commit aggressions at least equally unjust and equally cruel, on Poland and Italy; nor is it clear that Spain and Portugal are at all the better for our interference. However plausible the commencement of a war, conquerors seem always to end by gross injustice; and the thing most to be hoped is, that no triumph may be too complete, unless it is one of pure self defence.

We are not able wholly to agree with Bishop Thirlwall's inferences concerning the causes of the decline of Greece. In his last volume he gives a vivid, impartial, and painfully interesting sketch of the fierce and cruel treachery by which the Romans trampled down that fair but miserable land.

'The end of the Achæan war,' says he, 'was the last stage of the lingering process by which Rome enclosed her victim in the coils of her insidious diplomacy, covered it with the slime of her sycophants and hirelings, crushed it when it began to struggle, and then calmly preyed upon its vitals.'

He proceeds to review the general question of the wasting of Greece, 'which has been attributed in modern times to Roman misrule.' 'No historical fact,' he observes, 'is more clearly ascertained, than that from the epoch of the Roman conquest the nation was continually wasting away,'—p. 460. As a single striking result, he observes, that in the reign of Trajan we find Plutarch declaring that all Greece could

hardly furnish 3,000 heavy armed soldiers; the number raised for the Persian war by the little state of Megara alone! In the early Roman wars, Nabis, tyrant of Sparta, in a single battle, carries into the field 10,000 native Laconian troops. But while allowing the *fact* of the rapid decline of Greece after it fell under foreign power, Thirlwall denies that the two events are connected as effect and cause; and his reasons for this denial are to us unsatisfactory. The decline, says he, commenced before the Roman conquest; therefore, it depended on some other principle. It continued, also, unabated under the imperial government, when Greece was less oppressed than under the republic; therefore, it was not caused by oppression. He farther quotes evidence, that the wasting of the population was not produced by increase of massacres and mortality, but by a deficiency of marriages and births:

'We see, then, that the evil was not that the stream of population was violently absorbed, but that it flowed feebly, because there was an influence at work which tended to dry up the fountain-head. Marriages were rare and unfruitful, *through the prevalence of indifference or aversion towards the duties and enjoyments of domestic life*. The historian traces this unhealthy state of feeling to a taste for luxury and ostentation. But this explanation, which could only apply to the wealthy, seems by no means adequate to the result. The real cause struck deeper, and was much more widely spread. Described in general terms, it was a want of reverence for the order of nature, for the natural revelation of the will of God; and the sanction of infanticide was by no means the most destructive or the most loathsome form in which it manifested itself. This was the cancer which had been for many generations eating into the life of Greece—p. 464.

We are not satisfied with this refutation, because, in place of the alleged cause, he assigns a new one, which not only does not supersede, but urgently needs the other which he is rejecting. 'Population declines: why? because men are not disposed to rear families.' Is this a sufficient and final reply?—Surely not, we are driven to ask farther: 'Why are they thus indisposed?' And we feel no doubt that the final explanation is, that, directly or indirectly, despotic rule was the cause. The Greeks, it will be said, were an immoral people. Granted: yet their immorality did not prevent them from increasing in numbers during the whole republican period. Corinth

and Miletus and Athens abounded in refined voluptuousness; Bœotia in coarse sensuality; yet, while they were free, no general dishonor was put upon marriage, such as to affect the population; no disinclination to rear children can be alleged; nor was it observed that even the highest families became extinct from such causes. Yet, from the period of the Macedonian ascendancy, the wasting of the population begins; and is, in two centuries, a broad and startling fact. It seems impossible to imagine that there is no connection of cause and effect between the misrule and the withering of the people. Bishop Thirlwall argues, that the cause was *not* political, *but* social, because it began before Roman times. We crave leave to amend the statement thus: '*The social evil was caused by political despotism: and as the despotism began before Roman times, so did the evil which it generated*; but as the Roman despotism was worse by far than that which it superseded, so were the social evils under it developed with rapidly-increasing intensity.'

After all, our controversy with the respected historian is one of degree, not of kind. He acknowledges that the political results of Alexander's conquests *heightened* the moral disease which he has stigmatized; but we are surprised that he does not see that they extirpated the influences *which had previously contended against it with success*. We doubt whether any nation can be pointed at, the population of which wasted away through disinclination to raise families, except when political misery in some form was the cause of this disinclination. It is notorious that at Rome, as early as the reign of Augustus, the nobility and gentry could with difficulty be induced to marry; and that emperor in vain endeavored to keep up respectable families by giving premiums for numerous children. This may remind us of prizes to agricultural laborers for rearing children in honorable wedlock! When Augustus was an infant, and Rome either was, or at least believed herself to be, free,—when the full energies of mental freedom acted in the bosoms of the aristocracy, whatever their corruptions, vices, and crimes, no vanishing of great families, through unwillingness to marry, is heard of. But, it will be said, they were not yet so abandoned to sensuality; vice had not reached so high a pitch. True: slavery had not yet developed sensuality. The immediate effect of Cæsar's conquest of Pompey and Cato was, that

everybody in Rome who could afford it, began to dine with greater luxury. Cicero lived to see *peacock dinners* all the rage; and even under Augustus, the gormandizing, and the science expended on cookery, became disgusting. If it be true (as we believe), that other sorts of sensuality went along with it, and that while the virtuous love of woman declined, all motives for being proud of a numerous offspring vanished; what can be more clear, than that we are justified in pointing to the loss of public freedom as the real cause at the bottom of these immoral and pernicious results? As regards Greece at large, in the earlier period of declension, it is hard to speak confidently, because different parts of it were in a very different state. Generally, we may say, that the effect of the Macedonian conquests, after the death of Alexander, was to open a vast field for mere soldiers of fortune. Armies no longer fought for public objects, but for this or that leader; yet by these armies the fortunes of Greece were decided. In such a state of things, the mass of men knew not what to wish or what to hope: all motives for public action were, in many states, paralyzed; and a belief in overwhelming fate no doubt plunged thousands into recklessness. Quite a sufficient clue to the progress of events, is, we think, given us by Thirlwall himself, when he says:

'The despondency produced by a single overthrow drove the Bœotians into a round of sensual dissipation, in which all duties, both public and private, were utterly neglected; and we cannot doubt that the far heavier despair which weighed upon the spirit of the entire nation, when at length it felt its chains and saw itself bestridden by the Roman colossus, was every where in some degree attended with like consequences.'

The words of Moore have far stricter truth than we usually expect in pianoforte songs:

'Drearily every bosom pineth,
Where the chain of slavery twineth;
There the warrior's dart hath no fleetness;
There the maiden's heart hath no sweetness.'

How could even the poorest provincials of Rome take pride in a flourishing family, when their sons were violently torn from them to serve in the Roman armies, and impose slavery on distant nations? And how could the rich, the noble, and the brave, who found that the first and great lesson which the Romans were resolved to teach

them was, to endure with cringing thankfulness the worst of indignities,—have the least desire to leave behind them children for the same misery? ‘*By reason of the present distress,*’ Paul advised his brother Christians not to marry. Even the populace of Rome pitied the widow of Germanicus, says Tacitus, ‘because in her unfortunately numerous offspring she was, so many times over, exposed to calamity:’ yet she was grandniece to Augustus, and granddaughter of Mark Antony. Not every father was liable to be murdered by a Verres, for the sake of his daughter’s beauty, but one such act struck horror into ten thousand hearts; and the countless deeds of lust and crime which Greece suffered from her tyrants *before* the time of Augustus, would easily introduce among her people, in the course of five or six generations, habits of thought and action, coupled with the indisposition to marry, which could not be extirpated by the mere tranquil and apathetic despotism of the emperors. The emperors, indeed, did not actively oppress the provinces; but they would not allow any new and living principle to be infused into them, which alone could rouse them out of their degraded state. Such a principle was Christianity; and it was persecuted, as soon as its efficacy was discerned.

It is usual to point to the Greek nation as eminently illustrating the inherent properties of *blood*; and it is even hard to contest the opinion now current, without being thought either ill-informed or obstinate. We certainly have no disposition to deny, that the Greeks of history had a character of their own, distinguishing them from Sicilians and Italians, to whom, nevertheless, they were nearly related: but we deliberately disbelieve the inferences and doctrines now prevalent on this whole subject. It appears to us, that the ancient Greeks may be used to illustrate the *contrasts* of national character, at least as powerfully as the *similarities*. The biglimbed, voracious Bœotian, dull in body and mind, differed from the acute, abstemious, witty, and restless Athenian, as much as an Austrian from an Irishman. The English, French, and Spaniards, are as unlike as any three nations of Europe; but, probably, not more unlike than the Acarnanians, Thessalians, and Lacedæmonians. Even tribes which seem to have most in common, show striking diversity at the same time. In all Greece, none were more remarkable for political moderation, none seem to have been

more adapted to manage constitutional government successfully, than the Achæans, the Acarnanians, and the Rhodians; of whom the two last appear as the noblest, and politically the most faultless, of all who bore the Hellenic name. In the Rhodians, however, a dignity of bearing was observed, which the other Greeks stigmatized as pride: their character was set in a sterner mould, and was opposed to that joviality which degenerated into lightness. Of the Acarnanians we would wish to know more; but what we do know, implies, that the moderation and consistency of conduct for which they were celebrated, was coupled with a sort of modesty quite opposed to the Rhodian temperament, and, with a self respect which is nearer to conscientiousness than pride. As to the Achæans, a general weakness pervades them, eminently shown in their unbounded reliance on individual leaders, to whom they seem to have a moral attachment, not always well-placed. We must avow the opinion that, if it any how appeared that the Acarnanians were of Sicilian, and the Thessalians of Phrygian origin, the fact would be snatched at by the present generation of German and French literati, as eminently proving *the force of blood*. We do not for a moment deny, that there are peculiarities of temper in every race; but, in our belief, history proves them not to be unchangeable in any such sense or degree, as it is fashionable to lay down or assume. The distinctive peculiarities of Athenian and Achæan, were acquired in comparatively recent days, both nations being nearly allied in blood. The same is true of Argive and Lacedæmonian, of Thessalian and Corinthian. Besides, it must not be forgotten, that many nations, whom, from the strong diversity of their manners and tendencies, the Greeks regarded as barbarians, are now known to have been either true Greeks, or at least closely connected to them. The Macedonian *kings* were admitted to be Hellenic, while the *people* were called barbarians, because the Greeks could not understand them; the few remains of the Macedonian language imply that it was only a very strongly marked dialect of Greek. Yet, we hold it would have been quite impossible to form a guess from the Macedonian character, whether the nation was Italian, German, Greek, or Celtic. *They had never had Hellenic institutions; hence the Hellenic character was never formed in them.* Institutions, and not blood, make the difference between the Dorset-

shire peasants, and the Anglo-Americans, who seem to us to be far more widely exposed than were the Asiatic Ionians to the ancient Syrians—nations of utterly diverse blood and language. Great stress is laid by many, on the special impossibility under which certain races lie, of managing free institutions; and, it would seem, that nothing is supposed so much to depend on blood, as political tendencies. Yet, among Greeks we have every sort of constitution, from despotism to mob-government; and in this consisted the richness of Hellenic experience to an Aristotle. Forms of government were well known to the Greeks, which are rare indeed, and unknown to us; as elective monarchy, and *timocracy*, *i. e.*, a system in which men have votes *proportioned* to their taxation. On the contrary, nations most opposed in blood and religion, often hit on very similar public regulations and general policy, when similarly circumstanced, and in the same stage of mental development. We believe, in fact, that the Tyrians were politically far more like to the people of Ægina, than these last to the Thebans, their near kinsmen. Social and religious habits, no doubt, do not very rapidly change; yet, these also, are far from opposing any insuperable barrier, when outward circumstances alter. It is a fact not without instruction, that Niebuhr proved, as he thought, that the Scythians of Herodotus were Mongols, by showing an identity of manners and even physical peculiarities between the two; whereas, Prichard has established beyond reasonable doubt, that the other opinion is true, which holds them to have been Sclavonians. For, the language of the Scythians (or rather *Scolotæ*) differed only dialectually from that of the Sarmatians; and the modern history of the latter people can be traced, the Russians being one of their branches. So little weight, in deciding on the races of men, can be laid on manners and character, moral or intellectual.

Thirlwall has some excellent remarks on the Dorian race, which we will here extract. They are a good set off against the inordinate preference which an eminent German writer has shown for the Dorians in contrast to the Ionians.

‘The groundwork of the Dorian commonwealth belongs to the old Hellenic frame of society; and the ruling ideas and feelings by which the form of government and the habits of life were determined, were transmitted from the heroic ages. The conquerors of Pelopon-

nesus, with the martial spirit, retained the political maxims of their ancestors, which were those of the whole Hellenic nation. They considered the possession of arms as the highest privilege of a freeman, the exercise of them as the only employment that became him. According to the rules of the heroic equity, he who excelled in this noblest of arts, was born to command; the race that showed itself inferior in warlike virtues, was destined to obey and serve; the most perfect order of things was that in which the higher class was occupied by no care or labor that did not contribute to the species of excellence, which was the supreme end of its being, and where the subject ranks were mere instruments, only needed to relieve the higher from necessary, but degrading toil;—a view of society, not peculiar to any race of mankind, though among the nations in which the same maxims have not been hallowed by superstition, none appeared to have been governed by them more uniformly than the ancient Hellenes, and no Hellenic tribe applied them so steadily and consistently as the Dorians. *The predominance of the military spirit in the early portion of a nation's history, though accompanied by an aversion and contempt for the arts of peace, ought not certainly to lower any race in our esteem.* It has appeared most signally in the noblest portions of our species; and is, in itself, no more inauspicious sign for the future growth of intelligence and humanity, than the overflow of animal spirits, the impatience of mental application, and the petulance of superior strength and activity in a vigorous boy. *But a neglected or vicious education, or untoward circumstances, may disappoint the intention of nature, check the growth of the higher faculties, or confine them to a single direction, and narrow compass; and may thus detain nations and individuals in a state of intellectual infancy, ripe and robust only in its passions and physical powers. Such a misfortune, which has sometimes been celebrated as a singular advantage, or as the noblest fruit of legislative wisdom, befell the Dorians in Crete and Sparta.*’—Vol. i. p. 337.

We would gladly make various other extracts from the work, but it is impossible to do them justice, unless they are of some length, so as to exhibit their connexion; and out of eight ample volumes selection is difficult. The reader who desires to profit by them may be assured that the perusal of a review is not a royal road to the advantages of a whole work, and much patience and silent thought will be well bestowed on this history of Greece. Its termination is melancholy enough; and we know only one train of thought by which we can comfort ourselves, or any reader of ancient history; viz., that the revolutions which were such awful calamities to the *freemen*, very often

brought relief to the far more numerous body of *slaves*. This oppressed class of men were so unpitied by the ancients, that historians never give us information concerning them except incidentally, and without intending it; hence it is very difficult to decide how they were affected by this or that war. In besieged cities the worst fate sometimes befell them, as they were the first to be starved; at the same time, thousands of them escaped into freedom, since their masters were even glad to get rid of them. It has been held by some that the union of physical and mental excellence in the Greeks was due in great measure to their slave system, which freed the rest of the community from various severe or menial labor: but this appears to be an error. 'The greater part of the Peloponnesian armies,' says Thucydides, 'were country laborers'—peasants or small farmers: among the Lacedæmonians alone were the slaves very numerous, and this did not at all conduce to the mental improvement of their masters, who had nothing else to do but watch against the revolts of the slaves and of the unfranchised freemen. The physical perfection of the Greeks depended on the smallness of the communities, and their mutual hostility; in consequence of which all citizens needed to be constantly under training for arms. What there was of mental teaching, was communicated in the open air, and by word of mouth. Through the scarcity of books, knowledge was exceedingly superficial to all but a very few, and the acquisition of it seldom interfered with athletic or gymnastic accomplishment. In none of these things did the slaves partake: but it is not to be supposed that in all parts alike their condition was one of extreme misery. In ordinary times, at Athens, for instance, they might be externally comfortable, and well cared for; but there was always a *liability* to ill treatment, which destroyed self-respect or forethought in all who could enjoy life in spite of it. A delicate female, habitually well treated by her master and mistress, might any day be exposed to legal torture, if some one accused the master concerning matters in which the slave's testimony was wanted. The coolness with which the torture is demanded and granted by respectable persons, speaks volumes on the state of feeling. No crisis held out to the slaves so much hope, as those in which a state was in extreme danger, when they were often armed for the public defence. In short, they gener-

ally profited by every time of confusion. Christianity has had the glory of terminating in Europe this miserable state of things, if we consent to forget the partial exception of Russia and Poland, which were latest to receive its influence. If history could give any lessons to a democracy, it might shout aloud the absurdity and danger of that, which morals and religion proclaim to be a crime—the holding our fellow-men in bondage. In spite of all her other ignorance, vices and jealous passions, Greece, if her slaves had been freemen, and her states confederated on just terms, need have feared neither the wild Gauls from the north, nor the Romans from the west. Her great internal vigor and activity would have ensured a steady progress; and might have worked off out of her system her worst social immoralities; but, it would seem, keen as are our feelings of personal right, the rights of other men, other classes, other nations, is the last lesson that mankind, in the mass, is willing to learn. Wisdom comes too late, if we are left to ourselves; and happy are those nations who, by timely chastisement, are compelled to be wise.

Since the above was written, the first volume of the 8vo edition of Thirlwall's Greece has made its appearance. According to the author's statement, the text has almost always been left as it was, except as to a few points on which he has changed his judgment. A sprinkling of new notes has been annexed, and an elaborate Appendix on the Homeric Poems, in which the history of critical opinion concerning them is brought down to the present day. This is the most striking feature in the new volume. In it the author displays his usual clearness of mind and fulness of erudition concerning German literature; but does not advance any opinion of his own. We are disposed to accept this appendix as an apology for 'skepticism,' as some may call it, or rather for an acquiescence in negative results, in regard to matters which lie on the borders of historical vision. Curiosity and earnestness is always eager for positive knowledge, but if we could attain a clear light on Homer and his circumstances, this would of course shed a dim gleam on something still more remote. New problems would arise concerning them, and once more we should find ourselves obliged to acquiesce under negations. It is certainly remarkable, how one hypothesis after and other concerning Homer breaks down, till

at last we seem only to know that neither the vulgar nor the wise are right in their ideas concerning him.

This new edition will of course become the only one recognized in our libraries; yet we are glad to think that no such large alterations in the text are likely to be made as would lower the *Cabinet History* from the place which it has hitherto so honorably occupied.

From the *Athenæum*.

HEADLEY'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.

Letters from Italy. By J. T. Headley. Wiley & Putnam.

AMERICAN literature treads more and more closely in the steps of our own; and our attention is, consequently, attracted to productions which we are frequently called upon to compare with similar works of home manufacture. From the identity of language, at the same time, we are precluded from treating the former as foreign; and thus they seem to fall into the current of English literature, and to express the mind of the same people. Nevertheless, there are differences. For instance, nothing can be more opposite in style and feeling than our own Catharine Taylor's "Letters from Italy" and Mr. Headley's—the former so full of instruction, conveyed with so much ease of manner; the latter teeming with egotism, somewhat meagre in detail, and ambitious in execution. We say not this in disparagement of Mr. Headley, whom we know to be a good man and true; but in indication of the nationality of the writer, which sets his book in contrast with that of our countrywoman—and of peculiarities owing their existence to his country's genius, and not fairly referable to any other source. We are even disposed to ascribe to this cause a curious oversight in the brief preface to this correspondence. The first four sentences are written in the first person singular; the remainder in the first person plural; the "I" becomes "we"—a negligence which proceeds, doubtless, from overweening anxiety. We augured, from such a commencement, a carelessly written work, and were agreeably disappointed. The letters themselves are composed in perhaps too elaborated a style; the diction and the in-

cidents are picturesquely chosen; and effect is everywhere ostentatiously studied. We see, throughout, rather the man than the scenes and objects he is describing:—he seldom passes out of himself; when he does, however, we are happy to state, that it is "to give some idea of the condition of the inhabitants, especially of the lower classes." An American writer's view of this topic cannot fail to interest.

We should, notwithstanding the author's admonition, have "skipped over the ocean," and passed at once from New York to Italy, but that an accident on the passage—the loss of a man overboard—is told in a style so characteristic, and, we must add, so well told in that style, that we must give the following extract from the initial letter:—

"The pleasure of our passage was much marred by the loss of a man overboard. When within a few hundred miles of the Azores, we were overtaken by a succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the horizon, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one struck us we would be buried in foam and spray, and then heavily rolling on a heavy sea. We however prepared ourselves, and soon got every thing snug. The light sails were all in—the jibs, topgallants and spanker furled close—the mainsail clewed up, and we were crashing along under close reefed topsails alone, when a man, who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks, and went over backwards into the waves. In a moment that most terrific of all cries at sea, 'A man overboard! a man overboard!' flew like lightning over the ship. I sprung upon the quarter deck just as the poor fellow, with his 'fearful human face,' riding the top of a billow, fled past. In an instant all was commotion: plank after plank was cast over for him to seize hold and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and the boat lowered. The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern I seem to hear it yet, shouted, 'in men—in men.' But the poor sailors hung back—the sea was too wild. The second mate sprung to the side of the first, and the men, ashamed to leave both their officers alone, followed. 'Cut away the lashings,' exclaimed the officer—the knife glanced around the ropes—the boat fell to the water—rose on a huge wave far over the deck, and drifted rapidly astern. I thought it could not live a moment in such a sea, but the officer who held the helm was a skilful seaman. Twice in his life he had been wrecked, and for a moment I forgot the danger in admiration of his cool self-possession. He stood erect—the helm in his hand—his flashing eye em-

bracing the whole peril in a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay to to look for the lost sailor. Just then I turned my eye to the Southern horizon and saw a squall blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered rushing down upon us. The Captain also saw it, and was terribly excited. He afterwards told me that in all his sea life he never was more so. He called for a flag, and springing into the shrouds, waved it for their return. The gallant fellows obeyed the signal and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work, for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel there was no hope for it. It would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it could. I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon between the black water and the blacker heavens was a white streak of tossing foam. Nearer and clearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track. Between it and us appeared at intervals that little boat like a black speck on the crest of the billows, and then sunk away apparently engulfed for ever. One moment the squall would seem to gain on it beyond the power of escape, and then delay its progress. As I stood and watched them both, and yet could not tell which would reach us first, the excitement amounted to perfect agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew now settling the question of life and death to themselves and perhaps to us, who would be left almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. The sea was making fast, and yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she sunk away she carried my heart down with her, and when she remained a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and cover my eyes in horror—the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud, literally covered with foam and spray. The Captain knew, as he said afterwards, that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his trumpet, and springing up the rattlings, shouted out over the roar of the blast and waves, *'Pull away, my brave bul-lies, the squall is coming—give way, my hearties!'* and the bold fellows did *'give way'* with a will. I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat sprung to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on the leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on, but the gallant little boat conquered. Oh, how my heart leaped when she at length shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our

lee quarter, shook the water from her drenched head as if in delight to find her shelter again. The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such right good will on a rope as on the one that brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared over the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport. As they stepped on deck not a question was asked—no report given—but *'Forward, men!'* broke from the Captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast, and we were again bounding on our way. If that squall had pursued the course of all the former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat (and it seemed to me the foam was breaking not a hundred rods off) the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round close to our bows. The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birth-day (he was 25 years old.) and alas, it was his death-day. * * We saw him no more—and a gloom fell on the whole ship. There were but few of us in all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts."

This will serve, at least, to convince the reader that in Mr. Headley's hands nothing that he thinks worth telling at all is likely to be ill told. The value of this correspondence consists neither in the importance nor novelty of its contents. A well-known trifle, if it illustrates his feelings, is to him as good as a miracle—perhaps better; for of miracles he speaks every where with contempt—but we are compelled, notwithstanding, to leave untouched the too-often-touched Rock of Gibraltar and Gulf of Genoa; nay, even Genoa itself, some few incidents which illustrate Italian character and the despotism of the government excepted:—

"Clara Novello has been the Prima Donna for the last half of the Carnival. Rome and Genoa had both, as they thought, engaged her for the season, and hence when each claimed her there was a collision. The two Governments took it up, and finally it was referred to the Pope. It was a matter of some consequence to his Holiness where the sweet singer should open her mouth for the season. In his magnanimity he decided that she should stay at Rome. The managers, however, compromised the matter by each city having her half the time. She had formerly been exceedingly popular here, but contrary to the will of the chief bass singer and the leader of the orchestra, she attempted at her first appearance, an air unsuited to her voice, and which she was told she could not perform. Of course she failed, and was slightly hissed. Her English blood mounted at so unequivo-

cal a demonstration of their opinion of her singing, and Dido like, bowing haughtily to the crowd, she turned her back on the audience and walked off the stage. The tenor and the bass both stopped—the orchestra—indeed *all* stopped except the *hissing*, which waxed louder every moment. She was immediately taken to her rooms by the police of the city, and for three days the *gens-d'armes* stood night and day at her door, keeping the fair singer a prisoner for her misconduct. This is a fair illustration of this government. Even an opera singer cannot pout without having the *gens-d'armes* after her. On the promise of good behaviour, however, she was released from confinement, and again appeared on the stage, where the good-natured, music-loving Italians hailed her appearance with deafening cheers, and repaid their want of gallantry with excess of applause. Poor Clara Novello is not the first who has suffered from the tyranny of this military despotism. The other day I went to see the first painter of Genoa. He is a young man, modest, amiable, and courteous, so much so that I became immediately deeply interested in him. His name is Isola. He, too, has fallen once under the ban of the government. Like all geniuses he loves liberty, and the first great historical piece he painted, and on which he designed to base his claim to be ranked among the first artists of his country, was a representation of the last great struggle Genoa made for freedom. He showed me the design; in the foreground, with his horse fallen under him, struggled the foreign governor that had been imposed on the people, while the excited multitude were raining stones and missiles on him, and trampling him under foot. Farther back, and elevated on the canvass, stood the Marquis of Spinola, cheering on the people, one hand grasping the sword, the other waving aloft the flag of freedom. Excited men were running hither and thither, through the crowded streets, and all the bustle and hurry of a rapid, heavy fight, were thrown upon the canvass. It was a spirited sketch, and one almost seemed to hear the battle cry of freemen, and the shout of victory. Such a picture immediately made a noise in Genoa, where yet slumber the elements of a republic. It was finished, and admired by all, and treasured by the painter. But one day, while Isola was sitting before it, contemplating his work, and thinking what corrections might be made, his door was burst open, and two *gens-d'armes* stood before him. Seizing the picture before his eyes they marched him off behind it, to answer for the crime of having painted his country battling for her rights. The painting was locked up in a room of the government, where it has ever since remained. Isola was carried between two *gens-d'armes* a hundred and twenty miles, to Turin, and thrown in prison. He was finally released, but his picture remains under lock and key. The government, how-

ever, *has*, in its magnanimity, condescended to permit the artist to sell it to any one who will carry it *out of the country*. Where shall it go? I would that some American might purchase it. I spoke with him on the subject, and sympathized with him on the wrongs he had suffered. I spoke to him of my country, and the sympathy such a transaction would awaken in every grade of society, and invited him to go home with me, where he could breathe free, and his pencil move free. I promised him a welcome, and a reputation, and home in a republic, whose struggle for freedom had never yet been in vain, and whose air would unfetter his spirit and expand his genius. Such language from a foreigner and a republican, he felt to be sincere. He turned his immensely large, black, and melancholy eyes on me, and attempted to reply. But his chin began to tremble, his voice quivered and stopped, his eyes filled with tears, and he turned away to hide his feelings. Oh, when I think of the cursed tyranny man practises on man—the brutal chain Power puts on Genius—the slavery to which a crowned villain can and does subject the noblest souls that God lets visit the earth—I wish for a moment that supreme power were mine, that the wronged might be righted, and the noble yet helpless be placed beyond the reach of oppression and the torture of servility."

Now take a highly-colored (we hope, and believe, too highly colored) picture of the Italian's love of music:—

"I have seen and heard much of an Italian's love of music, but nothing illustrating it so forcibly as an incident that occurred last evening at the opera. In the midst of one of the scenes, a man in the pit near the orchestra was suddenly seized with convulsions. His limbs stiffened; his eyes became set in his head, and stood wide open, staring at the ceiling like the eyes of a corpse; while low and agonizing groans broke from his struggling bosom. The prima donna came forward at that moment, but seeing this livid, death-stamped face before her, suddenly stopped, with a tragic look and start, that for once was perfectly natural. She turned to the bass-singer, and pointed out the frightful spectacle. He also started back in horror, and the prospect was that the opera would terminate on the spot; but the scene that was just opening was the one in which the prima-donna was to make her great effort, and around which the whole interest he was gathered, and the spectators were determined not to be disappointed because one man was dying, and so shouted, 'go on! go on!' Clara Novello gave another look towards the groaning man, whose whole aspect was enough to freeze the blood, and then started off in her part. But the dying man grew worse and worse, and finally sprung bolt upright in his seat. A person sitting behind

him, all-absorbed in the music, immediately placed his hands on his shoulders, pressed him down again, and held him firmly in his place. There he sat, pinioned fast, with his pale, corpse-like face upturned, in the midst of that gay assemblage, and the foam rolling over his lips, while the braying of the trumpets, and the voice of the singer, drowned the groans that were rending his bosom. At length the foam became streaked with blood as it oozed through his teeth, and the convulsive starts grew quicker and fiercer. But the man behind held him fast, while he gazed in perfect rapture on the singer, who now like the ascending lark was trying her loftiest strain. As it ended, the house rang with applause, and the man who had held down the poor writhing creature could contain his ecstasy no longer, and lifting his hands from his shoulders, clapped them rapidly together three or four times, crying out over the ears of the dying man, 'Brava, brava!' and then hurriedly placing them back again to prevent his springing up in his convulsive throes. It was a perfectly maddening spectacle, and the music jarred on the chords of my heart like the blows of a hammer. But the song was ended, the effect secured, and so the spectators could attend to the sufferer in their midst. The *gens-d'armes* entered, and carried him speechless and lifeless out of the theatre."

We have some account of Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Byron, during their residence in Genoa, given on the testimony of Byron's Italian teacher:—

"He fully confirms the assertion of Hunt that Byron was a penurious man, and capable of great littleness. His generous actions were usually done for effect, and if followed out were found to be so managed as not to bring personal loss in the end. Shelley, he says, was a nobler man than either Hunt or Byron. Hunt was cold and repulsive—Byron irritable, and often very unjust, while Shelley was generous and open-hearted. He had a copy of the 'Liberal,' which they presented to him, and which I looked over with no ordinary feelings. In visiting Byron in his room, he said that he noticed four books always lying on the table. No matter what others might have been with them and taken away, these four always remained. It struck him they must be peculiar favorites of the poet, and so he had the curiosity to examine them, and found them to be the Bible, Machiavelli, Shakspeare, and Alfieri's tragedies. It immediately struck me, that these four volumes were a perfect illustration of Byron's character. Machiavelli he loved for his contempt of mankind, making them all a flock of sheep, to be led or slaughtered at the will of one haughty man. It harmonized with his own undisguised scorn. The Bible he read and admired for its lofty poetry, and which Byron by the way never scrupled to appropriate. If in his great ode on Bonaparte, he had fol-

lowed Homer as closely as he has Isaiah, he would have been accused long ago of downright plagiarism. Alfieri he loved for his fiery and tempestuous nature, so much like his own. There was also in Alfieri the same haughty scorn that entered so largely into Byron's character. He had stormed through half of Europe, without deigning to accept a single invitation into society, treating the proudest nobility of England with supreme contempt. He had also the same passion for horses, and the same fierce hatred of control. Shakspeare he admired in common with every man of feeling or intellect. My teacher told me also, that in all his frequent visits to the poet's house, he had never seen him walk. How like a spear in the side that club foot always was to him. His appearance on horseback, with his pale face, long hair, and velvet cap, he said, was very striking. The Countess Guiccioli seldom appeared in public with him, but her brother, Byron's private secretary, usually accompanied him in his rides."

Our next extract is dated from Naples:

"The streets were filled with loungers, all expressing in their manners and looks the Neapolitan maxim, '*dolce far niente*' (it is sweet to do nothing.) You have heard of the bright eyes and raven tresses and music-like language of the Neapolitans; but I can assure you there is nothing like it here, *i. e.* among the lower classes. The only difference that I can detect between them and our Indians is, that our wild bloods are the more beautiful of the two. The color is the same, the hair very like indeed, and as to the 'soft bastard Latin' they speak, it is one of the most abominable dialects I ever heard. I know this is rather shocking to one's ideas of Italian women. I am sure I was prepared to view them in a favorable, nay, in a poetic light; but amid all the charms and excitements of this romantic land, I cannot see otherwise. The old women are hags, and the young women dirty, slipshod slatterns. Talk about 'bright-eyed Italian maids!' Among our lower classes there are five beauties to one good-looking woman here. It is nonsense to expect beauty among a population that live in filth, and eat the vilest substances to escape the horrors of starvation. Wholesome food, comfortable apartments, and cleanly clothing, are indispensable to physical beauty; and these the Italians, except the upper classes, do not have. The filthy dens in which they are crammed, the tattered garments in which they are but half hid, and the haggard faces of hundreds of unfed women and children that meet me at every step as I enter the city at night, overthrow all the pleasures of the day, and I retire to my room angry with that political and social system that requires two-thirds to die of starvation, that the other third may die of surfeit. The King of Naples has five palaces, while thousands of his subjects have not one blanket."

Our author cherishes a low opinion of the beauty of Italian women; in form, however, he confesses that the Italian girls excel. Large and full, he acknowledges that they acquire a fine gait and bearing. We commend the following remarks to the tight-laced among the fair sex, as well of England as of America:

"It is astonishing that our ladies should persist in that ridiculous notion that a small waist is, and, *per necessita*, must be, beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation, if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies acquire only by the longest, painfulest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them, as models; and hence endeavor to assimilate themselves to them; whereas our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the windows of milliners' shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women the world over, that they will practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than Nature herself."

With the manners of the Italian ladies Mr. Headley is enraptured, and contrasts them favorably with those of his own countrywomen:—

"There is no country in the world where woman is so worshipped and allowed to have her own way as in America, and yet there is no country where she is so ungrateful for the place and power she occupies. Have you never in Broadway, when the omnibus was full, stepped out into the rain to let a lady take your place, which she most unhesitatingly did, and with an indifference in her manner as if she considered it the merest trifle in the world you had done? How cold and heartless her 'thank ye,' if she gave one! Dickens makes the same remark with regard to stage-coaches—so does Hamilton. Now, do such a favor for an Italian lady, and you would be rewarded with one of the sweetest smiles that ever brightened on a human countenance. I do not go on the principle that a man must always expect a reward for his good deeds; yet, when I have had my kindest offices as a stranger, received as if I were almost suspected of making improper advances, I have felt there was little pleasure in being civil. The 'grazie, Signore,' and smile with which an Italian rewards the commonest civility, would make the plainest woman appear handsome in the eyes of a foreigner. They also become more easily animated, till they make it all sunlight around

them. They never tire you with the same monotonous aspect, but yield in tone and look to the passing thought, whether it be sad or mirthful; and then they are so free from all formality, and so sensitively careful of your feelings. I shall never forget one of the first acquaintances I made in Italy. I was at the Marquis of —'s one evening, conversing with some gentlemen, when the Marquis came up and said, 'Come, let me introduce you to a beautiful lady'—indeed she was the most beautiful Italian woman I had ever seen. I declined, saying I did not understand the Italian language well enough to converse with so brilliant a creature, 'for you know (I said) one wants to say very clever things in such a case, and a blunder would be crucifying.' 'Pooh, pooh,' said he, 'come along'—and taking me by the shoulders led me along, and forced me down into a chair by her side, saying, 'Now talk.' If she had been half as much disconcerted as I was, I should have blundered beyond redemption: but the good-natured laugh with which she regarded the Marquis's performance entirely restored my confidence, and I stumbled along in the Italian for half an hour, without her ever giving the least intimation, by look or word, that I did not speak it with perfect propriety. This same naïveté of manner extends itself everywhere. If you meet a beautiful peasant girl, and bow to her, instead of resenting it as an insult, she shows a most brilliant set of teeth, and laughs in the most perfect good humor. * * Indeed, this same freedom from the ridiculous frigidity, which in my country is thought an indispensable safeguard to virtue, is found everywhere in Europe. It has given me, when a solitary stranger, many a happy hour on the Rhine, and on the Mediterranean. * * The Italian has another attraction peculiar to the beings of warm climes—she possesses deeper emotions than those of colder latitudes, while she has less power to conceal them. The dark eye flashes out its love or its hatred as soon as felt; and in its intense and passionate gaze is an eloquence that thrills deeper than any language. She is a being all passion, which gives poetry to her movements, looks, and words. It has made her land the land of song, and herself an object of interest the world over. A beautiful eye and eyebrow *are* more frequently met here than at home. The brow is peculiarly beautiful—not merely from its regularity, but singular flexibility. It will laugh of itself, and the slight arch always heralds and utters beforehand the piquant thing the tongue is about to utter; and then she laughs so sweetly! Your Italian knows how to laugh, and, by the way, she knows how to walk, which an American lady does not. An American walks better than an English woman, who steps like a grenadier, but still she walks badly. Her movements lack grace, ease and naturalness."

In all this there is much obvious but harmless heresy, since it may be so easily

corrected by any reader of ordinary intelligence. The fact is, the American ladies have been so laughed at by foreigners for their prudery, that American writers have a tendency now to fly to the opposite extreme. In his opinion, however, on the Neapolitan peasantry, Mr. Headley is a thorough Yankee; to his eyes, they were all, to a man, Republicans—not a beggar but knew the history of Masaniello—"he is the people's Washington." Thus, also, to an eloquent description of the illumination of St. Peter's he adds, "There are hundreds who go to witness it, and return to their homes with dark and bitter thoughts in their bosoms:—"

"The age of interrogation has commenced. Men begin to ask questions in Rome as well as in America, and every one tells on the fate of papacy more than a thousand cannon shot. Physical force is powerless against such enemies, while pageantry and pomp only increase the clamor and discontent."

The following description of the Girandola, we need not say, is sufficiently vivid:—

"The next night after the grand illumination is the 'Girandola,' or fire-works of his Holiness, and we must say that he does far better in getting up fire-works than religious ceremonies. This 'Girandola' does credit to his taste and skill. It is the closing act of the magnificent farce, and all Rome turns out to see it. About half-way from the Corso—the Broadway of Rome—to St. Peter's, the famous marble bridge of Michael Angelo crosses the Tiber. The castle of St. Angelo, formerly the vast and magnificent tomb of Adrian, stands at the farther end. This castle is selected for the display of the fire-works. None of the spectators are permitted to cross the bridge, so that the Tiber flows between them and the exhibition. * * Towards evening the immense crowd begin to move in the direction of St. Angelo, and soon the whole area, and every window and house-top, is filled with human beings. About eight the exhibition commences. The first scene in the drama represents a vast Gothic cathedral. How this is accomplished I cannot tell. Every thing is buried in darkness, when suddenly, as if by the touch of an enchanter's wand, a noble Gothic cathedral of the size of the immense castle, stands in light and beauty before you. The arrangement of the silver-like lights is perfect, and as it shines on silent and still in the surrounding darkness, you can hardly believe it is not a beautiful vision. It disappears as suddenly as it came, and for a moment utter darkness settles over the gloomy castle. Yet it is but for a moment. The next instant a sheet of flame bursts from the summit with a

fury perfectly appalling; white clouds of sulphureous smoke roll up the sky, accompanied with molten fragments and detonations that shake the very earth beneath you. It is the representation of a volcano in full eruption, and a most vivid one too. Amid the spouting fire, and murky smoke, and rising fragments, the cannon of the castle are discharged, out of sight, almost every second. Report follows report with stunning rapidity, and it seems for a moment as if the solid structure would shake to pieces. At length the last throb of the volcano is heard, and suddenly from the base, and sides, and summit of the castle, start innumerable rockets, and serpents, and Roman candles, while revolving wheels are blazing on every side. The heavens are one arch of blazing meteors—the very Tiber flows in fire, while the light, falling on ten thousand upturned faces, presents a scene indescribably strange and bewildering. For a whole hour it is a constant blaze. The flashing meteors are crossing and recrossing in every direction—fiery messengers are traversing the sky overhead, and amid the incessant whizzing, and crackling, and bursting, that is perfectly deafening, comes at intervals the booming of cannon. At length the pageant is over, and the gaping crowd surge back into the city. Lent is over—the last honors are done to God by his revealed representative on earth, and the Church stands acquitted of all neglect of proper observances. Is it asked again if the people are deceived by this magnificence? By no means. A stranger, an Italian, stood by me as I was gazing on the spectacle, and we soon fell into conversation. He was an intelligent man, and our topic was Italy. He spoke low but earnestly of the state of his country, and declared there was as much genius and mind in Italy now as ever, but they were not fostered. An imbecile, yet oppressive government monopolized all the wealth of the state, and expended it in just such follies as these, while genius starved and the poor died in want. I have never heard the poor Pope so berated in my own country."

The conversation is continued, but it passes into profanity. Notwithstanding his anti-Catholic propensities, Mr. Headley does justice to the "Chanting of the Miserere:—"

"The ceremonies commenced with the chanting of the Lamentations. Thirteen candles, in the form of an erect triangle, were lighted up in the beginning, representing the different moral lights of the ancient church of Israel. One after another was extinguished as the chant proceeded, until the last and brightest one at the top, representing *Christ*, was put out. As they one by one slowly disappeared in the deepening gloom, a blacker night seemed gathering over the hopes and fate of man, and the lamentation grew wilder and deeper. But as the Prophet of prophets,

the Light, the Hope of the world, disappeared, the lament suddenly ceased. Not a sound was heard amid the deepening gloom. The catastrophe was too awful, and the shock too great, to admit of speech. He who had been pouring his sorrowful notes over the departure of the good and great, seemed struck suddenly dumb at this greatest woe. Stunned and stupefied, he could not contemplate the mighty disaster. I never felt a heavier pressure on my heart than at this moment. The chapel was packed in every inch of it, even out of the door far back into the ample hall, and yet not a sound was heard. I could hear the breathing of the mighty multitude, and amid it the suppressed half-drawn sigh. Like the chanter, each man seemed to say, "Christ is gone; we are orphans—all orphans!" The silence at length became too painful, I thought I should shriek out in agony, when suddenly a low wail—so desolate and yet so sweet, so despairing and yet so tender, like the last strain of a broken heart—stole slowly out from the distant darkness and swelled over the throng, but the tears rushed unbidden to my eyes, and I could have wept like a child in sympathy. It then died away, as if the grief were too great for the strain. Fainter and fainter, like the dying tone of a lute, it sunk away as if the last sigh of sorrow was ended, when suddenly there burst through the arches a cry so piercing and shrill, that it seemed not the voice of song, but the language of a wounded and dying heart in its last agonizing throb. The multitude swayed to it like the forest to the blast. Again it ceased, and the broken sobs of exhausted grief alone were heard. In a moment the whole choir joined their lament, and seemed to weep with the weeper. After a few notes they paused again, and that sweet, melancholy voice mourned on alone. Its note is still in my ear. I wanted to see the singer. It seemed as if such sounds could come from nothing but a broken heart. Oh! how unlike the joyful, the triumphant anthem that swept through the same chapel on the morning that symbolized the resurrection!"

But we must bring our extracts to a close. With equal power, Mr. Headley describes the suffering of the peasantry in the Campagna, and the glories of the Coliseum by moonlight. We sympathize with him, also, as he lingers in Rome by the tombs of Shelley and Keats; nor less in his skepticism at Cardinal Mezzofanti's miraculous gift of tongues,—“strange, if true,” but with evident marks of *charlatanerie*—or in his disappointment that the *Improvvisatrice* whom he heard in the Theatre Argentina proved to be no *Corinne*—or in his enjoyment of the Artists' Fête. At length, we have left Rome, and find ourselves at Terni and the Cataract of Velino; next at Perugia and Clitumnus, and on the battle-field of Thrasy-

mene; but of these Byron has written, and Mr. Headley is lavish in his quotations from the noble poet. At Florence, in the church of San Lorenzo, he horrifies himself and readers with the skeleton of a man built in the wall; and then gratifies both by his recognition of some American artists, with Mr. Powers, whose 'Eve' and 'Greek Slave' receive apt and appropriate criticism from the pen of his countryman. On the whole, however, the author does but scant justice to Florence; soon skips back to Genoa; and with a few remarks on the King of Sardinia, and on Milan, and on the Italian character in general, the correspondence somewhat abruptly closes.

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RAPHAEL'S TAPESTRIES.

BY CARL LUDWIG FERNOW.

AMONG the innumerable religious festivals of modern Rome, which, in the course of the year, employ almost incessantly the pious idleness of her priests, as well as people, and help to throw the charm of variety over the dull sameness of their daily exercises of devotion, the feast of Corpus Christi claims, in more than one respect, to be particularly distinguished. The dazzling pomp of the solemnly splendid procession, by which the head of the church, with an immense train of cardinals, bishops, prelates, and monks of the different orders, does honor to this day—the orientally Gothic character of the sacred pageant—the interminable train of followers, slowly moving under the festally decorated colonnade of St. Peter's, and the adjoining streets—the majestic group of the pope, as he sweeps past, arrayed in gorgeous robes of satin, kneeling under a canopy before the consecrated host, and borne, like a visible Deity, above the heads of the countless multitudes—the solemn sound of the bells—the throng of human beings swaying to and fro—all unite to form a spectacle, unique of its kind, for the observer of human nature, who has never before had an opportunity of seeing the power of religious delusion acting on a grand scale, for it is in Rome only that superstition can celebrate a triumph over reason so brilliant as this. And although this reflection may keep the spectator cool in the midst of the universal ecstasy which seizes on the multitude around

him, still can he not altogether steel his feelings against the overwhelming influence which rules, with magic power, the hearts of all about him. As the imposing group sweeps by, and on a sudden all around sink upon their knees, and beat their breasts—even he cannot resist the mysterious awe which steals over him. But as little can reason respect or approve of this mummery, however holy and venerable it may appear, when clothed in the garb of religion, as she can admire the tricks of the juggler, who exhibits the mysterious powers of nature to the ignorant eyes of the wondering multitude. For this reason, this dazzling magnificence, like every other pleasure which affords no aliment to the spirit, leaves a void in the mind, and the disagreeable feeling of an imagination exhausted and overstrained by the rapid succession of so many different objects. We feel in this, as in all the other religious solemnities of Rome, that to have seen them once is enough.

But, at the same time, this festival offers one source of enjoyment, of which none could easily weary—an enjoyment which exalts the soul to nobler feelings, which refreshes the mind, and for the sake of which every friend of the beautiful will look forward to its return in each succeeding year with ever new delight. This enjoyment is derived from the tapestries of Raphael, which, during the solemnity, are hung up in the hall which leads from St. Peter's into the Vatican. They are only visible during these few days, and the rarity of the spectacle quickens the attention of the spectator, and give a higher value to the quickly-fleeting hours.*

We have here an opportunity of observing the universal and powerful effect of these works on the feelings even of the lowest classes, and to convince ourselves that Raphael, no less than Homer, was, in his art, a poet of the people. The space before the preaching of Paul at Athens, before the adoration of the Wise men, the Ananias, and still more, that before the Massacre of the Infants, is rarely unoccupied by spectators from among the common people, who clearly show, by the vivacity with which they communicate their feelings to each other, the lively interest they take in these subjects, familiar as they are to them from childhood, and sanctified to their feelings

through religion. And yet, the best of these tapestries, as they now appear, are but faint shadows of their originals, seven of which, known as Raphael's Cartoons, are still preserved in England. Of these, Richardson, the only person of his day who spoke of these great works in detail, and in a manner worthy of them, with great probability maintains that they are calculated to convey a higher idea of Raphael's mind, than even the frescoes in the Stanze of the Vatican. But, despite all they have suffered in the tasteless hands of the tapestry-workers—despite the many and great faults of drawing, the faded coloring, which has destroyed all harmony and keeping, and the hardness of outline by which the expression is frequently disfigured even to caricature—despite the absence of all that can merely please the senses, they yet afford an artistic enjoyment so full, so profound, that, enchanted by the still living excellence, which all these disfigurements cannot efface, we only wonder the more at the fertility and grandeur of Raphael's genius, as seen beneath this lowly garb.

The absolute want of all the attractions of a careful and finished execution, and of other mechanical merit—nay, the evident prejudice the very spirit of these works has sustained in form, expression, and the sensuous harmony of the whole—yet powerless as they have been to destroy their intrinsic excellence, must lead every observer to the conviction that the true merit of a dramatic painting, how much soever its mechanical finish may delight, must be independent of those external advantages and defects which have regard merely to the sensuous effect of a work of art. This remark, which must often have been forced upon the student by most of Raphael's works in the Stanze and Loggie of the Vatican, and in the Farnesina, finds its fullest confirmation here. If we compare the æsthetic merit of these tapestries with their mechanical execution, we must admit that, on the one hand, they are among the most admirable—on the other, among the most miserable productions of modern art. And if the high æsthetic enjoyment which every renewed study of Raphael's works only makes more complete, the more intimate we grow with their spirit, be compared with the satisfaction afforded by the greatest masterpieces of a bold or pleasing pencil, united with all the charm of harmonious light and color; if we weigh the best of these tapestries in the balance of genuine criticism against the most praised

* The tapestries are now to be seen daily, at stated hours, in one of the galleries of the Vatican reserved for the Pope's private use.

of Correggio's paintings (connoisseurs will shudder at the comparison!) to each in its kind we must concede a high degree of excellence; to Correggio the palm for charming the senses through the magic harmony of his color; but our souls, our human feeling will do homage to the higher merit of Raphael, even in these faded tapestries, and award to him the prize for beauty.*

So true is it that every work of art which springs fresh from living feeling, even that of the loftiest and most cultivated minds, provided only that it bear the genuine impress of nature, not that of mere learning or mystical obscurity, will speak intelligibly to the heart and feelings of every human being, we may confidently assert that a work of art, and of dramatic painting especially, which wants this universal intelligibility, this power to touch the universal human heart, whether by the pure interests of its subject, or by its sublimity or its beauty, has signally failed in reaching the true aim of all art.

The language of the formative arts must be universally intelligible, inasmuch as it rests upon nothing artificial or conventional; it employs signs which are natural and easily comprehended by all, and the most interesting subjects which lie within their sphere, and those which they, from their very nature, can most perfectly express—namely, particular characters and states of the mind, as they betray themselves by visible changes in the human form, are intelligible to every man by means of his physiognomical and sympathetic instinct. If the artist keeps this aim steadily in view, and by the aid of well cultivated talents, exemplifies it happily in beautiful creations, his works, even though their precise subjects may not be understood, will be intelligible in every age, to every class, because they are the expression of our common human nature, which remains one and the same, under all the various modifications of artificial manners. The universal coin-

cides here with the individual so wonderfully that the language of the formative arts may thus almost vie with the language of poetry in other respects so superior.

Poetry in her creations is compelled to employ artificial and abstract signs which are peculiar to some one people only, and that which she can most perfectly express by their aid, are thoughts and ideas—in other words, conceptions; these the poet clothes in the graceful drapery of sentiment and figurative language, in order to present them in a clear and visible form to the inner perceptions of others. Works of poetry therefore may justly demand a higher degree of cultivation and elevation of mind in him who assumes to enjoy them. This is particularly true in periods of high cultivation, and they can only be intelligible and attractive to the lower classes when their subjects are taken out of their own sphere and out of the circle of their daily life. The most sublime ideas in Klopstock's odes, the most admirable scenes of Schiller's *Don Carlos*, the most beautiful passages of Goethe's *Iphigenia*, or Tasso, would leave unmoved the hearts of the uneducated multitude, because they are to them unintelligible. Not so Raphael's *Massacre of the Innocents*, his *Paul preaching at Athens*, the *Sorcerer Elymas struck blind*, the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, &c., &c.; to every one who beholds them, to the untutored peasant as to the cultivated citizen, they are alike intelligible, through the extraordinary clearness of the action, the wonderful truth of expression. They at once come home to every human heart, and tell their story in characters which could need no interpreter, even though the precise event were not known to us, and this too without sacrificing to the popular interest any of the higher demands of art.

The popular character of Raphael's works (a quality very different from the common-place which belongs to the Dutch school) is justified by the fact, that while they satisfy the refined taste of the connoisseur by the higher beauties of style in composition, drawing, and the judicious combination of the separate parts into an artistic and beautiful whole, they touch and delight the untaught mind by the unadorned simplicity and clearness of the composition, and the wondrous truth which pervades every action and expression.

To suppose that an artist can compensate by other kinds of excellence, by ingenuity and learning, by brilliant tints, by

* Although this conviction is unchanged after a residence in Dresden, where the genius of Correggio shines forth in its greatest splendor, it is far from the author's desire to undervalue his great merit, unique in its kind, and which deserves sincere respect and admiration. True criticism in art, however, is nothing but the judgment passed on every work according to the degree of relation in which it stands to the true aim of art. A work of art may be very defective, and yet satisfy the higher demands of art, and, on the contrary, it may be very perfect of its kind, yet leave these higher demands of art unsatisfied.

unmeaning ornament, and a masterly pencil, or even by a passionate exuberant fancy, rioting in overcharged composition, for the absence of that true and living expression which alone makes a dramatic work its own interpreter, seems to argue an ignorance of art scarcely needing a refutation. Indeed, it could hardly be credited that such a supposition could be made seriously, did not experience prove, not merely that the so-called connoisseurs, but even that artists themselves must be of this opinion, since the latter produce works in which these false but dazzling qualities prevail, at the cost of all that is essential in which no soul is to be found; whilst all that is technical, all the meretricious charm of color is carried to the height of perfection, and the former are ever ready to praise them. But never can the charms of mere external sensuous beauty and finish compensate for the spiritual life of natural expression, which is the essential element of every dramatic representation. The works of Raphael afford, as we have already said, the plainest proof that all the mere external merits of a picture, however great the technical skill they presuppose in the painter, however desirable they may justly be for a perfect picture, still are in themselves neither the essence of painting, nor are they of such importance as to pretend to supply the want of those qualities which are essential and intrinsic.

In a work of art, the aim of which is to delineate man, and in which, therefore, MAN in the whole compass of the idea, and always as an active and a sentient being, is necessarily the principal subject, no other object, however excellent, no other interest should make itself predominant. Every thing, all skill in execution, all science and learning, should modestly and unassumingly give place to the expressive and beautiful delineation of the subject; no theatrical grouping, no unmeaning effect of beautifully blended tints, no juggling play of dazzling lights and shadows should be allowed to bribe the senses at the cost of truth, no specious technical skill blind the judgment, at the cost of feeling. Pure and artless as caught from living nature, yet clothed in artistic beauty, to satisfy the taste refined through the ideal, the picture must penetrate to the soul of the spectator, it must satisfy the senses, but it must do more—it must also satisfy the spirit; it must harmoniously quicken and delight the mind in all its varied powers. If the sub-

ject of a picture has no true interest, it is powerless to move the heart, or elevate the mind and feelings above the low sphere of daily life; such a picture is an aimless work of art, unworthy of its name, even were it irradiated by the magic light of a Correggio, conceived with all the learning of a Mengs, and touched by the minute pencil of a Denner. It is only when a painting appears no longer as a work of art, but as nature herself arrayed in ideal beauty, that it fulfils its true aim, and reaches the true summit of art.

The number of tapestries bearing Raphael's name, which yearly adorn the hall of the Vatican, during the solemnization of the festival, amounts to one and twenty. It may be doubted whether the cartoons for all of them were actually painted by Raphael himself, since no contemporary writer has mentioned their number. We shall, however, consider them all his works; for though unequal in merit, none altogether belie such an origin, and even the worst bear traces, in the composition, of his presiding spirit. For these Raphael may have given merely the first slight sketch, which was afterwards executed in the full size by his scholars, more or less injured through the unequal skill of the tapestry-workers. If, however, we cannot point out with certainty the precise share which Raphael's own hand has had in these works, at least we may endeavor to judge them correctly, on their own merits, independent of the master's name. We subjoin a brief enumeration of their subjects, arranged according to our estimate; but in the further progress of this essay, we shall confine our remarks exclusively to the more excellent of the series.

1. Paul Preaching at Athens.
2. The Death of Ananias.
3. Paul Striking the Sorcerer Elymas blind.
- 4, 5, 6. The Massacre of the Innocents in three tapestries, of which two only are of distinguished excellence.
7. The people of Lystra offer sacrifice to Paul and Barnabas.
8. The Resurrection of Christ.
9. Christ Delivering the keys to the Apostle Peter, with the words, "Feed my Sheep."
10. The Adoration of the Three Kings.
11. Peter and John Healing the Lame Man at the Gate of the Temple.
12. The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.
13. The Conversion of Paul.

14. The Adoration of the Shepherds.
15. The Presentation of the Infant Christ in the Temple.
16. The Stoning of St. Stephen.
17. Christ at table with the Disciples at Emmaus.
18. The Pouring Out of the Holy Spirit.
19. The Ascension of Christ.
20. Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene, as the Gardener.
21. Christ Delivering the Souls of the Fathers out of Purgatory.

Without going into a circumstantial description of these works, which without an opportunity for personal examination would rather fatigue than benefit the reader, we shall only enlarge generally on the pervading style of the best of the tapestries, and seek to reduce the thoughts developed in them to fixed principles of criticism. This is the only way which criticism on works of art can be rendered instructive, and assist in the diffusion of a better taste, even in the works themselves. Raphael executed the cartoons for the tapestries, within the three last years of his life, consequently at a period when he stood at the summit of his artistic greatness, when he had cultivated his taste to the purity of style—his power of representation to the freedom and certainty which distinguish the works of this time, and especially in the Loggie of the Vatican. But it acquires a long and intimate acquaintance with his works, and a thorough insight into the nature and style of dramatic painting (which is scarcely to be obtained except from the study of them) to recognize the higher reach of genius, more perfect concentration, purer excellence, precision, clearness in the composition, the maturer beauty and more classic style, of these later works, whose inner æsthetic power is too often concealed under the inefficient and slovenly execution of his scholars. The paintings in the Stanze undoubtedly possess essential and exclusive advantages, not only in their greater size (which in itself neither makes a work of art good or bad) but also in their richer composition, which places the inexhaustible fertility of Raphael's genius and true poetic spirit in the clearest light; and in the multitude of admirable heads full of life and character, no less than in the higher and more careful finish, the technical skill and studied execution of all the parts. But neither fertility of invention, characteristic truth of expression, nor technical skill in execution, are here the

point in question, but simply *purity of style*, in which we confidently maintain that the Stanze, *on the whole*, are surpassed by the Loggie and the Tapestries.

The style of a work of art is as independent of the science of the artist as of the mechanism of his art. It is based on the idea of the beautiful, which dwells in the imagination of the artist, which he seeks to realize in all his creations, and which like an organizing spirit pervades every part of his work, and combines them all into one artistically beautiful whole. But it is in the three great elements of painting—composition, drawing, and expression—that style is more particularly apparent; not genius, nor science, nor imitation form style, but the æsthetic cultivation of the mind, more especially of the feelings and imagination; for it is only when the artist has a keen perception of the beautiful, and is capable of conceiving every object in a beautiful form, that it is possible for him to exhibit a really beautiful style. It is true that natural disposition must determine, in the first instance, the artist's mode of feeling, that the due cultivation of his talents requires a correct knowledge of the ultimate aims of his art, a choice of suitable means, as well as a suitable method of applying them, therefore a scientific culture of the understanding. But it is neither the natural disposition of the individual, nor the scientific culture of his mind alone, but the idea of beauty practically developed in the imagination, nurtured by the beautiful in nature and in art, the æsthetic judgment—in one word, the *TASTE* which ultimately determines his style. From the style of an artist's works, we form our judgment of his taste. A thorough knowledge of art, that is, technical skill, guided by science, is necessary to every artist as a foundation of a solid style, the necessary means to successful execution; for in the formative arts, correctness is the first condition of truth and beauty, still it is the groundwork only, not the *ESSENCE* of a beautiful style. Examples are not wanting in the history of art, of men who have possessed great knowledge and technical dexterity, but very little taste; and of others who with very little real knowledge possessed a high feeling for beauty. Examples in which both, happily united with a fertile creative power, blend together in a pure and beautiful style, are far more rare. If an artist of decided talent possess the necessary knowledge of the technical difficulties of his art,

and sufficient mechanical dexterity to express his ideas without effort or constraint, he must yet acquire the capability of *conceiving objects in artistic beauty*, before he can hope to be distinguished by a beautiful style. This is the most difficult step, therefore the last in his artistic education. Here, however, we must draw a distinction between style of *composition* and style of *drawing*; they are essentially different and independent of each other. The first consists in the artistically beautiful representation or form of the *WHOLE*, the last in the artistically beautiful representation or form of each *SINGLE OBJECT*, even in its minutest parts. If, therefore, the style of an artist or work of art be in question, we must take into account neither invention, knowledge of art, technical dexterity, correctness, nor truth, but confine ourselves strictly to the *feeling for beauty*, which unites all these elements into one harmonious whole; or, in other words, to the æsthetic character of the work, else we shall be in danger of confounding genius with taste, style with manner, technical correctness with beauty, delineation with execution,

The practised eye of an artist immediately recognizes the higher excellence of style in Raphael's later works, the tapestries particularly, of which we may give a few examples. First, in the mirror-like clearness and intelligibility of the composition, which at once tells its story by the happiest and most significant expression, each part reciprocally explaining the other, and the whole thus making itself perfectly clear—as in the Sorcerer Elymas struck blind, the Death of Ananias, &c., &c. Secondly, in the simplicity and wise economy of means, by which a few impressive figures convey a vast number of ideas, and the *principal thought* is made distinct and prominent, in proof of which we may instance the Preaching of Paul at Athens. Thirdly, in the admirable, and to all appearance, artless arrangement of the figures, as in the Dedication of Peter. Fourthly, in the great truth of the expression, which always observes the exact medium of propriety, and guided by an unerring hand, carries grace even along the confines of the highest passion, while at the same time it displays in the groups of figures most artfully interwoven, yet preserving all the beauty of nature, the freedom and spirit of true genius,—as, for example, the Massacre of the Innocents, and in the terror of the guards at the appearance of the risen

Christ. Finally, in the style of the draperies, which is simple, grand, and pure, rejecting all superfluity, but disposed with graceful freedom, and displaying the greatest variety in the choice of the cast. In the Ananias, the Elymas, in the Preaching of Paul, and in the pre-eminently beautiful drapery of Stephen and many others, Raphael has not seldom approached the simple grandeur of Michael Angelo's draperies, in the roof of the Sistine chapel. The works of the Loggie likewise offer in each of these particulars innumerable examples of a perfect style in the composition and cast of drapery, and will, therefore, ever remain models of excellence, which can never be too strongly recommended to the student. It is this perfection of excellence, this classical purity of style, which raise the works of the Loggie and the Tapestries above the paintings in the Stanze *as a whole*; for in single parts we find in these latter such excellence, of various kinds, as leaves scarce any thing to be desired. The so-called School of Athens, for instance, will always be admired as one of the greatest and most perfect models of pictorial composition. In truth, in all these works the divine genius of Raphael beams forth; but in the later ones it appears still more formed, more matured, more glorified.

A characteristic difference may be observed between the earlier and later works of Raphael, in the way in which he has employed nature for his purposes, a difference which throws a clear light on these remarks, as well as on the course of his progress in general. In the earlier frescoes of the Stanze, in which with little action there is a great number of figures in which the artist had to show the physiognomical expression, rather than the pathognomic or minutiae, though life, feeling, action, and sympathy are seen in every part, as, for instance, in the Dispute of the Sacrament, the School of Athens, the Parnassus, and the Miracle of Bolsena, we find a multitude of heads which at a glance we perceive to be portraits. They are likenesses of living persons, taken with all their individuality of form and character, from actual nature, with the most scrupulous fidelity. As yet Raphael drew from his own feelings only the expression of that momentary state of the mind which his subject happened to require. He borrowed his characters from nature, and placed them in appropriate action; hence the speaking truth of expression in these heads.

It was thus that Raphael drew from nature herself that rich variety of individual character which fills us with astonishment in his works, and thus he prepared himself for the highest step of invention, the creation of original forms. This frequent introduction of heads, taken from the life, which marks his early career, and which makes the earliest painting in the Stanze, the Dispute, so important a study for artists, is not to be found in his later works; yet they are no less distinguished by variety in character and by distinctive expression. In the Farnesina, in the two and fifty compartments of the Loggie of the Vatican, in the Spasimo di Sicilia, in the Transfiguration, &c., there is no one head which resembles a portrait, and yet the faces are not less significant, nor less individual. In the tapestries, certainly we do find some heads stamped with so much individuality, they might readily be taken for portraits; but it requires only a closer inspection, and a comparison with those in the Dispute, to be convinced that they are the creations of an imagination richly stored with the living impress of nature herself. They want, if we may so say, the individuality of the individual, the accidental of real existences which belongs to the former, and which no doubt gives a more exact truth, but with it a poverty, a pettiness to the forms, which is altogether opposed to the ideal style of dramatic painting, of which Raphael as yet had not acquired the mastery. By the creative power of his genius, by his familiar intercourse with nature, by that wonderful truth and clearness of observation, which enabled him to seize her finest and most evanescent features, he soon acquired the power, in those great works which seem to wing his onward flight, to create for himself the physiognomical character of his figures with all the variety of nature, and in the happiest accordance with every requirement of his art. This may be observed even in his later frescoes in the Stanze, in the Heliodorus, the Attila, the Mass of Bolsena, in all of which there are heads, both original and taken from the life, equally remarkable for variety and perfect truth. In such of the tapestries as contain individuals of the lower classes, and therefore require heads of a marked and common character, as in the Preaching of Paul to the people of Lystra, and the Healing of the Lame Man, these are invested with such an air of reality, that we might readily suppose

them taken from the life, were it not that with all their individuality, the ideal principle of invention every where shines through them. Where the subject does not require this conformity to nature, we see great variety, but not the same sharp impress of individuality; and when our feelings are principally to be interested in the pathognomic expression, as in the Heliodorus, the Burning of the Borgo, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Conversion of Saul, the physiognomies are merely appropriate to the occasion, without claiming our particular attention by their distinctive expression of character. In these subjects, Raphael seeks to interest merely through the expression of feeling, and the passing state of the mind is thus the more clearly and forcibly conveyed. He could in this way reject the accidental accompaniments of ordinary life, without prejudice to the truth; and while he preserved all the reality of actual nature, give to his heads a nobler and finer character. In cases of strong feeling this is the more necessary, since the vehemence of its expression in a strongly marked countenance, readily degenerates into caricature.

In thus following the traces of his progress, we observe how readily Raphael's mind adapted itself, with the greatest ease and accuracy, to every object in his path, yet knew how to mould it most completely to the purposes of his art; and how, without subjecting every thing to the same formal mode of composition, he drew from the object itself the rules to guide him in its treatment, and carried them out with all the freedom of genius. This power belongs only to great and versatile genius, which holds all forms at command, which in each individual case can promptly seize the most appropriate, and can conjure before the bright mirror of the soul the exact ideal picture of every character, of every situation, of every individual, which the action may happen to require. If genius and cultivation have placed the artist on this lofty eminence, he rules nature by his art, but not the less does he pay homage to her universal and eternal laws, which, even the free spirit elevated above the trammels of necessity, can never violate with impunity. To this lofty eminence Raphael attained in his latest period, and on it he stands alone. All his predecessors, the great Leonardo da Vinci not excepted, set out with the imitation of the real; the principle of their art was the imitation of

individual truth and beauty in the best living models; their forms, therefore, never rise above ordinary life, and their characteristic heads are portraits of real persons. Leonardo searched into the laws of nature, which lie at the foundation of beauty; he had a clear and observant mind, and was a great and admirable artist; but he never rose to that universality in form, which is the basis of the art-ideal, though his works show that he had a presentiment of the higher principle of ideality. Da Vinci, therefore, in the science of art, as well as in style, marks the transition from the ancient to the modern period. It was the mighty genius of Michael Angelo which first burst the bonds in which the imitative principle still held his art imprisoned, and raised it up to the ideal. But he created his ideal, in accordance less with universal laws than with his individual feelings, an ideal of wild gigantic grandeur, grounded on a profound knowledge of anatomy. But the type of his ideal is by no means pure, his so-called grandeur is too often little more than magnified vulgarity, his proportions overstep the true measure of beauty, his figures all present the same wild grandeur, his expression, like his feeling, is frequently exaggerated in its impetuosity and violence; nor had he at command either the characteristic variety, or correct measure for the pathognomic or the mimetic expression. It would be dangerous, therefore, to recommend him as a model of dramatic painting, or generally as a model of style, although there may be found among his works examples of the loftiest and best efforts of modern art; but these form the exception. On the other hand, he is pre-eminently successful in delineating the sublime, and those characters also in which moral grandeur and physical power are combined with the expression of profound thought. The grandeur, the power, the fire of his style cannot fail to inspire minds which are similarly constituted, and Raphael himself is indebted to him for a grandeur and more elevated ideal of form, than he might possibly have reached without such an example. In the frescoes of the Stanze, Raphael developed the higher ideal principle of his art in all its essential elements, in composition, drawing, expression, color, drapery; and it is instructive as well as interesting to trace from painting to painting the rapid yet progressive transition, from the circumscribed limits of imitation, to the full freedom of the ideal; to

mark, too, the ease with which he rose to the highest perfection in parts which were especially congenial to the bent of his genius, in composition, expression, and drapery, while, on the contrary, he stopped short of this excellence in ideality of form and harmony of color: a difference for which it is easy to account, when we consider the multitude of works of greater or less importance executed by our artist during his brief career.

As the expression of the single figures in a picture should mark distinctly and precisely the passing state of the mind in each, so the composition of the whole should make us perfectly cognizant of the subject of the representation, and the moment of action. Its aim, consequently, is to explain itself by the most intelligible representation of the subject in a pleasing form. Distinctness and beauty are the essential elements of every pictorial composition—distinctness for the development of the meaning—beauty to satisfy the judgment and the taste. How these two essential requirements may be satisfied in every given case, no precise rule, no prescribed formula, can be laid down. The rule for each individual composition must be drawn from the nature of the subject, with strict regard to these general laws of clearness and beauty, by the well cultivated judgment of the artist. All other prescriptions or maxims would but injure the truth and naturalness of the work, would bow the free genius of the artist under the yoke of method, and lead him to solve a problem by mechanical skill, which should be solved only by the unfettered power of genius. By the aid of rules, he might perhaps produce a correct composition, strictly in accordance with academic method, but never could he by these means represent an action artistically—that is, as an organic whole, developed from its earliest germ. There are, indeed, certain rules of arrangement, but they point to what the artist must avoid rather than to what he has to do. An entire composition, a single group may be very ingeniously constructed, and combined according to technical rules, but it can then only be appropriate and beautiful, when its form is that which most naturally corresponds to the represented action, when it gives a true, artless, yet artistic expression of it. For here, as in all the fine arts, truth and nature are the basis of beauty—not the common, actual, therefore accidental nature—but that which springs from the essence

of the subject, and therefore is the *necessarry*; without these, all art is but an idle, empty delusion.

Whether a composition should be pyramidal or circular, conical or clustered, convex or concave in its grouping, symmetrically disposed or equally balanced, combined according to the rules of counterpoint or chiar'oscuro, arranged theatrically or naturally, whether it should borrow its effects from accidental light or repoussoir foregrounds, must be left to the decision of the academical professors and pedantic connoisseurs. All these modes of treatment may, under certain circumstances, be appropriate and beautiful; they may, however, under others, be unsuitable and defective. No one can deny that the form of a pyramidal group is pleasing to the eye, that a symmetrical arrangement promotes unity, that contrast gives variety, &c.; we only insist that these things are not to be regarded as the essence of pictorial composition, but as the technical means, by which the æsthetic aim of the representation may be most completely attained. As such let them be used, as each case may require or allow; but never let them be elevated into the very object of the picture. Pure taste demands nature, truth, beauty, and is indifferent to the form under which they appear. We find, it is true, examples of all these modes of treatment in the works of Raphael, but they are not systematically nor designedly introduced. Where they do appear, they either arise out of the nature of the subject itself, or have been only employed by the artist where they lend a new grace to the representation, without prejudice to its true expression. The composition of the Miracle of Bolsena, the group of Archimedes in the school of Athens, of the Heliodorus, of the Joshua in the Loggie, all are models of beautiful pyramidal grouping. In the Battle of Constantine, in the Heliodorus; in the Massacre of the Innocents, in the Resurrection of Christ, we find admirable examples of intertwined grouping. The Dispute of the Sacrament, the School of Athens, the Heliodorus, the Death of Ananias, the Adoration of the Magi, the pouring out of the Holy Spirit, &c., all of them exhibit an arrangement and distribution of the whole, which are designedly symmetrical, for the nature of the subjects in these cases required or permitted this pyramidal grouping so favorable to beauty—this entwined or symmetrical arrangement.

But a far greater number of Raphael's compositions exhibit none of these canons of art—none of the favorite group form, and they are not, on this account, less expressive or less beautiful. We shall name but a few of the most excellent and striking among the Tapestries: the Preaching of Paul at Athens—the Dedication of Peter—the Sacrifice at Lystra—the Conversion of Saul—the Stoning of St. Stephen; and in the Loggie, Abraham Journeying with his Family—the Finding of Moses—the Worship of the Calf, &c., &c. In these, and many others of Raphael's paintings, no trace is to be found of the prescribed art of grouping and composition, but merely a clear, unartificial, yet always pictorially beautiful representation of the subject.

In *all* the works of Raphael, we cannot fail to recognize *true* art and aptitude of arrangement; still less the free and versatile power of a genius, which unfettered by the constraint of rule and method, knows how to adapt itself to the universal laws of the true and the beautiful; the pure, true feeling of the artist, which never does violence to nature, but arranges his compositions with a simplicity akin to her own, and, at the same time, with the beauty which should ever be the attribute of art.

Every thing which is complicated, when reduced to unity, must be submitted to arrangement, and adopt some definite form. The more precisely an idea is seized, the more clearly the image corresponding to it floats before the mind—the better arranged, the more life-like and happy will the representation of it be; and to an imagination inspired by the feeling for the beautiful, it is as impossible to conceive an image without beauty, as it is to a philosophic head to pursue a train of thoughts without order and connection.

The genius of Raphael united both in an eminent degree; hence, nothing is more easy than to find in his compositions beautiful artistic grouping; nothing more easy than to discover in every part wisdom, deep thought, arrangement, symmetry, contrast, equilibrium, and every other evidence of understanding, guided by taste. But this is also the reason, that those who can form no conception of the creative power of true genius, whose prosaic temperament stifles every impulse of the imagination, see and admire in Raphael's works, not the sublime power of his genius, but only his technical dexterity. The judgment of the artist must certainly weigh, design, and arrange, the

plan of the whole, and his technical skill must be exercised to carry it out; but all this is insufficient without the creative genius which embodies the thought in a suitable form, and breathes into it life, soul, and character. If the idea of the whole has not dwelt in the imagination of the artist before the arrangement of the parts, his work can never produce a lively impression on the imagination of others. And hence it arises, as has before been remarked, that the art of composition, that is, the artistic form of a pictorial work, can as little be learnt or taught by precise rules, as any other branch of art which mainly depends upon genius. The invention of a picture in correspondence with the original idea, as well as the character, expression, and life, is the work, not of understanding, but of genius. No beaten academic path, no school-taught correctness in composing, no nice adjustment of waxen puppets, under the magic influence of artificial illumination, can supply the want of real talent for composition, which imperatively demands both originality of invention, and power of plastic representation.

Of all the modern artists, Raphael has most perfectly fulfilled the first great law of all dramatic painting, namely, to combine the greatest distinctness with pictorial beauty of representation. He attains this distinctness, by presenting, with classic severity, the essentials, only of his subject, in simple arrangement, and in the most favorable point of view—the expression of each individual figure, even to the most trivial accessory, is as precise and clear, as the representation of the whole; so that it may with truth be affirmed, that in Raphael's maturer productions, there is not a movement in his draperies—not a fold, which has not its natural *motive*. This luminous distinctness is united to agreeable forms with the greatest apparent artlessness; and the serene grace, the life-breathing beauty, which, like a reflection of his own rich and lovely spirit, are poured out over the world, give to his works that irresistible charm which captivates the more powerfully the oftener they are studied, the more intimately we are familiarized with them. The inexhaustible fulness of their meaning, unfolds itself only by degrees to the soul; and with ever-rising admiration we discover the unfathomable depth beneath the transparent surface—the sublimity of genius clothed in child-like simplicity.

The taste which prevails in Raphael's

draperies, was originally grounded on the style of his predecessors, which though, in essentials, good, natural, and well adapted to painting, was yet stiff and nearly destitute of beauty. The great merit of their drapery, was its artless simplicity, a judicious, if not always beautiful *choice*, motivated by the attitude and movement, and a decided, although still too straight, sharp, and angular cast of the folds. The pure feeling for nature, which guided these old painters so surely by the way of truth, to the higher, but yet undiscovered aim of their art, had already laid the foundation for a good style in this branch of painting. Already in the pictures of Giotto, the true restorer of modern painting, we find draperies so excellent in their disposition, as to shame the heavy and obtrusive failures of Correggio, Baroccio, and the Bolognese school, as well as the vicious taste of Pietro da Cortona, Bernini, and their numerous and still more faulty imitators.

This elder style had, by degrees, improved in the draperies of Massaccio, Mantegna, Perugino, Luca Signorelli, Leonardo da Vinci, till Fra Bartolomeo, but more especially Michael Angelo, began, at length, to treat this department of the art with a true perception of its power. Their style however, with all its wonderful grandeur, had too little variety and freedom, fully to satisfy the demands of taste for every kind of composition. Michael Angelo banished the accidental almost wholly from his draperies, and retained in each particular cast, merely those folds and breaks which were absolutely necessary. His draperies, therefore, though certainly grand, were never in the same degree beautiful, for the beauty of drapery consists precisely in the union of the necessary with the accidental. It was Raphael who carried the style of drapery to the highest purity it has reached in modern times—a purity, however, which was maintained by his immediate scholars only; after them the beautiful style of drapery disappeared from modern art.

It is by no means easy to form a clear conception of what constitutes a beautiful drapery, since the idea itself is so indefinite,—the choice, the form, the cast so arbitrary, the texture of the materials so varied. Still more difficult, nay nearly impossible, is it to express the idea in words, since it is only by the study of the actual models that it can be acquired and developed. This vagueness is an idea which is to serve as a foundation for beauty, this variety of

material, the difficulty in the choice of all the possible folds, in which chance always plays its part, and easily masters the undecided taste of the artist, in some measure accounts for the various, often tasteless manners which have prevailed in this branch of painting since the time of Raphael. Owing to the constant aiming at some new and agreeable manner, the true notion of good drapery, both in painting and sculpture, with the feeling for naturalness of representation generally, was entirely lost, though examples are so abundant in the antique sculpture and in the works of the older painters, that it requires nothing but an unprejudiced mind to recognize it in them at a glance.

A close imitation of every material and every fold, from nature or the model, may certainly be called natural, but is not for this reason necessarily beautiful, or adapted to fulfill the demands of art. These last are not to be satisfied by the mere necessity for clothing, because it is the province of art to express the semblance only, and because BEAUTY, not UTILITY, prescribes her highest law. In works whose very groundwork is the principle of individual imitation, the utmost truthfulness in the expression of material and costume must be observed, nay even a tasteless costume may, in such a case, please, by the perfect truth of imitation. In delineations of actual common nature, we neither look for nor miss the beauty of ideal drapery. High dramatic painting, on the contrary, which in its representations follows the ideal principle, should reject all the mere individualities, which remind us of common life, and should, by higher ideal truth, supply the truth of mere imitation. We can as little tolerate a mere imitation of particular fabrics and materials in works of this class as an actual portrait, and as we demand in them ideal individuality of form and character, so also we demand ideal drapery; in other words, drapery which does not express any particular fabric, but only the idea of drapery in general; whether it be cotton or wool, silk or satin, velvet or plush, &c., &c., is immaterial to us. He will still have sufficient scope for variety, since, in accordance with his subject, it may be coarse or fine, heavy or light, simple or rich, and of all possible colors. Further, as the manner in which the folds break depends so much on the particular quality of the material, the high style of dramatic painting is exempt from the necessity of observing these distinc-

tions. It merely seeks, with the general notion of drapery as its groundwork, the ideal of the most beautiful folds; the cast must, in each case, be determined by the choice of the artist, and the mechanical laws of weight and motion. The costume prescribes the form and arrangement of the drapery, as well as its kind. The more variety it allows, the less it conceals the form; and the more play it allows the fancy, the more favorable it will be to the great end of art, which is to present to the eye as much of the beauty of the form and movement as the indispensable use of drapery will permit. The artist, therefore, must seek so to combine the two, that neither the contours of the figure may be too much concealed by the drapery, nor the drapery appear to cling to and confine the figure, from too strong a marking. It is the union of these two essentials which constitutes the ideal of a drapery perfect in its adaptation to the great aims of art. But the requirements of painting differ somewhat from those of sculpture. In the drapery of the former, masses must prevail; in the latter, the form be more carefully attended to.

Raphael's works contain, almost without exception, a much greater number of draped than undraped figures. Not that he shunned the latter—though the severely correct drawing which they demand was not his strongest point; but because the former were more in unison with the religious nature of the subjects he usually had to treat. Hence there is no large work of his in existence, except the Fable of Psyche, in the Farnesina, which entirely consists of naked figures; and these, as well as the unclothed or half-naked figures in the Incendio, in the Victory of Leo over the Turks at Ostia, and in the Loggie, confirm our assertion that Raphael's greatest strength did not lie in the complete understanding and drawing of the ideally beautiful form, and that his style in drapery is proportionably more pure than in the nude. To prevent this misconception we will explain our meaning further. A wonderful variety in individual forms and characteristic expression, may readily be conceded to Raphael, but not great force in the drawing of the naked; at least his excellence in *this* department is not so great as in the former. The foundation of this variety, combined with individuality in character and expression, is to be found in the natural bent of his genius, which was admirably adapted for this kind of excellence. Strength in drawing, on

the contrary, depends on a thoroughly well-grounded knowledge of the human frame, and on the ideal purity of the type or model which the artist has created in his imagination. In this part of his art, Raphael stands as much below Michael Angelo, as he is above him in the other. On Raphael, the appearance of *soul* in character, temperament, and action, appears to have operated most strongly; on Michael Angelo, on the contrary, the grandeur of form in contour and expression. It was only after much study that Raphael succeeded in producing forms of grand ideal beauty with certainty and freedom; nay, they are rarely to be met with in his works, so strictly correct and pure, as perfectly to satisfy the demands of art. His power lies pre-eminently in expression. Michael Angelo, though the boldest and most learned master of drawing, and, at the same time, the greatest sculptor which modern art has produced, could never, perhaps, by any length of study, have attained to that power which Raphael, by this happy organization of his mind, so easily made his own—the power of giving with perfect truth and beauty, the precise and appropriate expression to every shade of character, to every state of mind, to every stage of action, from the lightest impulse of feeling, to the most vehement storm of passion. Michael Angelo's talent was pre-eminently adapted to form and attitude—none was too difficult for him; of this his Last Judgment affords numberless examples. He had more fire and boldness, a more soaring imagination than Raphael, who, on the other hand, possessed greater depth of feeling, more fulness and more universality. As the creator of symbolic forms, M. Angelo was unrivalled—as the dramatic painter, Raphael. Thus each of these art heroes had his stronger and his weaker side, according to the bent of his genius, and it is only by duly honoring both, we can justly estimate the true greatness of either. To return from this digression. In the Stanze we find a multitude of excellent draperies. The exquisite feeling which breathes in every work of our artist, and lends life and grace even to the lifeless, is here visible in such a wondrous fertility of invention, such ever-varied, and yet always pleasing cast of drapery, that had he possessed no other merit, this alone would have stamped him as one of the greatest and most admirable of artists. But taken as a whole, his style of drapery has not there reached the pure simplicity and grandeur of fold

which it attained in the Loggie and tapestries. There is still to be found much that is redundant, unintelligible, and confused—much that the understanding finds it difficult to account for. In its rich abundance, it still contains much of the accidental which detracts from simplicity, and still bears traces of the poverty and meagreness of the older schools. These remarks, however, apply only to the earlier works in the Stanze; the later—the Heliodorus, Incendio, &c.—are already distinguished by a simpler and grander style. We may form some judgment of the degree of grandeur and ideality attained in Raphael's draperies, by comparing them with those of Michael Angelo, in the arches and triangular compartments on the roof of the Sistine Chapel. We do not mean, however, by any means to assert that Raphael's draperies should have been similar to these; on the contrary, their severe simplicity, their abstract grandeur, so appropriate to the greatness and earnestness of these ideal and symbolic creations, would be highly inappropriate to the beautiful style of Raphael's dramatic and historic representations. Beautiful, indeed, his draperies always are—nay, more beautiful than those of any artist before or since; but in the Stanze they are not always as PURE AND SIMPLE as the ideal style demands.

It is in the Loggie that the drapery of our artist first displays the simple, pure, and grand cast, which prevails also in the tapestries, particularly in the Charge to St. Peter, the Elymas, Ananias, in the Preaching of Paul, and Stoning of Stephen, &c. These works, therefore, are particularly adapted to give a true idea of pictorially beautiful drapery, and serve as correct guides in this uncertain and difficult department of art. This is to be attributed to the greater clearness and simplicity in the *motive*, to the purer taste of the cast as well as folds; and we observe in them the still higher precision to which Raphael had attained in his ideal of beautiful drapery. (Without this precision, in our notion, neither a pure model of style, nor a correct judgment can be formed. By its aid the artist, with a sure hand, keeps the accidental in constant subjection to the principal aim, and the connoisseur learns to judge as correctly of the changeful beauty of a fold, as the more settled beauty of a figure, framed for a specific purpose. But this ideal is by no means limited to any particular form; it must adapt itself, in every case, to the movements of

the figure, and to the cast of the drapery which covers it. To form a really beautiful drapery, the necessary must appear unconstrained—the artificial, natural—the accidental, appropriate.) It is wonderful, indeed, how completely Raphael has mastered this ideal—with what variety and purity he has rendered it. Among the countless figures in his works, no two, perhaps, are draped in precisely a similar manner, just as among his heads no two are exactly the same. If we go through every painting of the Stanze, more especially the School of Athens, the Parnassus, the Heliodorus, Incendio, &c. &c.—if we study with this especial purpose, the best works of the Loggie and Tapestries, and the paintings in the Farnesina, we are amazed at the endless fertility, the exhaustless variety, which Raphael has displayed even in this lifeless department of his art. But his genius shows itself in a still more striking light, when we observe that with all this variety, his figures and drapery are always in perfect harmony with each other, always designed and formed as a perfect and natural whole, that all their beauties appear so undesigned and familiar that the eye wanders long over them, and dwells upon them, rejoicing in their number, almost without consciously realizing their presence. So unassuming, so true, so in harmony with itself is every work of this great artist.

The spirit of Raphael, ever striving after perfection, marked with heedful care every object which could bear him onward to this aim. His whole life was an ever progressive study; nay, he sought to learn from all who possessed great artistic merit, without servilely adhering to the manner of any, though many of his earlier works, his Madonnas especially, betray the type of Perugino's school. It is only thus we can explain the harsh judgment of Michael Angelo, that Raphael was an artist, not by nature, but by study. His impetuous and ardent spirit misunderstood the tranquil power which moved the serener mind of Raphael, for in truth this flexibility of spirit which assimilated every excellence to itself, this pure feeling for nature which so faithfully mirrored every object, glorified as it were, by the beauty of his own mind, were the rarest gifts he had received from nature. From her he drew the variety, the truth, the life of his works; from the antique, the pure feeling for beauty which distinguished the Greeks. From Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, and Michael An-

gelo, he acquired science, harmony, grandeur of style. The most accomplished scholars of the day, a Bembo, a Castiglione, a Bibbiena, with whom he lived in closest friendship, assisted him with their knowledge of classic history and fable, as many clever artists lent their aid with their pencil to embody his many beautiful ideas. But the genius which adapted this wealth of material to its own masterly creations, which selected, arranged, inspired them with the bright fulness of life, was all his own. The influence of other minds may indeed be traced in many of his works, but he was too independent, too fervent a worshipper of nature, to stoop to a borrowed manner. It seems as if he would only try how his spirit would appear clothed in a foreign garb, but in every change he still is Raphael, still shines forth, himself enriched with new perfections. In the tapestry, for instance, which represents the Adoration of the Magi, we find clear traces of Albert Durer's manner, whose works had about this time become known to him, and whose genius and artistic merit he appreciated so highly, that he hung up in his studio a portrait of the German artist, painted and presented by himself, and sent Durer his portrait in return. In taste, Raphael had nothing to learn from Durer; his own was greater, purer, and more beautiful. But the true and profound feeling for nature which distinguished the German artist, must have struck him forcibly, and might easily awaken a desire to attempt something in the same style and manner to testify his personal respect for the artist. In order to give a rich appearance to his draperies, notwithstanding their simplicity, Raphael, where it was suitable, liked to introduce embroidery, worked borders, as well as shot, and pretty colored draperies. This kind of embellishment is frequently employed in the tapestries; for instance, in the Adoration of the Kings, the Presentation, the Resurrection. In subjects of this class they form a happy means of combining eastern splendor with good taste, and of making the picture gorgeous and stately without sacrificing the beauty of form. The eye prefers these old world adornments when introduced with taste, to the gaudy and glistening silks just taken, it would seem, from the mercer's stores, with which modern artists are wont to load and bedizen their figures. Raphael had the good fortune to number amongst his scholars some who possessed a peculiar talent for this part of

their art, and treated it with spirit and taste. Perin del Vaga, Polidore, and Giovanni da Udine particularly distinguished themselves in this department, and also in the arabesques and monochromatic scenes from the life of Leo X., which serve as frameworks to some of the tapestries—a species of ornament much in vogue, and well suited to the taste of art at that day. These arabesques deserve attention on account of some very graceful ideas conceived with true classical feeling. The Four Seasons represented by Genii, who exemplify the joys of Love, of the Harvest, of Summer, and the sternness of Winter, in happy moments, and also the Three Fates, give to these apparently aimless sports of fancy a meaning full of sense and feeling.

As this sketch makes no pretension to embrace all the characteristics of Raphael's genius, but merely attempts an estimate of his artistic power, as revealed in the tapestries, it can touch only on these points of excellence in which these works are models for the cultivation of taste—namely, Expression, Style of Composition, and Drapery. The other conditions necessary to a perfect and pictorially beautiful work of art, they fulfil too little to detain us. The drawing of the contours, the rounding of the forms, have suffered so materially through the ignorance of the tapestry workers and the fading of the colors, that it would be as unjust to blame the artist for these defects, as for the general want of harmony and keeping. In a picture they would be repulsive; here we tolerate them, because they appear to be unavoidable, and the excellence of the works delights us even in this lowly garb. Despite the exceedingly hard and often faulty outline in the heads and figures, we can see a pervading grandeur of style in the forms, and can recognize, even under the servile execution, the touch of that master hand, which obeyed with such happy facility the dictates of an imagination filled with the ideal of beauty.

The cartoons now in England are numbered in the list of the tapestries already given—1, 2, 3, 7, 9, 11, 12; they are painted on paper, in distemper, in the manner customary with Raphael in his fresco paintings, the colors laid on with a full broad pencil, and the lights as well as shadows finished by hatching. He left the ground, animals, architecture, and other accessories to be painted by his scholars. The control over the execution of the tapestries was entrusted to two Flemish artists, Michael Coxis

and Bernard Von Orley, who had studied in Rome under Raphael, and were returning at this time to their native land. But the cartoons were never returned to Rome with the tapestries, and it is uncertain whether they remained in the hands of the workers or of the artists. More than a hundred years after, seven of them came to light in England, where they were found in a very neglected condition, in company with several pictures by Titian, Giulio Romano, and others, which formed the great collection of King Charles I. at Whitehall. Each cartoon, for the convenience of the tapestry workers, had been cut lengthways into four or five strips, and in this state they remained, until they were sought for after the Revolution, when they were found rolled up in an old chest. Richardson the elder saw them in this condition. After his time, they were preserved with more care; they were strained on linen, and the injured parts carefully restored. William and Mary had a gallery built for them at Hampton Court, their original destination. The remaining cartoons are probably lost for ever, as several fragments of the Massacre of the Innocents smeared and injured by oil color, were carried to England from the Netherlands in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The elder Richardson had, by degrees, collected about fifty of such shreds of heads, arms, legs, feet, hands, drapery, &c.; these were principally pieces of the Massacre of the Innocents, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the Resurrection, &c. &c. The person of whom Richardson purchased them, told him that the cartoons had been thus cut up by a family in which they were an heir-loom, in order better to divide them amongst several children. Repetitions of many of the tapestries were formerly to be found in France, England, Spain, Mantua, and Milan, and it is very probable that many copies of the whole collection were in existence. It is easy to believe that Raphael's tapestries would be celebrated every where, and that as the taste for this kind of decoration for palaces and churches was universal, they would be often copied. The cartoons have been frequently engraved, with more or less success.

We may perhaps take a future opportunity of adding some remarks on the subjects chosen by Raphael, and of examining how far they fulfil, in this respect also, the necessary conditions of pictorial art.—*Translator.*

From the North British Review.

DANISH RESEARCHES IN GREENLAND.

Undersøgelses-Reise til Østkysten of Grönland, efter Kongelig Befaling udført i Aarene 1828-31, af W. A. Graah, Captain-Lieutenant i Søe-Etalen. (A Voyage of Discovery to the East Coast of Greenland, undertaken by Royal Command, in the years 1828-31, by W. A. Graah, Captain-Lieutenant in the Navy.) Copenhagen, 1832.

THE expedition which is now in Lancaster Sound in search of a passage round the north coast of America into the Pacific, is of great commercial importance, independently of its main object. The Erebus and the Terror, fitted out, manned, officered, in the most effective style, are provided with steam-power and screw-propellers, as well as the usual equipment of sailing vessels of their class. This is the first application of steam-power to geographical discovery in those regions. In the latitudes in which the sea is obstructed with small floating ice, the ordinary machinery of paddle-wheels would be altogether inapplicable to navigation; but the screw seems peculiarly adapted to the wants of a vessel beset in the ice, a situation which the power of steam would evidently give the means of avoiding or escaping. The value of this power in navigating in the polar seas was acknowledged, but the usual machinery of paddle-wheels was so evidently liable to be clogged or broken in the ice, that no vessel fitted out for the whale fishery was ever provided with steam-power. In the ordinary business of the whale fishery, the command of the vessel independently of calms or contrary winds, would be of the greatest importance for following the boats in search of fish, or passing through the narrow lanes of water in the ice-fields which lead to open water in which the fish are found. This expedition, under a commander so well acquainted as Sir John Franklin with what would be useful in navigating through the ice in high latitudes, will bring to the test the applicability of steam-power to the whale fishery. It may be the most valuable result of this voyage of discovery.

The northern coast of the American continent, from Behring's Straits eastwards, has been traced by Captain Belcher, by Captain Franklin—whose land journey connected Captain Belcher's farthest ad-

vance eastward with the mouths of the Mackenzie River—and by the lamented traveller the late W. Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company's service, who carried on this sea line of the American coast to the Great Fish Estuary. What remains to be explored is the coast from the most easterly point of Mr. Simpson's advance, to the most westerly point reached by our navigators, who penetrated into Lancaster Sound in search of a north-west passage. If we had only the ordinary means of discovery and navigation in our hands,—vessels propelled by wind and tide,—it might reasonably be asked, whether our Government is justifiable in again fitting out ships filled with human beings, who leave at home a wide circle of anxiety and sorrow for their fate, to encounter an almost certain death in the most hideous and appalling form in which death can assail the living, healthy man,—that of starvation in an ice-bound sea. The escape of Captain Ross, when even Government had given up the attempt to rescue him or to discover his fate,—the escape of Captain Franklin by land from a death of starvation, should be a warning to Government not lightly to expose the bravest of its officers and men for objects rather of scientific curiosity than of practical utility. But the application of steam-power in the expedition of the Erebus and Terror reduces the danger, and furnishes a new element in the navigation of the northern ocean which it is the duty of an enlightened Government to use for the great end of discovering a practicable communication between Europe and Asia round the northern coast of the American continent. A passage between the coast and the ice-barrier which besets it, or a passage through the zone of ice which encircles the globe in a high latitude, enclosing, it is supposed, an open sea within, is not impossible with the new means which Providence has bestowed on man for exploring the earth. Should no other discovery be made than that there is no practicable passage to be discovered, it is an object worthy of a great nation to ascertain this point, and to know the face of the earth which the Almighty hath given man to inhabit. If it can be done without any wanton and evident exposure of human beings to greater risk than the benefit would warrant, (and with steam-power the risk is reduced and the chance of success increased,) the accomplishment of this passage would be a great era in the history of the human race.

Looking with great interest for the issue of this expedition of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, we were naturally led to inquire what other countries have done during this half century in the field of discovery in the northern hemisphere. France sent a frigate, the *Astrolabe*, if we are not mistaken in the name, about the year 1840, to prosecute a discovery in the northern Atlantic, and plant the tricolor flag on the Pole. A ball to the ladies of Reikavik in Iceland, another to the fair at Alten and Hammerst in Norway, a landing at Bell Sound in Spitzbergen, and a distant view of Berendt or Cherry Island, appear to have been all the achievements of this voyage, although the vessel carried a naturalist, a draughtsman, and an historian to record the discoveries. The object of the French Government in sending out this expedition was probably to display the French flag on coasts on which it was forgotten, as the vessels were not prepared for encountering ice, and the range of their voyage of discovery was not beyond that of a gentleman's summer cruise in his yacht. If discovery was the object, it was a total failure.

Denmark claims as her own the vast peninsula called Greenland, included between the great inland sea of Baffin's Bay and the northern Atlantic, and which, commencing in the hitherto unknown north, ends at Cape Farewell, in latitude 59. 48. N. Within Davis' Straits, leading to Baffin's Bay, and of which Cape Farewell and the western coast of the peninsula of Greenland form one side, and Labrador, Cumberland Island, and America the other, the Danish Government, or rather the Danish Greenland Company trading with a monopoly from the Government, has ten or twelve small stations or colonies from Fredericsthal, the nearest settlement to Cape Farewell, in latitude 60. N., longitude 44. 38. W. of Greenwich, to Uppernavik, the most northerly settlement, on an island in latitude 72. 48. N., longitude 55. 54. W. The coast between these two points is surveyed, and laid down in sailing charts, as far as the Whale-fish Isles, at the south end of Disco Island, in latitude 68. 59. N., longitude 53. 13. W., where the *Erebus* and *Terror* parted with their transport on the 18th of July. The coast from the south end of Disco Island to the Women Islands, of which Uppernavik is one, seems to be as yet only in sketch, or known only in prominent points. The coast on the other side of Cape Farewell,

the east coast of the peninsula of Greenland, was not known at all previous to this voyage of Captain Graah.

It appears from the instructions of the Royal Commissioners to Captain Graah, that this voyage of discovery had two objects. The one was to explore the coast of East Greenland, that is the coast of the peninsula of Greenland bordering the Atlantic, and opposite to Iceland, from Cape Farewell at the entrance of Davis' Straits, up to latitude 69. 0. N., at which in 1822, Captain Scoresby had seen and fixed the position of a headland, which he called Cape Barclay, in latitude 69. 13. N., and longitude 24. 25. W. That enterprising navigator had, in 1822, made this coast in latitude 73. 0. N., and had visited and fixed many points of it. When he left it at Cape Barclay, in latitude 69. 13. N., he was of opinion that he could have run down the coast all the way to Cape Farewell, as he saw no insurmountable obstacle from ice when he left it. The object of his voyage, however, which was an ordinary whale fishing adventure, did not permit him to make the attempt. To determine this point, and to lay down the coast from Cape Farewell to Cape Barclay, from which, northwards, Captain Scoresby had given an outline with several well determined points, was the object of Captain Graah's voyage, as a voyage of maritime discovery. The voyage had also an anti-quarian object.

This east coast of Greenland was long considered to have been the seat of a flourishing Icelandic colony, with towns, churches, bishops, and 190 parishes, or parish divisions. Monasteries, a cathedral, and endowments of land for their support, and all the civilization known in other northern lands in the 14th century, existed here; but in the beginning of the 15th century all communication ceased—was cut off apparently by the accumulation of ice which prevented all access. There were not wanting, in the last century, people who imagined that this Christian colony might still be existing, shut in by a wall of ice from the rest of the world, and retaining still the religion, manners, and language of their forefathers of the fourteenth century. Some navigators even, who at various periods attempted to approach the coast, imagined they had seen across the ice, houses and steeples, had heard church bells ringing, and had perceived flocks pasturing on the hills. It was a fine foundation for

imagination to build upon, because there was recorded undeniable truth for a foundation. It was a fact resting upon historical documents, that, in the year 983, one Gunbiorn had been driven by a storm to the west of Iceland, and had discovered land. It was equally beyond doubt that one Eric Raude, or the Red, who was under sentence of banishment from Iceland, went to settle in this new country, and that fourteen years after he had settled there, his son Leif went to Norway, adopted Christianity while he was at the court of King Olaf Trygvesson, and returned with a priest to Greenland. Leif's grand-son, Sokke, assembled the colonists at a town or farm, called Brattalid, represented to them that they required a bishop for the honor of the colony, and for the sake of religion; and a learned priest, called Arnold, was selected and consecrated bishop of Greenland, in the year 1121, by the Archbishop of Lund in Scaria. The bishops were at first suffragans of the Archbishop of Lund, and afterwards of Dronthiem, when that See was made an archbishopric; and seventeen bishops of Greenland are known by name, including the last Endrid Andreasson, consecrated in 1406. There is proof of a marriage-contract prepared by him and executed at Garda, the town and episcopal seat in Greenland, three years after his consecration; but from about this date all communication with this colony appears to have ceased. Pontanus, in his history of Denmark, supposes that the extraordinary pestilence in the northern parts of the world, called the Black Death, which appeared about the year 1349, may have extended to Greenland, and have swept off the colonists. Traditions are still current in Scotland and Norway, of whole districts, once cultivated and inhabited, having been entirely depopulated by this epidemic disorder—the most remarkable and fatal known in tradition or history. Pontanus, also, ascribes it to a prohibition of Queen Margaret, about the year 1389, to trade with Iceland, the Færo Isles, and other northern countries, without a license from government. Her successor, Eric of Pomerania, and his successor, Christopher of Bavaria, were engaged in the internal commotions in Sweden, and in the wars with the Hanseatic League; and Christian the First was occupied with Swedish affairs, and the conquest of Ditmarsh in Holstein. His son John was occupied in the same way; and it was not until the time of his

son, the Second Christian, that the Archbishop of Dronthiem, Walchendorf, recollected that one of his bishoprics was missing, and had not been seen for the last 150 years. Walchendorf was raised to the Archbishopric of Dronthiem in the time of King John, in the year 1512; but, in consequence of disputes with Christian the Second, he left his See, to carry his complaints to Rome, where he died in 1521. He attempted to re-discover Greenland, and appears to have fitted out a vessel for the purpose, but could not obtain King Christian's permission to send her out on the expedition. The sailing instructions, however, which he had prepared are extant, and the accounts he had collected from traditions, of the course to be steered. Christian III. repealed the edict against a free trade with Greenland, but it was not until Frederic the Second's time, in 1578, that any attempt was made to re-discover the lost colony. It appears that, in 1433, some account of this Christian colony must have reached Rome, for Pope Eugene IV. appointed one Bartholomy to be Bishop of Greenland. It does not appear, however, that he ever reached the country. The last bishop known to have officiated there was Andreas, or Endrid Andreasson, appointed in 1406, and of whom a document, executed in Greenland in 1409, is said to have been discovered. A letter, also, of Pope Nicolas V. to the Bishops of Skalholt, and Holum, in Iceland, of 1448, is said to be extant in the Vatican; and the letter refers to a communication from the people in Greenland, saying that they had been attacked and dispersed by an army of the natives, but had again assembled, and restored their churches, and praying for a bishop; and the Bishops of Skalholt and Holum are required, in this brief of the Pope, to send them a suitable priest. This was nearly a century before Walchendorf's time. What is known of the state of this colony in the 14th century—at the end of which, or about the year 1406, all direct knowledge of it ceased—rests upon manuscripts of Icelandic Saga, committed to writing in the 14th century, and therefore entitled to some credit as documentary evidence. It appears from Walchendorf, Torfæus, and others, that, according to these ancient authorities, the colony was divided into the Eastern Settlement and the Western Settlement, with a large uninhabitable tract of desert mountain-land between them. In the Austrbygda, or Eastern Set-

tlement, was the Episcopal seat and town of Gardá, twelve parish churches, and two monasteries. The number of inhabited places, or farms, was 190. The Vestribygda, or Western Settlement, contained four parish churches, and 110 farms, or inhabited places. The names of the parishes, the endowments of the land, hunting and fishing grounds, belonging to the cathedral, to the monasteries, and to individuals, and other statistical particulars and local circumstances of fiords, islands and distances in time required to row from one place to another, are related, and no attempt to create wonder, no wish to exaggerate or diminish reality, appears in the accounts drawn from these sources. We may impose upon ourselves by imagining more under the names of a cathedral, an Episcopal seat, a town, a farm, than the reality, in such a country and climate, admits of; but the error is in us and in our ideas, not in those who describe. It cannot be doubted—as the vestiges and remains of buildings in the country confirm the contemporary documents—that the Icelanders had, in the 10th century, established a colony somewhere in Greenland, and that it had attained to such a population and importance as to have churches and a succession of bishops, of whom seventeen are known, from the year 1121 to the year 1406.

This old colony was universally considered to have been situated on the east coast of Greenland, opposite to the mother country Iceland. In the course of the 17th century, between the years 1605 and 1670, seven or eight expeditions were fitted out by the Danish Government for its re-discovery; but none succeeded in approaching the land on that side of Greenland nearer than from three to fifteen miles, on account of a barrier of ice resting on the coast. The attempt was at last abandoned as fruitless. In 1587, John Davis discovered Davis' Straits within Cape Farewell, but none looked for the ancient colony in that quarter; and the story of its former existence was forgotten, or considered to be an idle traditionary fable. It appears now, however, that Davis had only made a re-discovery, and that, 600 years before his time, the Icelanders had not only entered Davis' Straits, but had colonized its western coast; and, from an inscription found in 1824 on an island near the entrance of Lancaster Sound—and which is preserved in the museum of Copenhagen—it appears that those

old navigators had penetrated far to the north on this coast, and that Parry, and other modern voyagers, had been only following the steps of the Northmen in those seas.

In 1718, Hans Egide, the father of all Protestant missionary enterprises, who was then minister of the parish of Vagen in the island of Gimso in Norway, felt himself called to labor for the conversion of the heathen Esquimaux on the coast of Davis' Straits. He resigned his living, and was for eight years soliciting permission from Government, which in 1721 was granted, to proceed from Bergen as a missionary to the west coast of Greenland. He landed at an island which he called Hope, and established a colony which he called Good Hope. He soon acquired the confidence of the harmless natives; but neither he nor the Danish Government appear to have suspected at the time that they had formed their settlement in the country formerly occupied by the old colony. The natives had no tradition among them of its former existence, or their traditions were not attended to; and the impression was general that the old colony had been situated altogether on the other side of Cape Farewell, on the inaccessible east coast of Greenland, not within Davis' Straits on the west coast. In 1723, Egide set out on an expedition to the east coast with two sloops to discover the lost colony, but he only got down the Straits to an island called Sermesok, in latitude 60. 20, where his provisions failed. On this expedition, however, he discovered—at a place called Kakortok by the natives, between the latitude 60 and 61 N.—a remarkable ruin, the remains of a stone building of the old colonists. Many similar remains of former habitations were discovered afterwards in the same district, now called Juliana's Hope, and these were all considered to belong to what was called the Western Settlement of the old colony; but its far more important Eastern Settlement was still considered to have been round Cape Farewell, and along the eastern coast of Greenland. Hans Egide remained for fourteen years at his missionary station, and then left it in charge of his son Paul Egide, and returned to Copenhagen to promote the commercial and missionary affairs of his colony. It consists at present of thirteen settlements, fifteen smaller mercantile establishments, and ten missionary stations, of which four belong to the Moravian missionaries. The whole population

connected with them is reckoned to consist of about 6000 souls, of whom 150 are Europeans, and five or six vessels yearly trade with them. Two expeditions were undertaken after Hans Egede's time for the discovery of the Eastern Settlement—one in 1752 by Petee Olson Valloes, in a Greenland skin boat, or women's boat. He went along the coast southwards, and visited the fiords in the district now called Juliana's Hope, which at that time was not settled by Europeans, and, after wintering at Aglutsok Fiord, he proceeded next summer, doubled Cape Farewell, and was the first European who set foot on the south end of the east coast of Greenland. But as his provisions failed, he only reached the latitude of 60. 28. on that side, consequently not so high as the supposed beginning of the ancient Eastern Settlement. In 1766-7, another expedition was undertaken by Paul Egede and Rothes to the east coast, but, on account of ice, they could not get nearer to land than from two and a-half to three leagues. The attempt to approach the land appears to have been abandoned as hopeless, until Captain Scoresby, in 1822, showed by his voyage, that, in much higher latitudes—viz., between 70. and 75. north, the coast was not altogether unapproachable. He landed at several points, determined their geographical position, gave an outline of the coast, with many points well xed, and, in reality, effected more for geographical science in a few days of leisure on his main object on a whale fishing expedition, than the Danish Government had ne in 400 years. The more immediate ad necessary business of his mercantile adventure in the whale fishing prevented th able navigator from exploring the coast to lower latitude than 69° N., which is faher north than the old eastern settlement of the Icelandic colony was supposed to ha extended. But he met with no obstruction from ice, and saw no impediment whh, in his judgment—and Scoresby is cerinly the most experienced navigator whchas visited those seas—would have prented him from running down the coast on ts occasion to Cape Farewell, if his busiss had allowed him to attempt it.

Th published opinion of Capt. Scoresby s, in fact, a challenge and a reproact to the Danish Government in the eyes of the scientific world. Here was a Wh tlcaptain exploring and laying down their n coasts for them in his merchant vessel, and doing in a week or two what

they had been talking of doing for two hundred years. This appears to have been the stimulus which roused the Danish Government to the extraordinary exertion of sending out a very able naval officer, of perseverance, intelligence, and spirit, not exceeded by the most enterprising officers of any country—and giving him no adequate equipment, nothing suitable for such an undertaking—no crew, no second officer, no accompaniment of any kind but one Danish sailor to act as his cook, if Captain Graah chose to take a cook where no stock of food was provided for him. He appears even to have had no command over the functionaries or agents of the colony, to insure a supply of provisions being forwarded to his wintering station, or to meet him on his return. He was at their mercy, or dependent on their convenience, in their mercantile arrangements, for the means of subsistence. The Danish Government appears to have tried to do as much as possible for science at the least possible expense; and it is wonderful that this excellent officer accomplished so much with such a total destitution of suitable means. His Government did little more than put him on shore in Greenland to explore the coast, with his great coat on his back, his sextant and chronometer in his pocket, and a sheet of instructions. No necessary articles, no comforts, no medicines were provided at first, much less sent out to meet the exhausted traveller. Here were no portable soups, concentrated essences of meat, canisters of preserved viands; none of the ingenious devices for affording nutritious and wholesome food in small bulk, with which even our merchant vessels on long voyages are provided. He was literally sent alone on a voyage of discovery in Greenland, without any provisions to fall back upon, or carry with him.

Captain Graah sailed from Copenhagen the 31st of March, 1828, a passenger in a brig belonging to the Greenland Trading Company. He gives a suggestion on this voyage which would well deserve the consideration of our philanthropic societies which occupy themselves with the means of preventing disasters at sea—viz., that a simple code of signals should be adopted, by common consent of all nations, for communicating the latitude and longitude between vessels meeting at sea. He mentions falling in with an American brig laying to, which hailed his vessel, to inquire the latitude and longitude; and he was

doubtful whether the answer could have been heard. With very little trouble, our Government might establish some simple signals for conveying the information which is always welcome to merchant vessels at sea, and which would be soon adopted by all nations, if our Custom-house required all our vessels to be provided with a printed code, and the necessary flags.

On the 27th April they made Cape Desolation, and came to anchor at Frederic's Hope, in latitude 62 longitude 50 west of Greenwich. This is the principal settlement of the Danish colony in Davis' Straits. The vessel appears not to have been fortified, like a whaler, against the shock of ice; and, therefore, had to keep clear of the coast, which is always encircled with ice about Cape Farewell and the entrance of the Straits in latitude 59°. Captain Graah left Frederic's Hope on the 5th of June in a Greenland boat, and proceeded along the coast, southwards, to Juliana's Hope; the settlement nearest to Cape Farewell, in latitude 60. 42. 54, and longitude 46. 0. 44. From this place he was to fit out his expedition of discovery round Cape Farewell. The passage is inside of innumerable islands and ice fields. The highest mountains on this west coast of Greenland were found to be from 4300 to 4500 feet high. They are supposed to contain tin, and lead ore, and the mineral called Kryolith is used by the natives, when it is ground to powder, to mix with their snuff. Although glaciers in many places reach from the mountains down to the sea, the country is not uninhabitable. There is a little pasturage for cows, and even potatoes may in some seasons be cultivated with advantage. Here also a small fish, of the herring species, is found in great abundance, and is dried in the sun, and preserved for winter food by the natives. It is here, therefore, that the most populous of the two ancient settlements may, from natural circumstances, be looked for. The remains of houses and other marks of inhabitation discovered by Egide, and about the year 1777, by Arctander and Bruhn, and revisited by Captain Graah, are all in this district of Juliana's Hope. These remains consist of walls or foundations of houses, overgrown with dwarf willow, and crowberry, and blackberry heath, but still sufficiently entire to show the original dimensions. The most considerable of these ancient ruins appears to be in Igaliko Fiord, about sixteen English miles from Juliana's Hope. It stands on a long and narrow

stripe of land, on which there is little grass, but only moss, and heath, and which is hemmed in by rocks from which the stones of the structure have been taken. The stones are built with care, and in regular courses, but apparently without mortar.— There are four windows in the south side towards the sea, and two doors. The principal entry has been in the west end, and opposite to it, in the east end, is a good arched window entire; and these two end walls are 16 and 18 feet high. The side walls are still standing from 7 to 13 feet high, and about four feet thick. The length of the building is 51 feet, and the breadth 25. The arched window is five feet four inches high, and four feet four inches wide, and it and the other windows and niches are high in the walls, not near the level of the floor. The building has evidently been intended for a church, not a dwelling house. Captain Graah had the whole interior dug up, but nothing was discovered—not even a pavement, or floor—from which, he conjectures, that this church had never been finished, and that it may be the one alluded to in Pope Nicolas V.'s brief of 1448, as being restored. But we find old chapels and parish churches in the north of Scotland, which never had in Catholic times, and some which have not at the present day, any other flooring than the cottages of the country, viz., the natural soil beat by the feet. Besides this church, many other remains of buildings have been discovered and described by Arctander, Olsen, and others, who have explored this district since 1777, when it was first colonized. It is pretty clearly established, as no similar remains have been discovered or heard of from the natives on the other side of Cape Farewell, viz., on the eastern coast of Greenland, that this district of Juliana's Hope has in reality been the Austrbygda of the old colony, and the Vestrbygda has been higher up the Straits, north of Frederic's Hope; and the two settlements have been divided from each other by the uninhabitable district between, in which the mountains and precipices are close to the sea, and the vast glaciers filling the valleys render it unfit for human inhabitation. This opinion is confirmed by the physical circumstances of the country described by Captain Graah, viz., that fish for food abound within the Straits on this west coast, and that hares and reindeer are numerous, and supply a considerable proportion of the subsistence of the inhabitants; but on the

east coast the natives depend entirely on seals and whales, and the reindeer and hare are unknown. These animals appear never to have penetrated across the middle ridge of this vast peninsula, or to have found their food on the east side of it. The natural means of subsistence—fish and game—must at all times have determined the amount of population in any district of this country, and the old settlement, with its churches, monasteries, and 190 parishes or hamlets, or farms, or inhabited places, must have been where food was most attainable, which it evidently is on the west side of this peninsula, viz., within Davis' Straits, not on the east side. This, the antiquarian object of Captain Graah's voyage, appears to be placed beyond reasonable doubt. He discovered no ruins after passing Cape Farewell, and on coming to the east coast, the supposed site of the Austrbygda, he could hear of no remains known to the natives; and the country is in every respect less adapted for subsisting inhabitants by its natural products.

The Greenland boats are from 22 to 24 feet in length, and 5 or 6 feet broad, and 2 feet deep. They have the skeleton only of wood, viz., the keel, ribs, stem, and stern posts and seats, and these are made usually of the drift wood found about the shores. This skeleton, instead of being clothed with planks, is covered with seal skins without the hair, stretched, well-greased, and sewed together. When dry, this covering is as elastic and tight as a drum head. No nails or iron fastenings are used. The boat is so light that a couple of men can carry it; and in case of a leak, that is, of a hole being cut in one of the skins, to which it is much exposed in the ice, a lump of grease is stuck in the fracture, the boat is hauled up on the ice, and a piece of skin sewed over the hole. These are called women's boats, because the sewing them, and also rowing them with short oars, used in the European way, are performed by women. A loaded boat, with four or five female rowers, will make 35 or 40 English miles a day, but every fifth day it must be hauled up to let the skins dry. The Kayak is used only by men, and is the Esquimaux canoe known to us by specimens in our museums, with a deck and hole in it, in which the man sits laced in with a water-tight skin round his middle. It is 12 or 14 feet long, $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet broad, covered all over with stretched skin, and is so crank, from the top-weight of the man's body, that it requires great

dexterity to avoid being overset, or to recover from such a disaster. The Greenlanders, however, use the Kayaks in searching for and attacking white bears, or seals, and brave the heaviest waves in these little buoyant swimming vessels.

The most southerly settlement, that is, the nearest to Cape Farewell, is Fredericsthal, and between it and Juliana's Hope, above 50 different remains of dwellings had been discovered by Arctander; and Captain Graah discovered or heard of many more. From their situation he concludes that the ancient colonists must have subsisted then as now, upon the natural products of the sea and land, fish and game—not by cattle, for which grass is rarely found near these ancient habitations. Fredericsthal is situated in latitude 60. 0. 10., and longitude 44. 37. west of Greenwich.

Captain Graah's description of one of the long narrow fiords which he discovered on a preliminary excursion from Fredericsthal, and called Prince Christian's Sound, is very striking:—

"The depth of water must be very considerable, for the land on both sides is very high, and the sides of the precipices so steep that it is rare to find so much room at their feet as to draw up a boat on it. No vegetation, of course, appears on these steep rocks, not so much as a stalk of grass, or even any kind of moss. All nature seemed as dead as the rocks. The sea birds, which had surrounded us outside in thousands, disappeared, as well as the seals and other sea animals, and a single raven, that came croaking over our heads towards evening, was all that we saw of living nature in this Sound. The solemn stillness that reigned over all around us, was only broken by the thunders of ice masses breaking off from the field of ice, or by the strong rustling of some tide ripple. Just before dark, we were so fortunate as to find one of those shelves on which we could draw up our boat out of the water, and we had scarcely done so before a storm came on from the north."

Captain Graah passed the first winter at Nennortalik, an island inside of the group of which Cape Farewell itself is one. The winter was comparatively mild. The cold was seldom more than 13 or 14 degrees below the freezing point, while in Europe, during the same winter, it was from 20 to 30 degrees. The severe winters in Europe, it is observed by Captain Graah, are generally mild in Greenland, and *vice versa*; and, although in the most northerly settlements in the Disco Gulf, at Omenak and

Uppernavik, the thermometer will sometimes be 30 degrees under the zero of Réaumur, and the rocks are riven asunder, and even in-doors the blankets will be stiff and covered with hoar-frost in the morning, and frozen to the pillow; yet, to the feelings, he observes, the cold is not so intolerable, if there be no wind, as it often is in Copenhagen with the thermometer at 16 degrees.

On the 21st of March, Captain Graah set out on his voyage of discovery, with four Danes, five Greenland men, and ten Greenland women as rowers, and accompanied by a transport-boat with goods and provisions, and several fishermen in their kayaks. They went inside of the islands on which the capes called Cape Farewell and Statenhuk are situated, and through Prince Christian's Sound, at the mouth of which they were detained 25 days, on an island called Kikkertak, by storm and ice. Sending back his transport-boat, and superfluous hands, Captain Graah proceeded northwards along this coast, between the ice and the land, on the 26th of April; but was again detained for more than three weeks by the ice at a peninsula, called Nenneetsuk, in latitude 60. 28. On the 23d of June, the expedition had reached the latitude of 61. 47., and here, from the want of provisions to subsist the two boats' crews, Captain Graah sent back the naturalist, M. Vahl, and the interpreter M. Mathiesen, who declared the dialect of the natives they had met with was no longer intelligible to him, and proceeded alone with his guide and huntsman, Ernenek. Ernenek was in his kayak, and Captain Graah in a women's boat, rowed by Ernenek's wives and other women. On the 10th of July, Captain Graah reached Kemisok, an island in latitude 63. 36. 50. Here he found an assemblage of about 100 people, most of whom had never seen an European, but by trading with others who frequented the Danish settlements they were acquainted with European wares, such as snuff, beads, and other articles. They were hospitable—entertained the traveller with dried seal's flesh, bear's fat, and other delicacies, and he was able to purchase a supply of such food from them. They were a taller, handsomer race than the Esquimaux within Davis' Straits. They knew nothing of any remains of dwellings on the mainland, which, they said, was always covered with snow and had no grass; and reindeer and hares were unknown to them. On a very little island,

called Alnik, 130 people were living in their tents for the object of catching seals, bears, and fish. They supposed a reindeer's skin, of which one of Captain Graah's female rowers had a pelisse, to be the skin of a dog, which proves that the reindeer do not frequent this side of Greenland. On the 18th of August, after a constant struggle to get forward through the small openings of clear water between the vast field of ocean-ice on one side, and the snow-clad land on the other—starving by day, and sleeping under tents by night on the shore of the barren islets, Captain Graah reached an island in latitude 65. 15. 36, which he called Dannebrog's Isle, and turned back to seek winter quarters. He had ascertained, that from Cape Farewell, in latitude 59, up to latitude 65, no inhabitable land and no remains of former habitations are known to the natives, and that the ancient colony cannot have been situated between these two points. But between latitude 65 and latitude 69, where Captain Scoresby had landed and found clear water for his ship, nothing is known; and of the coast from latitude 69 to 72 which Captain Scoresby had run along without obstruction, nothing is known but some points of land which he laid down. As Captain Graah took possession, with the usual formalities, of all the land, and called it "King Frederic the Seventh's Coast," the Danish Government should take the trouble of exploring and laying down geographically their new territories.

In October, Captain Graah reached Nukarbik in 63. 21. 38, where he passed the winter. Dried seal's flesh, often half rotten, and always in short supply, was the only food of the party. The sluttishness and dirt of the Esquimaux, which Captain Parry describes so racily in his voyage, entered here into the daily fare and unavoidable way of living. Hunger made the seal's fat and flesh, with all the filth of the natives, but too often welcome to this ill-provided voyager.

The whole population met with by Captain Graah, between Cape Farewell and Dannebrog's Isle, was, he reckons, about 600 persons; and they are diminishing, by numbers who go yearly to settle where subsistence is more abundant, about Fredericsthal. Among this people, hunger, it is reported, often leads to abandoning the aged, and even to devouring each other—but this appears not well ascertained. Captain Graah praises highly the honesty, hospitality, and, according to their own ideas, the

good manners, and politeness of these heathens. They have no religion, no prayers, sacrifices, or other religious observances; but they have a notion of higher unembodied beings, and ascribe a spirit or power to fire, water, air, the ocean, &c.

In the following April of 1830, Captain Graah once more endeavored to penetrate to the north. But at the end of July the party were on a bare rock, shut in by ice, in latitude 64. 9. Food became scarce, even to starvation. Seals, birds, mussels, seaweed, could not be found, or were consumed. Old seal skins were the only food of the party. For five days and nights some small pieces of whale blubber, which they found in the sea, was their only sustenance; and they must have perished, if Ernenck's son had not caught a small seal, which was instantly devoured raw, hide and hair, for they had been reduced for two days to ice and snow. Soon after, they killed a large seal, on which they lived until they reached Queen Maria's Valley, where four or five families were busy with the salmon-fishing. The health of this brave officer gave way at last under the accumulation of hardships, and of bad food, which consisted of stinking seal's flesh dried in the sun the year before, and he became seriously ill. He ascribes his convalescence to finding a place abounding in blaeberrries and crowberries, which, for nearly six weeks, were the principal food of the party. The Danish Government appears to have provided no medicines for them. No boat with provisions had been sent out to meet this forlorn crew, according to the orders left at Juliana's Hope. Twice they were shipwrecked, and were nearly left on a bare rock without their boat, for all were too ill to make any exertion to save it. At last on the 8th of October, when winter was already set in, they reached Prince Christian's Sound, and the only two men who were able to move were despatched to Fredericsthal, and some bread and wine were sent to them. Thus ended an expedition, as disgraceful to the Danish Government—for fitting out so badly, and abandoning so entirely, the officer sent out—as it is honorable to the skill, perseverance, and high sense of duty of the brave officer who accomplished so much with such want of means and of support. In September 1831, Captain Graah, after completing the survey of the districts of Juliana's Hope and Frederic's Hope, returned to Copenhagen.

One circumstance in the course of Cap-

tain Graah's narrative appears to us not sufficiently explained. In Averket Fiord near to Taterat, about latitude 61, Captain Graah heard of a large piece of iron, and hired a boat and went in search of it. It proved to be a small ship-gun; and a woman, supposed to be about forty years of age, said that in her childhood she had heard of it being there. But how could a ship's gun get up one of these fiords, if the coast is beset perpetually, as Captain Graah supposes, with an impenetrable field of ice stretching so far out into the ocean that ships cannot approach so near to the coast as even to be seen from it? A ship may, no doubt, have been wrecked upon the outside ice, but then the mass of ice on which the piece of the wreck with this gun on it was deposited, must have found open water to float up this fiord, and to be finally deposited on the beach. It is not told us by Captain Graah, how far within the mouth of the fiord, or how far above high water mark, this ship-gun was found. The natives, if they even had the means, could have had no object for dragging over the ice, and up the beach, such a mass of iron which they could not reduce, or apply to any of their uses. Its locality, if minutely described, would have afforded a guess at the possibility of shipwrecked mariners, as well as a ship-gun, having at some period reached the land, and having mingled with the native race in a region from which they had no escape. This conjecture acquires some degree of probability from, or at least would account for, a circumstance observed by Captain Graah, that the inhabitants of this fiord, in particular, are of a different appearance from the ordinary Esquimaux race, "some of them having brown hair, and complexions so fair that the red tint of their cheeks was discernible; and in person they are taller than the other Esquimaux." The opinion, at any rate, that the east coast of Greenland in this latitude is at all seasons inaccessible to ships on account of an immovable barrier of ice, must give way before the simple fact of a ship's gun being found on the shore of one of the fiords. No theory, or opinion founded on the state of the ice on the coast in one season, can overturn this simple corroboration of Captain Scoresby's opinion, founded on his personal experience and observation, that the coast is at times open. In the narrow sea between Iceland and the coast of Greenland, at Captain Graah's farthest advance, latitude 65. 18., it is probable that

fields of ice may accumulate, and press upon the land for long periods; but that this is a permanent junction of Iceland to the continent—while much narrower straits, in much higher latitudes, are only occasionally, not permanently, blocked up—appears improbable. The coast between latitude 69 N. and latitude 73 N., which Captain Scoresby found accessible in 1822, deserves investigation as much as the west side of this vast mass of land. The great inlets between Traill isle and Smith isle, about latitude 72, called Davy's Sound by Captain Scoresby, and that between Cape Brewster and Cape Tobin, about latitude 70, called Scoresby's Sound, may lead to valuable fishing waters. Whale oil, whale bone, seal skins, are almost the only products hitherto sought for from those polar regions; but in so vast a portion of the earth, the ores of copper, lead, and other valuable metals, may probably be found in situations accessible to modern enterprise. Plumbago is already an object of speculation from those countries, a vessel having been sent this year to the usual whale or seal fishing, with orders to complete the lading, if necessary, with that mineral; and since this article was in type, we observe the arrival at Leith of a vessel, the *Eagle*, with 100 tons of black lead, from Operinick, in latitude 72. 45., within Davis's Straits, where the vessel had been on a whale-fishing voyage. Guano is also a product searched for in those latitudes at present, but probably the search will be without success. The sea birds may be as numerous in the north as on the coasts producing guano, but their habits, regulated by natural circumstances, are different. In the low latitudes between or near the tropics, the night is always about the same length, and with little twilight, and so dark that sea birds cannot discern their prey in the waters. They return to roost all the year round at sunset, on their native islet, which in time becomes covered with a bed of their excrements thirty or forty feet thick. In the higher latitudes the length of night is variable, and no such habit is formed. The six weeks of their breeding season, is the only period of the year they are forced by any natural circumstance to return to the same rock. By night, as well as by day, they can see to follow their food every where in summer, and to avoid their enemies; and in winter they are forced to migrate by the inclemency of the weather, and to change their habitations and haunts

altogether. No such depots, therefore, of guano, similar to those in the tropical countries, can be expected in the high latitudes.

From Captain Graah's narrative, we learn a circumstance, not specially noticed by Captain Graah himself, of great importance in missionary enterprise. We find that the total population in this vast extent of country is estimated at about 6000 individuals, of whom about 150 persons are Europeans. We learn, also, that there are ten missionary stations, of which six belong to the Danish Lutheran Church, and four to the Moravians, Herrnhuters, or United Brethren. There is consequently one missionary, at least, to every six hundred of the population, and some of these stations have been established for about a hundred and twenty years. We learn, also, that the natives, for the sake of subsistence, are found congregated in groups of from 20 or 30 to 130 persons, at particular fishing stations on the coast, and that they are a remarkably docile, harmless race, without any fixed form of idolatry or superstition, and opposing no peculiar obstacle, but gross ignorance, to the labors of the Christian missionary. It is with astonishment, therefore, that we gather from Captain Graah's narrative that a very large proportion of this small native population is still heathen. He reckons the number of natives he fell in with between Cape Farewell and Dannebrog's Isle, the most northerly point of his expedition, at 600 individuals, or about one-tenth of the whole population of the country, who had never heard the name of Christ. Of these, the nearest were within ten days' journey of the missionary station of Fredericsthal, and all were in direct or indirect intercourse with the missionary and trading stations,—were acquainted, and supplied, with snuff, beads, and other European articles, but not with the gospel. Captain Graah's guide, Ernenck, and the son and wives of Ernenck, were occasionally living in the immediate neighborhood of the missionary station, and were all heathen. Captain Graah's interpreter and companion in part of his journey was the commercial agent, Mathiesen—not, as we might naturally expect, a Christian missionary, master of the language of the natives, and eager to seize the opportunity of mingling with the distant heathen—not a native, sufficiently instructed by the missionaries in the Danish language to accompany Captain Graah as interpreter. We are unwilling to doubt the zeal and faithfulness in their vocation of the Chris-

tian missionaries who have been sent forth to this corner of the heathen world, in such numbers in proportion to its population. The two Egides, Cranz, De Vries, and others who have labored here, were unquestionably men of true missionary zeal, and devoted to their calling. The voluntary renunciation of all the comforts of civilized life, implied in living in even the best provided of the Danish settlements on this coast, is a pledge of the sincerity of purpose, at their outset in this missionary field, of the missionaries who from time to time leave Europe to devote themselves to their vocation here. What, then, can be the cause of such small and unsatisfactory results from a century of missionary labor in Greenland? We gather from incidental observations in Captain Graah's narrative, the true cause, and it is instructive to all who take an interest in the success of missionary undertakings. The missionary and his business are under, and secondary to, or connected with, the Government functionary and his business, and the mercantile agent and his business. The natives must gather oil and skins to trade with—must load and discharge vessels, transport goods, and do other work for the Government, or for the Greenland Company, which has a monopoly of the trade of the country from the Danish Government, and cannot be spared, at the proper season for travelling, to convey the missionary to where his business calls him, nor spared to be instructed, or to instruct, in the Christian religion. It was with difficulty that Captain Graah, although furnished with letters to the functionaries and head agents at the different stations, and employed in the Government service, could obtain the people, stores, and assistance necessary for his expedition. The dependence of the missionaries upon the civil power, and their subordination to it, have deadened Christian zeal and effort, even in this small sphere of action, and the missionary has shrunk into the salaried and subordinate officer of Government, content to do what the state functionary or mercantile agent allows him the means to do, and not attempting to do more. The mixing also of mercantile pursuits, of trade or manufacture, or worldly gain, with the calling of a missionary—which is the principle acted upon in the missions of the Moravians, or United Brethren, both here and in the West Indies—is of deteriorating effect on the character and influence of the missionary. A merchant-missionary, a planter-

missionary, is not in the true position of a teacher of the Christian religion to customers who must sell their fish and buy their goods at his shop, or to slaves who must work on his plantation. It is impossible to combine the Gospel and gain in the mind even of the Esquimaux. If he think the gain made out of his labor exorbitant, he will reject the doctrine as an imposition also, taught to him for the sake of the gain. The small success of these trading missions of the Danish Government, and of the United Brethren, during a century that they have been established, can only be ascribed to these causes. The people whom they have to convert are neither numerous nor savage, nor addicted to any exclusive form of idolatry. If they are not Christians, the fault is not in them, but in their teachers.

The progress made by Captain Graah in navigating along the coast between a barrier of ocean-ice and the shore, for upwards of five degrees of latitude, in a boat covered with skin, rowed by women, and incapable of sustaining the slightest shock, or of forcing a passage through the smallest obstruction from ice, is encouraging to the hopes that the Erebus and Terror, in navigating along a coast through similar impediments, may accomplish the grand object of running between the barrier of ocean-ice and the American shore, and of reaching Behring's Straits and the Pacific Ocean.

From the Spectator.

ERASMUS WILSON ON THE SKIN.

Dr. COOMBE, about a dozen years ago, in his *Physiology applied to Health and Education*, first drew the attention of the public to the influence of the skin upon the health, in a manner at once sound, scientific, and popular. His exposition of the subject, though comprehensive and complete so far as it went, was of necessity only a general view; and since that time further discoveries have been made upon the subject, by Continental and British anatomists. Among these Erasmus Wilson occupies a conspicuous place. In his *Diseases of the Skin*, he gave to the profession the results of the discoveries of others and himself, accompanied by a new classifica-

tion of cutaneous diseases, and a treatise upon their diagnosis, pathology, and treatment. In the work before us he has popularized the subject: presenting to the general reader a clear description of the anatomy and physiology of the skin, some plain and useful advice for keeping it in order, and a compendious view of its diseases, with suggestions how to treat them, (if it be wise for a person ever to undertake to doctor himself in a disease new to him,) and when recourse should be had to medical advice.

The book is divided by chapters only; but it may properly be arranged into five heads. The first division is a scientific yet popular account of the skin, illustrated by plates, which are accompanied by full descriptions. The next part embraces the functions of the skin, including the perspiratory system, the oil-glands, and the hairs, that are anatomically included in the skin. The third and most popularly useful section contains an exposition of the influence of diet, clothing, exercise, ablution and bathing, on the health of the skin, and the body in general, with very sensible directions upon each topic. The fourth division discusses the subject of the cold water cure: to which Mr. Wilson is favorable under proper regulations and advice. The fifth and most extensive section embraces the diseases of the skin, from St. Anthony's fire down to the simplest rubescence, including an account of "human horns," and a disquisition on baldness, grey hairs, and other disorders of the locks.

As a popular exposition of a medical subject, Mr. Wilson's *Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin* is entitled to praise. The subject, no doubt, was taken because the author has given considerable attention to it: but it is a lucky subject; for we all have a skin, and *our* health greatly depends upon *its* health. The treatment only consists of a proper use of water and soap; which if they fail in keeping it in order, and some simple lotions in restoring it when out of order, something is wrong and advice should be had. But if the subject is an accident the execution is Mr. Wilson's own, and is very judicious and able. Every thing is made plain, but there is no attempt to sacrifice soundness to popularity. The anatomical account of the skin is clear, to those who will attend to it: and if more than a general view is required, the plates will enable the reader to *study* the subject. The physiology is sufficient without minute-

ness; the principles on which the practice of exercise, ablution, &c., rest, are explained, so as to enable the reader to apply the general advice, without a vain attempt to lay down rules for particular cases; and in the section on diseases he is warned when to leave off self-prescribing, if he will attend to the warning. The style is also clear and neat, and not deficient in animation or ornament.

In presenting examples of Mr. Wilson's book, we shall disregard the abstruser subjects for the popular. His grand hortative is,

USE SOAP.

When examined chemically, the scarf-skin is found to be composed of a substance analogous to dried white of egg—in a word, albumen. Now, albumen is soluble in the alkalies, and these are the agents which are commonly employed for purifying the skin. Soap, whatever its specific name, is a compound of the alkali soda with oil, the former being in excess. When used for washing, the excess of alkali combines with the oily fluid with which the skin is naturally bedewed, removes it in the form of an emulsion, and with it a portion of the dirt. Another portion of the alkali softens and dissolves the superficial stratum of the scarf-skin, and when this is rubbed off the rest of the dirt disappears. So that every washing of the skin with soap removes the old face of the scarf-skin and leaves a new one; and were the process repeated to excess, the latter would become so much attenuated as to render the body sensible to a touch too slight to be felt through its ordinary thickness. On the other hand, where the scarf-skin and the dirt are rarely disturbed by soap, the sensibilities of the skin are necessarily benumbed.

The proper inference to be drawn from the preceding remarks is in favor of soap as a detergent for the skin. On the faces of some women soap acts as an irritant, and patches of red are left after its use. These are exceptional cases, and are generally attributed to an unusually delicate and susceptible skin; but the truth is, that the skin is less in fault than the habits or health of the individual. The former are faulty, where soap is not regularly employed, or where the water used in washing is too warm, and exposes the skin, as in the winter season, to a violent alternation of temperature; the latter supports a change of too little exercise in the air, late nights, and

over-indulgence. Other means than soap for the purification of the skin are highly objectionable, such as the various wash-powders: they are sluttish expedients, half doing their work, and leaving all the corners unswept. Another and a weightier objection obtains against them: from having no power to remove the superficial laminæ of the scarf-skin, these become stained, and then the skin has the appearance of being mottled, with irregular brown or olive-colored spots. The remedy for these spots is lemon-juice, an agent of great utility in removing stains from the skin after the dirt has been completely washed away with soap. * * * *

Neither can wash-powders follow the innumerable apertures of the skin, nor enter the mouths of the pores otherwise than to obstruct them. A skin cleaned in this manner may always be detected by a certain kind of shining, not to say greasy polish; and the whole complexion looks mellowed into a kind of *tone*, as we say of pictures, in which dirt and time have softened and chastened the tints. But surely no one would care to put up for the reputation of resembling *an old picture*, however rich its tints or admirable the art developed in its painting. Soap is accused of being irritative to the skin; but this is an obvious injustice done to soap, *for soap never irritates the delicate skin of infants*. Depend upon it, that when soap does cause irritation, the error is in the condition of the complainant, and betokens either an improper neglect of its use, or a state of susceptibility of the skin verging on disease of that membrane. If we would have health, we must use soap. If soap act as an irritant, we must train to its use by beginning with a small quantity and increasing it gradually. I may be asked, What is the best soap? I reply, Good white curd soap, without scent, or scented only by its contiguity to odorant substances. The use of soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent it from falling into wrinkles; and if any unpleasant sensations are felt after its use, they may be immediately removed by rinsing the surface with water slightly acidulated with lemon-juice.

That living illustration of Gay's Fable, "the *man* with many friends," is continually exhorted to drain his land. There is no doubt soundness in the advice, if he had the means; for see the drainage of the human system.

"Taken separately, the little perspiratory tube, with its appended gland, is calculated to awaken in the mind very little idea of the importance of the system to which it belongs; but when the vast numbers of similar organs composing this system are considered, we are led to form some notion, however imperfect, of their probable influence on the health and comfort of the individual. I use the words 'imperfect notion' advisedly, for the reality surpasses imagination and almost belief. To arrive at something like an estimate of the value of the perspiratory system in relation to the rest of the organism, I counted the perspiratory pores on the palm of the hand, and found 3,528 in a square inch. Now, each of these pores being the aperture of a little tube of about a quarter of an inch long, it follows that in a square inch of skin on the palm of the hand there exists a length of tube equal to 882 inches, or 73½ feet. Surely such an amount of *drainage* as seventy-three feet in every square inch of skin, assuming this to be the average for the whole body, is something wonderful; and the thought naturally intrudes itself, What if this *drainage* were obstructed? Could we need a stronger argument for enforcing the necessity of attention to the skin? On the pulps of the fingers, where the ridges of the sensitive layer of the true skin are somewhat finer than in the palm of the hand, the number of pores on a square inch a little exceeded that of the palm; and on the heel, where the ridges are coarser, the number of pores on the square inch was 2,268, and the length of tube 567 inches, or 47 feet. To obtain an estimate of the length of tube of the perspiratory system of the whole surface of the body, I think that 2,800 might be taken as a fair average of the number of pores in the square inch, and 700, consequently, of the number of inches in length. Now, the number of square inches of surface in a man of ordinary height and bulk is 2,500; the number of pores, therefore, 7,000,000, and the number of inches of perspiratory tube 1,750,000, that is, 145,833 feet, or 48,600 yards, or nearly twenty-eight miles.

From the Eclectic Review.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH.

The Life, Progresses, and Rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth. By George Roberts. In 2 vols. London; Longmans. 1844.

THE subject of these volumes was one of those heartless villains who flit across the page of history without a single feature of attractiveness, beyond their associations. Yet their actions having been part, and sometimes an important part, of the great human drama, we are compelled, almost against our better inclinations, to listen to the narrative of their wickedness, and even to learn from it many awful lessons.

During the civil wars, there came up to London, from Haverfordwest, an impudent courtesan, the daughter of a person named Richard Walters, whom Evelyn, who saw and knew every body, describes as 'a browne, beautiful, bold, but insipid creature.' She assumed the *alias* of Barlow, on commencing her profligate courses, which introduced her to Algernon Sydney and his brother Robert, beside many others; until at last, in Holland, she captivated Charles the Second, and gave birth at Rotterdam, on the 9th of April, 1649, to James, afterwards created Duke of Monmouth. Hyde and Ormond in vain protested against the royal scandal; although, after a few years, they succeeded in bribing her with an annuity of 400*l.* per annum, to repair with her child to London; where, in 1656, Oliver Cromwell discovered her retreat, and committed her to the Tower. She called herself consort to the banished prince, and received abundant honors as such, from several deluded cavaliers in the metropolis, who served her on their knees; beholding in her, we presume, the daughter-in-law of their lately canonized martyr! The Protector, having no doubt ascertained her real character, packed her off to France; where, after forfeiting the favor of her paramour, and pretending to be a penitent before the learned bishop Cosin, she persisted in her infamous profession, and quickly terminated her days. Her child, under the appellation of James Crofts, passed through several hands into the ultimate custody of the Queen Dowager Henrietta, who grew fond of him. After the Restoration, in July 1662, she brought him over, at the particular request of his father, to Hampton Court and Whitehall. The gay monarch

lavished upon him the full sunshine of prosperity: acknowledging him as his son; lodging him in the Privy Gallery; assigning him an immense allowance; procuring for him Anne Scott, countess and heiress of Buccleugh, in her own right, as his future wife; creating him Baron of Tindale, Earl of Doncaster, and Duke of that title, by which he is generally known; besides electing him a knight of the garter, and making him master of the horse, with all its rich appointments and emoluments. After his marriage, with one of the largest fortunes in the kingdom, he adopted the name of his lady, adding to their other honors the dukedom of Buccleugh, the earldom of Dalkeith, the baronies of Whitchester and Ashdale; the bridegroom being also, in due course, nominated to the captaincy of the Life Guards, the commandership of the forces, the Privy Council, the governorship of Hull, the lord lieutenancy of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and the chief-justiceship in Eyre of the Forests! Meanwhile, there was nothing to recommend him, except the accidents of royal yet illegitimate parentage, and an exceedingly handsome person. 'His countenance was altogether charming; manly, without insipidity or effeminacy. Each feature had its beauty and particular delicacy. A marvellous disposition for all sorts of exercise, an attractive address, an air of greatness; in fine, all mere personal advantages spoke in his favor; *mais son esprit ne disoit pas un petit mot en sa faveur?*' Such is the description given us of him in the *Memoires de Grammont*. In other words, he was a painted popinjay, poisoned with praise and flattery, and spoiled by what is falsely termed good fortune.

Before he was fifteen, the two servile universities of Oxford and Cambridge had adorned him with an honorary degree of Master in Arts, and what was really of more importance to him, his uncle, the Duke of York, had taken him to sea, that he might smell gunpowder in the first Dutch war. Just about the attainment of his majority, feeling offended at a pardonable witticism of Sir John Coventry, which reflected upon his majesty, he basely employed a party of ruffians to waylay the humorous senator, and slit his nose to the bone! In the same year, in company with the Duke of Albemarle and nine others, he attacked the watch for interfering with his pleasures, and mercilessly killed a beadle, although the poor man humbly begged for his life! Charles, to save Monmouth, pardoned all

the murderers, amidst a storm of popular execration. But what else had the nation deserved? The voluptuous sovereign deoted upon such a hopeful profligate. His young favorite stood out in singular contrast to the solemn hypocrisy of the heir apparent; and although he told lords Carlisle and Ashley that, much as he loved Monmouth, he would rather see him hanged at Tyburn, than own him for his legitimate offspring; yet he began to think, that as a counterpoise to the Duke of York, this aspiring scape-grace might prove of no inconsiderable service. Hence, the hint once given, both king and court acted accordingly. Buckingham fostered the scheme. The queen was childless, and likely to die so. An idle multitude therefore gathered round the new idol, whispering false rumors, that one day he might succeed to the throne. Even the protestantism of that unhappy period fell into the snare. Both the Anglican establishment, and Nonconformity itself, were looking about for a champion against the consequences of a catholic reign. Their eyes fell upon the representative of Lucy Walters! It was some time, nevertheless, before they styled him the Protestant duke; for he was now a volunteer under Louis the Fourteenth against the Dutch. But, on his return from the campaign of Maestrecht, he became chancellor of Cambridge, and thought it expedient to act a little religion occasionally. Whilst he had been abroad, the Duke of York had married a second time. His princess being a Romanist, the apprehensions, which had already been excited against his Royal Highness, augmented very naturally. Charles pretended to get alarmed, and invoked the usual penal laws against catholics. They were even forbidden to approach his household, or walk in the parks, or enjoy the slightest favor. He proclaimed a fast, concluded peace with Holland, smiled more than ever upon his son, permitted the latter to coalesce with Shaftesbury, and only laughed heartily to himself, when the youthful chancellor inflicted a serious lecture upon the clergy of his university for the heinous innovation of reading their sermons! Changing, however, once more his canonicals for arms, Monmouth now joined the prince of Orange against his former friends, the French; which confirmed the tide of popularity already beginning to set in towards him. The Popish Plot, and the affair of the Exclusion Bill, deepened and strengthened its current. Charles had dismissed

his brother, who retired to Brussels, upon a solemn promise that his rights should not be sacrificed to any absurd claims started by Monmouth; who, it was reported, had procured no less than four witnesses to prove a contract of marriage between his father and mother.

‘The absence of James left the field open to Monmouth and his party, who were occupied in contest with the king respecting a prosecution of Lord Danby, which minister was supposed to know all the secret negotiations with France. The two houses of parliament appeared to contend in the race of orthodoxy and loyalty. Both houses again declared, that there had existed and did exist, a horrid and treasonable conspiracy, contrived by those of the popish religion, for the murdering of the king, the subverting of protestantism, and the ruining of the ancient government of the kingdom; and the more to inflame the passions of the people, it was ordered that this vote should be prefixed to the public form of prayer appointed to be read on the day of the national fast. Little did the passers of this vote know of Charles’ religion, or connexion with France, and of his treaty for the introduction of French arms to reduce the country to obedience, if resisting the change of religion.’—vol. i., p. 47.

The fact is, however, that although neither parliament nor people could exactly point out the genuine culprits, nor define the precise shape and extent of their criminality, yet suspicions were so wide awake, as to form an apology for trusting such wretches as Monmouth and Shaftesbury. Feeling their way in the dark, they may claim to be forgiven for multifarious errors. The enemies around them were like the hobgoblins in the valley of the shadow of death, in Pilgrim’s Progress. In number they were known to be numerous; their power was fearful, and the more so through the obscurity in which their plans and persons lay deeply concealed. Patriotism, therefore, and true godliness, were often sorely puzzled and perplexed. Satan, moreover, lost no opportunity of presenting himself as an angel of light; and it is wonderful how well the wicked ones of that age could fall into strains of pious phraseology. James, Duke of York, had avowed himself an adherent of Rome. Public opinion had then no other idea of Romanism than might be connected with the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Marian persecutions. James, Duke of Monmouth, also a scion of the royal family, proclaimed himself at the head of the most vehement opponents of popery and its followers. It looked, according to the inaccurate notions of those days,

as though it were something like a protestant heir-presumptive struggling with a popish heir-apparent. Interested miscreants cherished the mistake; which was still further favored by the deceitful conduct of Charles the Second, in always treating his brother and son, for his own selfish purposes, as though they were rivals in future prospects, as well as present power. When the Covenanters rose in Scotland, and were dispersed by Monmouth at Bothwell Bridge, their conqueror clearly made the world believe that he sympathized in their oppressions. He would not let the dragoons pursue and massacre *such honest Protestants!* Upon his return to London, fame had flown before him; and his consequent reception was just that which most gratified his ambition. Monmouth was in every mouth. His parasites now addressed him by the title of Highness. The king, if not alarmed, at all events was taken ill; he suddenly pretended to entertain jealousy of all persons except the Duke of York, who was recalled to London; by slow degrees, and for some period of time, his affections, if they ever deserved so respectable a name, were really alienated from their former object; Monmouth was ordered to go abroad, in his turn, whilst his uncle was to reside at Edinburgh. Shaftesbury kept up what he styled protestant agitation, by annual pope-burnings on the 5th of November, attendance upon which came to be esteemed a test both of orthodoxy and loyalty; and amidst general demoralization, almost without a parallel, the sacred name of religion became a stalking horse for obtaining power or popularity. The subject of this article proved himself in very deed and truth the Absalom of his age, as his great intellectual coadjutor was the villainous Achitophel. Shaftesbury at length induced him to return home without permission, which threw the metropolis into such convulsions of joy, that his majesty indignantly banished him with his sign-manual. Monmouth, grown bolder as he got older, dared to disobey. The king stripped him of all his various offices in a single day; but unhappily, the splendid fortune of his duchess enabled him to set even his father at defiance. Ambition, rage, evil counsellors, and worse times, had now their full sway. Libels were scattered profusely throughout the various ranks and classes of the realm, familiarizing too many minds with his preposterous pretensions. There are few things which the vulgar will not credit, and the reason of

the seventeenth century could bear no comparison with that of the nineteenth. We are far short of what we ought to be; yet, though there is no room for exultation, perhaps one hundred individuals can read and think now, where only one could then. Wickedness therefore fell fully to work upon ignorance; and immense was its success. The story of a black box, in which Bishop Cosin was said to have deposited the contract of marriage between the king and Lucy Walters, found innumerable believers. Those who were using their utmost efforts to withstand the arbitrary designs of absolutism, in the person of Charles the Second, lent at least not unwilling ears. Their grand error, as Hallam judiciously remarks, was, in admitting such a wolf as Shaftesbury to their confidence. 'Under his contaminating influence their passions became more untractable, their connexions more seditious and democratical, their schemes more revolutionary, and they broke away more and more from the line of national opinion; till a fatal re-action involved themselves in ruin, and exposed the whole cause of public liberty to most imminent peril. The countenance and support of Shaftesbury brought forward that unconstitutional and most impracticable scheme,—the Duke of Monmouth's succession.' Whiggery can look back with but little pleasure upon its patrons!

It has been truly asserted, that, to make a son of Lucy Walters king of England, was alike offensive to the pride of the nobles, and to the moral feelings of the middle classes. The old cavaliers, the gentry generally, and the clergy, with few exceptions, 'began to draw together, and form themselves in close array round the throne.' These are the words of an eminent Edinburgh reviewer, who overlooks, however, another party, whose movements were of some importance under the Stuarts. The dissenters were, many of them, for Monmouth. They had every ground for detesting their governors; nor did it at all mend the matter, in their judgment, that an overbearing aristocracy, and an established hierarchy, stood as the two most prominent supporters of the crown. What precise proportion they could claim amongst their numbers, out of the squirearchy and shopocracy of that day, we are not prepared to say; but they were an increasing body marvelously maltreated. In the west of England, the majority within towns found lucrative employment through woolen manufactures.

The serge-makers had small respect for royalty and nobility at all; nor could they be supposed to enter with much nicety into a question of legitimate marriage, as affecting the claims of the Duke of Monmouth. Let us listen for a moment to some description of their social position from the Restoration to the Revolution.

'Their numbers were despised; but these increased, whenever an opportunity was afforded of throwing off the mask assumed to avoid the penalties inflicted upon nonconformists. The depth of feeling expressed in their speeches and writings was great, and finds excuse only with those of a different creed, who know what they had to undergo. Not only were they visited by exclusion from many desirable objects of ambition, but they felt a persecution scarcely endurable. Imprisonment, at all times a grave punishment, was terrible to the sober-minded, the sickly, and respectable, when dirt and disease awaited the crowded inmates of chambers, or rather dens, that held the promiscuous felons, and victims of laws framed against nonconformity! Though the punishment of death was inflicted for one hundred and sixty different offences, the gaol-fever, the consequence of neglect of air, food, and water, destroyed, even as late as 1773, more than all the public executions in the kingdom. In some instances, the gaolers had to pay the window-tax, which tempted them to stop the windows. No bedding was found, so that many lay on the bare floor. Howard's description of the gaols is horrible. From the Restoration, A. D. 1660, to the declaration by James the Second, for Liberty of Conscience, in 1687, *more than fifteen thousand families of dissenters had been ruined, and more than five thousand nonconformists had died in bonds for matters of conscience.*—vol. ii., pp. 270—271.

We doubt whether it is commonly known, that the Mansion House of the city of London was built with money collected by fines levied upon dissenters. Archbishop Laud, in 1640, had summoned a convocation of the clergy, who enacted, amongst other new constitutions, that every incumbent and curate should instruct his parishioners, once a quarter, in the divine right of kings, and the damnable sin of resistance to authority. Religious operatives laughed in their sleeves at such nonsense, when they dared not laugh out loud. Hence Monmouth culminated in their affections and associations. All that they knew of him was, that he led the great country party opposed to the Duke of York,—a party hostile to the high doctrines of the established church,—and to the corruptions of an oppressive court. In the latter years of Charles

the Second, as all must remember, the violence of a few amongst that party produced a reaction by no means creditable to British patriotism. The Protestant duke, as Monmouth was now styled, had entangled himself in the cobwebs of faction, without possessing either genius, ability, or character. He could just project himself forward, and that was all. It was suggested, that a kind of progress through the western counties might be of service, and he engaged in it; distributing money, smiles, promises, and favors, amidst gaping mobs, and portly burghesses. Not Queen Elizabeth herself could have excited more attention, nor drank into a giddy brain more intoxicating draughts of folly and adulation. His grace, or his highness, even touched for the king's evil; and glowing accounts are preserved of his condescending visits to Longleat, Barrington Court, Ford Abbey, White Lackington, Brimpton, Colyton, Otterton, and Clifton Houses. Similar scenes were subsequently realized in a northern direction, at Trentham Hall, Chester, Liverpool, and Stafford, where, at length, he was formally arrested; although nothing serious came of it. His father watched him indeed closely, as his attractive manners and demeanor stole away all hearts. He played at bowls, and ran foot-races at some places. Shaftesbury had been prosecuted, and driven ultimately into Holland, where he died; so that, finding other advisers necessary, the duke chose his celebrated council of six;—celebrated as comprehending the names, amongst others, of Russell, Algernon Sydney, and the younger Hampden. Then followed the unfortunate Rye House Plot, in which Monmouth was implicated; throughout which he displayed the basest treachery and pusillanimity; and from the results of which he withdrew first to the arms of his mistress, lady Henrietta Wentworth, and afterwards to Holland. Fresh intrigues pursued him thither; for his uncle, the Duke of York, had mounted into augmented influence upon the political ruin of his young competitor; and, as Charles seemed declining in health, almost every knee had bowed to the rising sun. James made his brother feel this change of circumstances more than he probably intended; since, from sheer caprice, the voluptuous monarch once more cast his eyes towards the darling of his brighter days. It is certain, that Monmouth was to have been again brought forward, upon making suitable submission; but death arrested Charles the Second on the 6th of

February, 1685, and changed the whole face of affairs. The exile, we are told, was 'like one out of his senses,' when the intelligence was communicated to him by the Prince of Orange. His unmanly cries and lamentations, however literal and uproarious, were precisely those of a spoiled child, under its first flagellation far too long postponed. Sulkiness, or dire revenge, actuated him by turns; and he would have fain hid his head in Sweden, with a guilty companion, had not Lord Argyle and the English refugees worked upon the more violent side of his temperament, and precipitated both him and themselves into an ill-timed rebellion!

It was arranged that Argyle should descend upon Scotland, and Monmouth upon England. Neither had prepared any adequate forces, nor had either received such invitations as could at all justify their subsequent measures. Lord Grey, of Werk, was the solitary nobleman rash enough to stake his fortunes in the train of the Duke. Ferguson observed, that the cause was a good one; and that God would not leave them, unless they left Him! This pious language, it must be remembered, was addressed to a couple of the most profligate charlatans upon earth. His Grace, however, began to 'talk enthusiastically on the subject;' although at the very time he was wallowing in avowed adultery and had to pawn his own jewels, as well as those of his mistress, to purchase arms. With these, a ship was freighted, ostensibly for Spain: but really, the munitions of war were to be landed, together with the adventurer and his followers, eighty-three in number, wherever he might direct, upon the British shores. Three tenders belonged to the vessel; one of which fell into the hands of the Dutch authorities: so that there was no ground whatever for insinuating that Holland, or her rulers, in any manner connived at the expedition. Notice was forwarded from Amsterdam and the Hague to London, with all possible speed, after the Prince of Orange had discovered the secret. On the 21st of June, 1685, Monmouth, with his 'frigate and her companions, hovered at day-break off Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, where a landing was effected in the course of the day from seven boats. Amidst the confusion of this small market town, which possessed no defences, but many dissenters, the Duke called for silence, and desired they would join with him in returning thanks to the Almighty for

that wonderful preservation they had met with at sea, in escaping the royal fleet. He then fell on his knees upon the sand, an act of devotion, which all the rest imitated, and he vouchsafed *to be their mouth-piece in a short ejaculation!* Two chaplains, it seems, were present, but remained silent; it is to be hoped, through some vestiges of disgust at the enormous hypocrisy of their leader. The latter, losing no further time, drew his sword, and proceeded to the market-place, where his declaration or manifesto was read to the populace, who naturally enough flocked in multitudes to hear. Under the shadow of a blue flag it announced at great length, that the Duke of Monmouth had arrived as 'Captain-General, and head of the protestant forces of the kingdom, assembled to restore liberty to the people of God, for the worship of God, and to preserve the rights and privileges of the nation.' Burnet assures us, that this document was 'very long, and ill penned,—full of much black and dull malice.' Nevertheless, our author observes, with equal correctness, that 'it coincided perfectly with the prejudices and passions of those to whom it was principally addressed.' Its lines fell harmoniously upon the ears of the discontented, the persecuted, the excited, whether in religion or politics! The nonconformists in fact, at Lyme, had suffered as signally as their brethren elsewhere. Their chapel had witnessed the demolition of its seats, pulpit, and gallery, no great while before: and its worshippers had to betake themselves to a conventicle in the open fields. Their enthusiasm, therefore, was soon at its height. Eighty young men of the town enlisted upon the spot. Four small pieces of artillery, mounted on field-carriages, were brought on shore, with fifteen hundred stand of arms for infantry, and as many cuirasses. Rather more than two hundred barrels of gunpowder, with a small quantity of grenades, matches, and other necessary articles, formed the entire equipment; of which the whole cost, including the artillery, had been only 3000*l*! An ordinary bucaneer would have scorned to put to sea with such contemptible stores. Nevertheless, his forces within eight and forty hours had swollen to a thousand foot, and one hundred and fifty horse. Albemarle, however, was advancing from Exeter with the militia of Devonshire, and the invaders became so straightened for provisions, that between policy and necessity, orders were said to have been given to observe *a solemn*

fast for success. An unlucky quarrel now deprived Monmouth of Andrew Fletcher, his best officer: nor was the first expedition against Bridport aught else than a failure; since Lord Grey ran away at the head of his cavalry, at the sound of an early volley. Still, numbers continued to arrive, though with very few of the gentry, and none of the nobility. Lord Churchill carried two messengers before his majesty, who brought accurate accounts of the enterprise. They attended at the bar of the House of Commons; and upon their evidence the bill of Attainder was passed, which the king signed on the 26th of June. By that time, whilst Parliament was offering the warmest loyalty of a nation to defend James the Second, his nephew had dispersed the Devon and Somersetshire volunteers under the Duke of Albemarle, near Axminster, and was in full march through Chard and Ilminster, to Taunton. On neither side could the fighting, as yet, have been very magnanimous. The militia cast off their coats, and ran with inconceivable speed from 'the mouths of two or three hollow trees, pointed towards them, which they mistook for cannon.' The capital of Somerset then exercised important influence on the west of England, with a larger population, perhaps, than it has at the present day. Its inhabitants were mostly manufacturers and nonconformists. Two years before, their places of worship had been rifled and destroyed; nor did a Sunday pass without their being driven to the parish church to escape the heavy penalties for non-attendance. It may easily be conceived, therefore, how welcome would be any tolerable deliverer. All remained tranquil until the morning before Monmouth arrived; when the mob seized some muskets, accoutrements, and ammunition; and on Thursday the 28th of June, his Grace made a public entry. Every one, who had a horse, or could procure one, went out to meet him. 'Upper and lower classes vied with each other in testifying their affection for his person, and their zeal for his cause. While the latter rent the air with applauses and acclamations, the former opened their houses to him and to his followers; furnishing his army with necessities and supplies of every kind. His way was strewn with flowers; the windows were thronged with spectators, all anxious to participate in what the warm feelings of the moment made them deem a triumph. Husbands pointed out to their wives, mothers to their children, the

brave and lovely hero, who was destined to be the saviour of his country.' Oldmixon more gravely and judiciously states, that 'one would have thought the wits of the people had flown away in the flights of their joy!'

The snowball had thus enlarged as it rolled. On the following day, at noon, twenty-seven young ladies, better known as the famous 'maids of Taunton,' presented to the Duke as many colors, which they had worked with their own hands. He kissed them each, and so did Lord Grey: but their leader, or as she has been styled, 'the captain of the virgins,' a school-mistress, who ought to have known better, preceded the others with a naked sword in one hand, and a small curious bible in the other, which she presented with a short acceptable speech; at which the Duke, 'in a manner transported, assured her, that he came now into the field, with a design to defend the truths contained in that book, and to seal it with his blood, if there should be occasion for it.' Her name was Blake. His Grace then mounted his horse, and the twenty-seven maids followed, each bearing her own standard, and led by a man. One of them, Mary Mead, waved in the air a golden flag, fringed with rich lace, and a crown upon it, surmounted with the initial letters, J. R.,—understood to signify *Jacobus Rex!* His first manifesto had already glanced at his title to the throne, which it was intimated the Duke of Monmouth would not, *for the present*, insist upon; but no doubt can reasonably be entertained about his real and ultimate object, from the commencement. His officers, however, were now getting clamorous. It was imagined, that by assuming the regal title, he would place his adherents in a better legal position, with regard to the statute of Henry the Seventh, which assures a perfect indemnity to all persons obeying a king *de facto* whether he may be one *de jure* or otherwise. It was also hoped, that more of the gentry, and some of the nobility, might be induced to join. Accordingly, on Saturday, the last day but one of the month, he was proclaimed lawful and rightful sovereign of these realms, the true JAMES THE SECOND, defender of the Protestant faith! Crowds now thronged to salute his hand. He was addressed as 'Sire, and his Majesty.' He was prayed for as the genuine monarch. Divers public documents were issued from his camp in royal style, proscribing and threatening with condign punishment all such rebels as

should presume to resist his mandates, and adhere to the usurping Duke of York. Meanwhile, contempt and indignation were the only responses. Commonwealth men were thoroughly dissatisfied with the mere principle of the procedure; the favorers of hereditary right held it in abhorrence: 'nor even among those who considered monarchy in a more rational light, as a magistracy instituted for the good of the people, could it be agreeable, that such a magistrate should be elected by the army that flocked to his banners, or by the particular partiality of a provincial town.' His strength, therefore, was augmented from two classes of persons alone—those who from thoughtlessness or desperation were willing to uphold any insurrection,—and those who, directing their views to a single point, considered the destruction of popery and arbitrary power as an object, 'which at all hazards, and without regard to consequences, they were bound to pursue.' Monmouth, nevertheless, aided the monarch as well as he could. He cured numbers of women and children by stroking them for the scrofula. He bowed condescendingly, and looked pompously. His troops had augmented to seven thousand strong, within the space of a brief fortnight. Yet still the bulk of the country jeered at his pretensions, describing the adventurer and his rabble, as 'Gaffer Scott, and his shirtless vagabonds!' In other words, with some noble individual exceptions, there was never any soul in the affair, from first to last.

He moved towards Bridgewater on the ensuing Monday, where his reception must have been very gratifying. He was proclaimed at the High Cross by several members of the Popham family, and handsomely lodged in the castle. He had now a life-guard of forty young men, well mounted and armed, and paying their own expenses. His cavalry had augmented to about twelve hundred, including mares, geldings, colts, and a company of scythemmen, armed with horrible weapons, of which a woodcut is given. Quarters were also capital, and for the most part free; for though the rusties were tardy in assisting the catholic king, they were far more willing to aid his rival. Their good wishes outran their intelligence; which could comprehend nothing, but that apparently a champion passed before their eyes, who would rescue them from tyranny and oppression. Alas! how soon was the bitter reality to recoil upon their devoted heads.

The next advance was to Glastonbury, Shepton-Mallett, and Pensford, with an idea of attacking Bristol; which last being given up, the invaders proceeded to Keynsham, Bath, and Philips-Norton, where some skirmishing occurred. Regular troops began to surround them on all sides. Rains, such as had been scarcely remembered for a generation, now came on after a season of unusual drought. Roads became morasses, and fields no places for encampment. News also arrived that Argyle had landed in Scotland, and was ruined. In truth, it was already all over with the Duke of Monmouth, whose spirit descended into the depths of despondency, as rapidly as the bubble which he had raised burst into air. His march to Frome produced immense confusion, without any corresponding advantages. Lord Feversham had been appointed generalissimo of the royal forces, which gradually drove their opponents back upon the route along which they had advanced. Retreat into Cheshire was for a moment dreamt of; when, by way of Wells and Pedwell Plain, Monmouth once more appeared in Bridgewater. Feversham had entered Sedgemoor from Somerton, and encamped with five regiments at a place called Penzoy Pound, close under the village of Weston, and about three miles from Bridgewater. It came into the head of Monmouth that here his antagonist might be surprised under cover of the night, provided he did not entrench himself; and a scout was sent out to ascertain whether this was the case. Word was brought that there were no entrenchments: nor had the royal army need of any. An enormous royne, or rhine, as it is sometimes called, (which is the term for drains forty feet broad, and deep in proportion, employed to dry the peat lands,) effectually protected Lord Feversham on the eastern side; whilst his artillery commanded the high road into Bridgewater. From the lofty tower of the parish church in that town, Monmouth and his officers reconnoitred the whole neighborhood for many miles round with their telescopes. It was said that the royalists were remiss in their watches, that the troopers were in bed and the infantry drinking; so that the Duke, from having been unbecomingly dispirited, again became elated, promising himself certain success. His plan was to make a circuit over Sedgemoor, and fall upon his adversary on what he erroneously considered his unfortified position. A

young woman, connected probably with one of the soldiers who wished well to the royal cause, happened to learn what was to be attempted, and posted over to Weston with the intelligence.

Feversham, instead of hearing what she had to communicate, offered her personal violence; and, in her rage, she therefore concealed what she came to divulge. Thus remaining generally unapprized, guards and sentinels had abandoned their several posts, soon after Monmouth and his forces, plentifully supplied with liquor, had issued forth silently upon the causeway towards Polden Hill. Desertions had diminished his numbers to about three thousand two hundred men, with forty-two baggage wagons. The night was dark; the circuit to be made was six miles; some narrow lanes, with one or two rhines, a couple of defiles, a cradle-bridge, and a ford, had all to be threaded, before the field of action could be reached. It was long after midnight, when an accidental alarm awoke Feversham from his couch at Weston. The drums of his Scotch regiment beat hastily to arms; whilst his lordship, a Frenchman by birth, with all the characteristic foppishness of his nation, 'would not so much hurry himself as to forget to set his cravat-string at a little paltry looking-glass in one of the cottages!' Monmouth was clearly upon them: but he had now found out his mistake. The great ditch yawned between him and his prey. Volleys of musketry were poured upon his baffled troops from the royalists on the inner side. His cavalry had already commenced their flight, as precipitately as at Bridport. Four great guns, however, did no little execution amongst the regular troopers, and would have done much more, had not the artillery men from Lyme and Taunton, as raw soldiers, fired rather too high. Strange to say, a militant bishop here rescued the forces of Lord Feversham from what might have been indiscriminate slaughter. Doctor Mews, then prelate of the rich see of Winchester, exceedingly loved fighting; and having had a military education, prided himself on his skill as a bombardier. He served in the royal army as a volunteer; and soon discerned that the crisis of the engagement had arrived, which was to be settled not with small shot, but with heavy pieces. He promptly ordered his horses to be taken from his carriage, to bring the royal cannons into position from the Bridgewater road. Like Julius the

Second, at Mirandola, this warlike divine then opened and superintended the battery. Before morning broke, he had changed the whole aspect of the battle. His discharges, scientifically directed, mowed down his antagonists by scores. In vain these last roared out for 'ammunition, ammunition—for the sake of the Lord, send us ammunition!' The royal horse-guards and grenadiers had crossed the barrier, and thrown the rebels into utter and irretrievable confusion. It was now pursuit and massacre, rather than a continued engagement. Monmouth and Grey were gone. Three hundred of their men lay corpses upon the open moor, where they fought; a thousand others were cut to pieces in the subsequent slaughter; twelve hundred were taken alive, yet with so many severely wounded, that the deaths on the side of the Duke were raised to two thousand; and twenty-two standards fell into the hands of the victors. Captain Adlam, of Wiltshire, with twenty-one of his companions, although himself expiring from his wounds, had to suffer capital execution within a few hours after the action. Four of them were hanged in chains; and the rest, for want of gibbets, had to be suspended from the various boughs of a large tree at Bussex, adjoining Sedgemoor. Nine hundred of the prisoners were shut up in Weston church for consignment to the tender mercies of the law—then, alas! little less cruel than the sword. All further resistance was at an end for ever.

Monmouth, and his comrade, Lord Grey, were hunted like a brace of partridges. His grace, about three o'clock in the morning of the fatal 16th of July, perceiving that the battle was lost, took off his armor and fled. Doctor Oliver, who at first accompanied him, and who survived to be physician of Greenwich Hospital, counselled a retreat into Wales; but Lord Grey overruled every idea of the kind. Fifty dragoons also rode with the duke and his lordship for some distance; until the two latter made for the New Forest, hoping to reach Lymington, and thence get out of the kingdom. At Woodyates Inn, by Cranbourne Chase, Monmouth abandoned his horse, hid his saddle and bridle, and disguised himself as a shepherd. The sum of 5,000*l.* was the price set upon his head. Rumor had already traced his course, and Lord Lumley, with Sir William Portman, were close upon his heels. Amy Farrant, an old woman, pointed out an inclosure

into which she had seen more than one suspicious person withdraw. Royal soldiers and loyal villagers beat every bush and brake for the golden prize. At length, about seven o'clock in the morning of the 18th of July, Henry Parkins discovered the brown skirt of a coat, under an ash tree, where the wretched fugitive lay concealed in a ditch, covered up with ferns and brambles. He was in the last extremity of hunger and fatigue, with no sustenance but a few raw peas in his pocket. He trembled all over and fainted away. There was found upon him a manuscript of spells, charms, conjurations, songs, recipes, and prayers, written out with his own hand, and in which he put his trust for not being slain in battle, or for opening prison doors in case of capture! No words can describe the meanness and baseness of his behaviour. That day four weeks he had landed at Lyme Regis, and was he now to complain that justice had not been shown him? Yet he wept, and supplicated, and cringed, like a whipt hound. His letter to the king forms a perfect model of pusillanimity. He bewailed his having been imposed upon by rogues and villains, as if he had not been the willing paragon of all such persons. There was not a friend that he was not ready to betray, nor a deed that he was not ready to do, if only his dishonored life might be spared. Had he succeeded in his enterprise, it is conceived that the Earl of Sunderland, Minister to James, would have still retained his office, there having been a political intrigue between them! This noble traitor, therefore, as we may easily imagine, had no desire to run the risk of discovery by preserving the adventurer alive any longer than he could help. He was permitted, however, to write to the Queen Dowager, and Lord Rochester; as also to have an interview with his uncle and sovereign. Again and again he begged for existence, even if it were merely a reprieve for a brief period. His injured duchess visited him in the Tower, with two of his children. Once more he addressed an epistle to his majesty, who never knew how to forgive, even when virtue was the supplicant. He then attempted to excite an interest amongst several catholic noblemen; intimating moreover that he was inclined to abandon protestantism, as he no doubt would have done, could it have served his purpose. To the very last he confided in a fortune-teller: and though he begged pardon of his con-

sort, with whom he could find no fault, he yet dared to call lady Henrietta Wentworth the choice of his riper years! Well might the catholic clergyman, whom James had sent to examine him, report, that 'he was very anxious to save his body, but not his soul!'

He was brought out for execution on Wednesday the 25th of July, 1685. The scaffold was wrapt in mourning, and an immense multitude had assembled. Bishops and divines of the Anglican church thought it no prostitution of their sacred office to enforce, upon so solemn an occasion, the doctrines of non-resistance and passive obedience, rather than repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. It was an honest sheriff, named Gostlin, who vainly attempted to convict his conscience of sin. His adultery, for example, had been notorious with Lady Henrietta; yet he had the effrontery to declare that 'she was a very virtuous and godly woman, and that what had passed between them was quite honest and innocent in the sight of the Almighty!' He moreover added, that he 'was about to die with great cheerfulness, for he knew he should go to heaven!' So utterly deluded was he, that his lips faltered out such falsehoods as these—'I can bless God, that he hath given me so much grace, that for these two years I have led a life unlike to my former courses, and in which I have been so happy!' And again, 'If I had not true repentance, I should not so easily have been without the fear of dying; I shall die like a lamb!' It is hard to say whether his subsequent demeanor was that of the knave, —the hypocrite,—or the reprobate. He chaffered with the executioner, felt the edge of the axe with his finger nail, sent a ring to his mistress, refused the cap of death, fitted his neck to the block, threw off his peruke, and then, amidst obstinate resistance about trifles, and the most strange ejaculations of the prelates and clergy around him, his soul was solemnly commended into the hands of the 'Omnipotent Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ!' The headsman, however, writes a quaint contemporary, proved an indifferent artist; 'the botcherly dog did so barbarously act his part, that he could not at fyve stroaks sever the head from the body.' At the first, which made only a slight gash in his neck, the miserable victim heaved and turned about: the second was little better; and the third having failed, he threw down his instrument, declaring with a horrible oath, that he could do no more, since his heart

failed him. He 'protested that his limbs were all stiffened, and that he would willingly give forty guineas to any one who would finish the work. The bystanders had much ado to forbear throwing him over the scaffold; but they made him take his axe again, threatening to kill him if he did not perform his duty better. With two blows more, not being able to finish his business, he was fain to draw forth his long knife, and with it cut off the remainder of the neck. He could not hold the head, nor show it more than once to the people.' These ran up in crowds to dip their shirts and handkerchiefs in the blood of the corpse; and that, too, notwithstanding the thrusts of pikes and halberts, with which the soldiers pushed at them. The culprit thus fell on the thirty-fifth day from his invasion, and in the thirty-seventh year of his age. His body was put into a coffin covered with black velvet: and after the separated portions had been carefully sewn together, they were privately interred under the communion table of the chapel in the Tower. His character, as must have been seen, was worse than worthless,—an uninteresting compound of infamy, scarcely redeemed by a single ray of virtue, genius, or intelligence. James the Second, however, struck two medals, which his proud and puerile mind deemed suitable to the occasion;—one representing a person falling from a rock having three crowns upon its summit! Within three years, his own deposition illustrated most strikingly this device of presumption and absurdity. The nation waited for brighter times.

Yet, who could repair many of the mischiefs of this rash rebellion? The Earl of Feversham and Colonel Kirke commenced a reign of terror, when the victory of Sedgemoor, in its fullest extent, had been satisfactorily ascertained. There was soon a range of gibbets between Weston and Bridgewater. Numbers were hanged upon them without even the form of a trial; until one of the bishops, either Ken or Mews, interposed, and took care that 'the poor rogues' should be retained for the tender mercies of Judge Jeffries. Then ensued the horrors of the Bloody Assize! Kirke had proceeded to Taunton, where he sold pretended pardons to some, at the rate of from twenty to forty pounds apiece; whilst the rigors of martial law raged against those who refused, or who had not the means to pay. We cannot see wherein his massacres at all differed, either in ferocity or atrocity,

from those at Paris in the darkest hours of the revolution. Savage tells us, in his History of Taunton, that 'while the executioner was performing the mournful duties of his office, the colonel commanded his fifes to play, the trumpets to sound, and the drums to beat, that the music might drown the cries of the dying victims, and the lamentations of their relatives and the populace. The mangled bodies of these unfortunate men were by his orders immediately stripped, their breasts cleft asunder, and their hearts while warm separately cut out, and thrown into a large fire; and as each was cast in, a great shout was raised, the executioner saying, 'There goes the heart of a traitor!' When these had been burnt, their quarters were boiled in pitch, and hung up at all the cross-ways and public parts of the town and neighborhood.' As much as a thousand pounds were afterwards paid to Jeffries to rescue a corpse from this exposure and mutilation. The two Hewlings had thrice that sum offered in vain for their lives. They died with seventeen others at one and the same time, singing hymns of penitence, and psalms of grateful supplication, with their halters round their necks; and that too, 'with such heavenly joy and sweetness, that many present said it both broke and rejoiced their hearts.' Even the soldiers lamented exceedingly, declaring that they hardly knew how to bear it; for there had been a great fire kindled on the Cornhill, that the victims 'might see the flames that were to burn their bowels. The executioner was ankle-deep in blood!' The sentences passed by the judges were conveyed in these words: 'You must every one of you be had back to the place from whence you came; from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution, and there you must severally be hanged by the necks, every one of you, until you are *almost dead*; and then you must be cut down,—your entrails must be taken out, and burnt before your faces; your several heads to be afterwards cut off, and your bodies to be divided into four parts,—these to be disposed of at the pleasure of the King: and may the Lord have mercy upon your souls!' Now it must be remembered, that this horrific condemnation, more worthy of cannibals than Christians so called, was carried into literal and full effect, in all its details, in more than three hundred and forty instances, within the compass of a few weeks, in the west of England! Thirty individuals were so

served in one day at Taunton before Kirke and his company. Healths were drank as each prisoner was turned off; and, upon observing that the legs of several quivered, the brutal commander ordered that 'they should have music to their dancing!' These persons, although guilty of having taken up arms, had every one of them acted upon conscientious principles, in conceiving that it was against an arbitrary government, and the usurpations of ecclesiastical power. Our annals exhibit no scenes more fearful.

Lord Jeffreys, as is well known, took the leadership in the special commission. He had been elevated to the peerage, without any adequate private fortune, and therefore this was to be his harvest. The bribes, fines, and compositions, which he received, enabled him to purchase considerable estates, which in very deed and truth might be said to have been the price of blood! His appetite grew through what it fed upon: his natural temper was as ferocious as his avarice was insatiable: he was generally more or less in a state of intoxication: he was invested with a military as well as a judicial authority: he mingled every day with one of the most tiger-like officers of his age: and was seldom free from the intense agonies of the stone. When to all these particulars we add the master he obeyed,—whose heart, according to the Duke of Marlborough, had ever been 'as cold and as hard as marble,' and who even reproached his sanguinary servant for having spared too many, we can only blush that such a monster should have been let loose on British ground. Like Benjamin in the Pentateuch, he 'ravined as a wolf: in the morning he devoured the prey, and at night divided the spoil.' The trial and cruel murder of Lady Alice Lisle need no repetition: yet they were but a sample far below the average of his malconduct in other instances. At Dorchester, two hundred and ninety-two persons received capital sentence at one and the same time. An immense proportion of them suffered the penalties of treason, some bought themselves off, or got themselves transported as slaves to the colonies. Young women and children endured usage that never can be described. Wiseman, an apprentice at Weymouth, only fourteen years of age, for having merely read one of Monmouth's declarations posted upon a wall, was to undergo a truly Russian flagellation in all the markets of Dorsetshire. It commenced of course at the

county town, where the gaoler pitying the early years of his victim, spared him as much as possible. A clergyman, named Blanchard, remonstrated with the man, assuring him that 'he would do his business for him with the lord chief justice for shamming his sentence in not scourging the lad half enough.' The flagellator, exasperated at this clerical interference, replied, 'You talk of the cruelties of popish priests, but commend me to a church of England priest for cruelty: they are like the country justices, who won't believe a poor creature is burnt in the hand, *unless they can see a hole through it!*' Jeffreys, however, was informed of it, and had the youth lashed again the next day to within an inch of his life. It was once more repeated at Melcombe, and there terminated. At Taunton, besides those whom Kirke had disposed of, he executed one hundred and forty-four adult males and females; horribly declaring, that 'it should not be his fault, if he did not depopulate the place!' His whole progress might be traced by the carnage he left behind him. 'Every tower and steeple were set round with the heads of traitors. Wherever a road divided, a gibbet served for an index; and there was scarcely a hamlet, however obscure, to which one limb at least was not sent, that those who survived might never lose sight of their departed friends, nor the remembrance of their cruel punishment. He made all the beautiful west an Aceldama: nothing to be seen, in some places, but forsaken walls and ghastly carcasses. The trees were loaded with quarters, over which crows and ravens hovered. Nothing could be liker hell than these parts; nothing so like the devil as he. Cauldrons hissing, carcasses boiling, pitch and tar sparkling and glaring, blood and limbs bubbling, and tearing, and mangling; and he the great director of all, in a word discharging *his* place, who sent him, the best deserving to be the king's lord chief justice there, and his lord chancellor afterwards, of any man that breathed, since Cain or Judas.' Such are the quaint, yet striking and indignant expressions of an old writer. Having, at length, visited Wells, Bristol, and Exeter, he returned to London from what used always to be called his campaign, boasting that 'he had hanged more than all the judges in England, since William the Conqueror.' He once asked a major how many soldiers he had killed on the field, to which the officer replied 'about a thousand.' As if those were not enough,

Jeffries observed, 'I believe I have condemned as many as that myself!' We had nearly forgot to mention that Lord Grey obtained a pardon, at the expense of some imprisonment, great alarms, many sacrifices of faithful adherents, and an enormous proportion of his fortune. One slice alone, to a single courtier, was estimated at 17,000*l*.

For these neat volumes we are much obliged to their author. Let us learn from them the evils of popular insurrection, and the still greater evils of popular ignorance. Happily no such tragedies could be enacted now, as those of the bloody assize. Nor could scoundrels, such as those of the seventeenth century, ever obtain influence, or excite permanent alarm. Pretenders to the crown are probably gone for ever. No class, in our generation, would follow a Perkin Warbeck or a Duke of Monmouth, for any purpose, beyond that which recently aroused the notorious Thom near Canterbury. Fanaticism may, indeed, do immense mischief in secluded or confined districts; but the extinguisher of public opinion never need be far off. What we want to see is an extension of genuine intelligence and godliness throughout the land. Let the operatives and laborers in our manufacturing and agricultural counties learn the value of national privileges and quiet obedience to the laws. The growth of general knowledge will thus become the growth of popular power. Government will be forced to reform where reformation is wanted, and to consider its authority as a mighty trust to be administered for the benefit of all. Mere political party names are already giving way to new and more important combinations. Let our people but be true to themselves, and we then feel certain that the blessing of Divine Providence will continue to be our portion, although an exceedingly unmerited reward. His benediction alone can blend all our jarring and selfish contrarieties into one harmonious union,—so that 'complaining may cease from our streets,' and discontent from the land. We ask no more, at the hands of our rulers, than a full and impartial realization of the rights of person,—the rights of property,—the rights of honest labor,—and the rights of universal conscience. The last, we need scarcely say, for almost the thousandth time, are utterly incompatible with the privileged establishment of any form of worship whatsoever. Until that anomaly be abolished, the national mind will possess no permanent security for enlightenment, prosperity, or repose.

From Tait's Magazine.

NOTES ON GILFILLAN'S "GALLERY OF LITERARY PORTRAITS."

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

"*A Gallery of Literary Portraits.*" By George Gilfillan. Edinburgh: Wm. Tait.

THIS is an eloquent work, and would seem even more so, if passages of relief had been interposed more frequently between the passages of display. Perhaps *that* might have been difficult to accomplish under the particular object of the author, which is not so much to investigate or discuss controversially the merits of those innumerable questions in politics, in art, in life, in literature, which must naturally connect themselves with a review of so many interesting men, differing so widely from each other, as it is to retrace, in a flying abstract, the capital features of strength, and the most impressive indications of frailty, in those authors yet living, or recently departed, who have succeeded in winning the ear of their own generation. Such abstracts tend, by their nature, to an impassioned tone; and it is less the fault of Mr. Gilfillan, than the necessity of his plan, which has communicated to the style and key of his comments what some readers will think too uniform a fervor. It ought, moreover, to be borne in mind, as a just distinction in the logic of the case, that whilst the author might seem too indiscriminately enthusiastic, to a careless reader, fancying the names under review to have been taken up at random; in reality there is a privilege and license of enthusiasm, secured from the beginning to Mr. Gilfillan, in the circumstance that he does not propose to himself any *general* review of the literary men belonging to the age, but of such only as had most profoundly impressed himself; so that already, in the very fact of being noticed at all, there is expressed a claim, in the subject, to some special admiration or interest. It is not that Mr. Gilfillan thinks, in an exalted tone, of all who may happen to be brought before him, but, inversely, that he suffers none to be brought before him of whom he had not previously thought in an exalted tone.

Apart from the natural interest connected with the names of so many writers familiar to our recollections, Mr. Gilfillan's work has an interest of its own, in the sagacious thoughts and frequent gleams of

profounder insight which it presents. These there will be sufficient opportunities for bringing forward in the course of such a review as the work seems to justify: for there cannot be a better form of appreciation applied to a book of this nature, than a survey of those particular persons, in the series of the splendid Gallery, whom I have myself happened to know, or whose works I have contemplated with most admiration and benefit. On this principle of selection, I shall range through the Gallery, as a critic, reporting Mr. Gilfillan's opinions or anecdotes, and sometimes interweaving my own. Presuming that no further preface is necessary, I enter upon my task at once.

GODWIN.

It is no duty of a notice so cursory to discuss Mr. Godwin as a philosopher. Mr. Gilfillan admits that in this character he did not earn much popularity by any absolute originality; and of such popularity as he may have snatched surreptitiously without it, clearly all must have long since exhaled before it could be possible for "a respectable person," (p. 15,) to demand of Mr. Gilfillan "*Who's Godwin?*" A question which Mr. Gilfillan justly thinks it possible that "some readers" of the present day, November 1845, may repeat. That is, we must presume, *not* who is Godwin the novelist? but who is Godwin the political philosopher? In that character he is now forgotten. And yet in *that* he carried one single shock into the bosom of English society, fearful but momentary, like that from the electric blow of the gymnotus; or perhaps the intensity of the brief panic which, fifty years ago, he impressed on the public mind, may be more adequately expressed by the case of a ship in the middle ocean suddenly scraping, with her keel, a ragged rock, hanging for one moment, as if impaled upon the teeth of the dreadful *sierra*, then, by the mere *impetus* of her mighty sails, grinding audibly to powder the fangs of this accursed sub-marine harrow, leaping into deep water again, and causing the panic of ruin to be simultaneous with the deep sense of deliverance. In the *quarto*, (that is, the original,) edition of his "*Political Justice*," Mr. Godwin advanced against thrones and dominations, powers and principalities, with the air of some Titan slinger or monomachist from Thebes and Troy, saying,—"*Come hither,*

ye wretches, that I may give your flesh to the fowls of the air." But, in the second, or *octavo* edition,—and under what motive has never been explained,—he recoiled, absolutely, from the sound himself had made: every body else was appalled by the fury of the challenge; and, through the strangest of accidents, Mr. Godwin also was appalled. The second edition, as regards principles, is not a recast, but absolutely a travesty of the first: nay, it is all but a palinode. In this collapse of a tense excitement, I myself find the true reason for the utter extinction of the "*Political Justice*," and of its author considered as a philosopher. Subsequently, he came forward as a philosophical speculator, in "*The Enquirer*," and elsewhere; but here it was always some minor question which he raised, or some mixed question, rather allied to philosophy than philosophical. As regarded the main creative *nisus* of his philosophy, it remained undeniable that, in relation to the hostility of the world, he was like one who, in some piratical ship, should drop his anchor before Portsmouth, —should defy the navies of England to come out and fight, and then, whilst a thousand vessels were contending for the preference in blowing him out of the seas, should suddenly slip his cables and run.

But it is as a novelist, not as a political theorist, that Mr. Gilfillan values Godwin; and especially for his novel of "*Caleb Williams*." Now, if this were the eccentric judgment of one unsupported man, however able, and had received no countenance at all from others, it might be injudicious to detain the reader upon it. It happens, however, that other men of talent have raised "*Caleb Williams*" to a station in the first rank of novels: whilst many more, amongst whom I am compelled to class myself, can see in it no merit of any kind. A schism, which is really perplexing, exists in this particular case; and, that the reader may judge for himself, I will state the outline of the plot, out of which it is that the whole interest must be supposed to grow; for the characters are nothing, being mere generalities, and very slightly developed. Thirty-five years it is since I read the book; but the nakedness of the incidents makes them easily rememberable. Falkland, who passes for a man of high-minded and delicate honor, but is, in fact, distinguished only by acute sensibility to the opinion of the world, receives a dreadful insult in a most public situation. It is, indeed, more than an in-

sult, being the most brutal of outrages. In a ball-room, where the local gentry and his neighbors are assembled, he is knocked down, kicked, dragged along the floor, by a ruffian squire, named Tyrrel. It is vain to resist; he himself is slightly built, and his antagonist is a powerful man. In these circumstances, and under the eyes of all the ladies in the county witnessing every step of his humiliation, no man could severely have blamed him, nor would our English law have severely punished him, if, in the frenzy of his agitation, he had seized a poker and laid his assailant dead upon the spot. Such allowance does the natural feeling of men,—such allowance does the sternness of the judgment-seat, make for human infirmity when tried to extremity by devilish provocation. But Falkland does not avenge himself thus: he goes out, makes his little arrangements, and, at a later hour of the night, he comes, by surprise, upon Tyrrel, and murders him in the darkness. Here is the first vice in the story. With any gleam of generosity in his nature, no man in pursuit of vengeance would have found it in such a catastrophe. That an enemy should die by apoplexy, or by lightning, would be no gratification of wrath to an impassioned pursuer: to make it a retribution for *him*, he himself must be associated to the catastrophe in the consciousness of his victim. Falkland for some time evades or tramples on detection. But his evil genius at last appears in the shape of Caleb Williams; and the agency through which Mr. Caleb accomplishes his mission is not that of any grand passion, but of vile eavesdropping inquisitiveness. Mr. Falkland had hired him as an amanuensis: and in that character Caleb had occasion to observe that some painful remembrance weighed upon his master's mind; and that something or other—documents or personal memorials connected with this remembrance—were deposited in a trunk visited at intervals by Falkland. But of what nature could these memorials be? Surely Mr. Falkland would not keep in brandy the gory head of Tyrrel; and any thing short of *that* could not proclaim any murder at all, much less the particular murder. Strictly speaking, nothing *could* be in the trunk, of a nature to connect Falkland with the murder more closely than the circumstances had already connected him; and those circumstances, as we know, had been insufficient. It puzzles one, therefore, to imagine any evidence which the trunk could yield, un-

less there were secreted within it some known personal property of Tyrrel's; in which case the aspiring Falkland had committed a larceny as well as a murder. Caleb, meantime, wastes no labor in hypothetical reasonings, but resolves to have ocular satisfaction in the matter. An opportunity offers: an alarm of fire is given in the daytime; and whilst Mr. Falkland, with his people, is employed on the lawn manning the buckets, Caleb skulks off to the trunk; feeling, probably, that his first duty was to himself, by extinguishing the burning fire of curiosity in his own heart, after which there might be time enough for his second duty, of assisting to extinguish the fire in his master's mansion. Falkland, however, misses the absentee. To pursue him, to collar him, and, we may hope, to kick him, are the work of a moment. Had Caleb found time for accomplishing his inquest? I really forget; but no matter; either now, or at some luckier hour, he does so: he becomes master of Falkland's secret; consequently, as both fancy, of Falkland's life. At this point commences a flight of Caleb, and a chasing of Falkland, in order to watch his motions, which forms the most spirited part of the story. Mr. Godwin tells us that he derived this situation, the continual flight and continual pursuit, from a South American tradition of some Spanish vengeance. Always the Spaniard was riding *in* to any given town on the road, when his destined victim was riding *out* at the other end: so that the relations of "whereabouts" were never for a moment lost: the trail was perfect. Now, this might be possible in certain countries; but in England!—heavens! could not Caleb double upon his master, or dodge round a gate (like Falkland when he murdered Mr. Tyrrel), or take a headlong plunge into London, where the scent might have lain cold for forty years? Other accidents by thousands would interrupt the chase. On the hundredth day, for instance, after the flying parties had become well known on the road, Mr. Falkland would drive furiously up to some King's Head or White Lion, putting his one question to the waiter, "Where's Caleb?" And the waiter would

* "Forty years:" so long, according to my recollection of Boswell, did Dr. Johnson walk about London before he met an old Derbyshire friend, who also had been walking about London with the same punctual regularity for every day of the same forty years. The *nodes* of intersection did not come round sooner.

reply, "Where's Mr. Caleb, did you say, sir? Why, he went off at five by the High-flyer, booked inside the whole way to Doncaster; and Mr. Caleb is now, sir, precisely forty-five miles ahead." Then would Falkner furiously demand "four horses on;" and then would the waiter plead a contested election in excuse for having no horses at all. Really, for dramatic effect, it is a pity that the tale were not translated forward to the days of railroads. Sublime would look the fiery pursuit, and the panic-stricken flight, when racing from Fleetwood to Liverpool, to Birmingham, to London; then smoking along the Great Western, where Mr. Caleb's forty-five miles ahead would avail him little, to Bristol, to Exeter; thence doubling back upon London, like the steam leg in Mr. H. G. Bell's admirable story.

But, after all, what was the object, and what the result of all this racing? Once I saw two young men facing each other upon a high road, but at a furlong's distance, and playing upon the foolish terrors of a young woman, by continually heading her back from one to the other, as alternately she approached towards either. Signals of some dreadful danger in the north being made by the northern man, back the poor girl flew towards the southern, who, in *his* turn, threw out pantomimic warnings of an equal danger to the south. And thus, like a tennis-ball, the simple creature kept rebounding from one to the other, until she could move no farther, through sheer fatigue; and then first the question occurred to her—what was it that she had been running from? The same question seems to have struck at last upon the obtuse mind of Mr. Caleb; it was quite as easy to play the part of hunter, as that of hunted game, and likely to be cheaper. He turns therefore sharp round upon his master, who in *his* turn is disposed to fly, when suddenly the sport is brought to a dead lock, by a constable, who tells the murdering squire that he is "wanted." Caleb has lodged informations; all parties meet for a final "reunion" before the magistrate; Mr. Falkland, oddly enough, regards himself in the light of an ill-used man; which theory of the case, even more oddly, seems to be adopted by Mr. Gilfillan; but, for all that he can say, Mr. Falkland is fully committed: and as laws were made for every degree, it is plain that Mr. Falkland, (however much of a pattern man,) is in some danger of swinging. But this catastrophe is intercepted: a novelist may raise his hero to the peerage;

he may even confer the garter upon him; but it shocks against usage and courtesy that he should hang him. The circulating libraries would rise in mutiny, if he did. And therefore it is satisfactory to believe, (for all along I speak from memory,) that Mr. Falkland reprieves himself from the gallows by dying of exhaustion from his travels.

Such is the fable of "Caleb Williams," upon which by the way is built, I think, Colman's drama of "The Iron Chest." I have thought it worth the trouble, (whether for the reader, or for myself,) of a flying abstract; and chiefly with a view to the strange collision of opinions as to the merit of the work; some, as I have said, exalting it to the highest class of novels, others depressing it below the lowest of those which achieve any notoriety. They who vote against it are in a large majority. The Germans, whose literature offers a free port to all the eccentricities on the earth, have never welcomed "Caleb Williams." Chénier, the ruling *littérateur* of Paris, in the days of Napoleon, when reviewing the literature of his own day, dismisses Caleb contemptuously as coarse and vulgar. It is not therefore to the German taste, it is not to the French. And as to our own country, Mr. Gilfillan is undoubtedly wrong in supposing that it "is in every circulating library, and needs more frequently, than almost any novel, to be replaced." If this were so, in presence of the immortal novels which for one hundred and fifty years have been gathering into the garner of our English literature, I should look next to see the race of men returning from venison and wheat to their primitive diet of acorns. But I believe that the number of editions yet published, would at once discredit this account of the book's popularity. Neither is it likely, *à priori*, that such a popularity could arise even for a moment. The interest from secret and vindictive murder, though coarse, is undoubtedly deep. What would make us thrill in real life, the case for instance of a neighbor lying under the suspicion of such a murder, would make us thrill in a novel. But then it must be managed with art, and covered with mystery. For a long time it must continue doubtful, both as to the fact, and the circumstances, and the motive. Whereas, in the case of Mr. Falkland, there is little mystery of any kind; not much, and only for a short time, to Caleb; and none at all to the reader, who could have relieved the curiosity of

Mr. Caleb from the first, if he were placed in communication with him.

Differing so much from Mr. Gilfillan, as to the effectiveness of the novel, I am only the more impressed with the eloquent images and expressions by which he has conveyed his own sense of its power. Power there must be, though many of us cannot discern it, to react upon us, through impressions so powerful in other minds. Some of Mr. Gilfillan's impressions, as they are clothed in striking images by himself, I will here quote:—"His," Godwin's, "heat is never that of the sun with all his beams around him; but of the round rayless orb seen shining from the summit of Mont Blanc, still and stripped in the black ether. He has more passion than imagination. And even his passion he has learned more by sympathy than by personal feeling. And amid his most tempestuous scenes, you see the calm and stern eye of philosophic analysis looking on. His imagery is not copious, nor always original; but its sparseness is its strength, the flash comes sudden as the lightning. No preparatory flourish, or preliminary sound: no sheets of useless splendor: each figure is a fork of fire, which strikes and needs no second blow. Nay, often his images are singularly common-place, and you wonder how they move you so, till you resolve this into the power of the hand which jaculates its own energy in *them*." And again, "His novels resemble the paintings of John Martin, being a gallery, nay, a world, in themselves. In both, monotony and mannerism are incessant: but the monotony is that of the sounding deep, the mannerism that of the thunderbolts of heaven. Martin might append to his one continual flash of lightning, which is present in all his pictures—now to reveal a deluge, now to garland the brow of a fiend—now to rend the veil of a temple, and now to guide the invaders through the breach of a city—the words, *John Martin, his mark*. Godwin's novels are not less terribly distinguished to those who understand their cipher—the deep scar of misery branded upon the brow of the victim of society."

And as to the earliest of these novels, the "Caleb Williams," he says, "There is about it a stronger suction and swell of interest than in any novel we know, with the exception of one or two of Sir Walter's. You are in it ere you are aware. You put your hand playfully into a child's, and are surprised to find it held in the grasp of a

giant. It becomes a fascination. Struggle you may, and kick, but he holds you by his glittering eye." In reference, again, to "St. Leon," the next most popular of Godwin's novels, there is a splendid passage upon the glory and pretensions of the ancient alchemist, in the infancy of scientific chemistry. It rescues the character from vulgarity, and displays it idealized as sometimes, perhaps, it must have been. I am sorry that it is too long for extracting; but, in compensation to the reader, I quote two very picturesque sentences, describing what, to Mr. Gilfillan, appears the quality of Godwin's style:—"It is a smooth succession of short and simple sentences, each clear as crystal, and none ever distracting the attention from the subject to its own construction. It is a style in which you cannot explain how the total effect rises out of the individual parts, and which is forgotten as entirely during perusal as is the pane of glass through which you gaze at a comet or a star." Elsewhere, and limiting his remark to the style of the "Caleb Williams," he says finely:—"The writing, though far from elegant or finished, has in parts the rude power of those sentences which criminals, martyrs, and maniacs, scrawl upon their walls or windows in the eloquence of desperation."*

These things perplex me. The possibility that any individual in the minority can have regarded Godwin with such an eye, seems to argue that we of the majority must be wrong. Deep impressions seem to justify themselves. We may have failed to perceive things which *are* in the object; but it is not so easy for others to perceive things which are *not*; or, at least, hardly in a case like this, where (though a minority) these "others" still exist in number sufficient to check and to confirm each other. On the other hand, Godwin's name seems sinking out of remembrance; and he is remembered less by the novels that succeeded, or by the philosophy that he abjured, than as the man that had Mary Wollstonecraft for his wife, Mrs. Shelley for his daughter, and the immortal Shelley as his son-in-law.

JOHN FOSTER.

Mr. Gilfillan possibly overrates the power of this essayist, and the hold which he

* "Desperation." Yet, as *martyrs* are concerned in the picture, it ought to have been said, "of desperation and of farewell to earth," or something equivalent.

has upon the public mind. It is singular, meantime, that whatever might be its degree, much or little, originally his influence was due to an accident of position which in some countries would have tended to destroy it. He was a dissenter. Now, in England, *that* sometimes operates as an advantage. To dissent from the established form of religion, which could not affect the value of a writer's speculations, may easily become the means of diffusing their reputation, as well as of facilitating their introduction. And in the following way: The great mass of the reading population are absolutely indifferent to such deflexions from the national standard. The man, suppose, is a baptist: but to be a baptist is still to be a Protestant, and a Protestant agreeing with his countrymen in every thing essential to purity of life and faith. So far there is the most entire neutrality in the public mind, and readiness to receive any impression which the man's powers enable him to make. There is, indeed, so absolute a carelessness for all inoperative shades of religious difference lurking in the background, that even the ostentatiously liberal hardly feel it a case for parading their liberality. But, on the other hand, his own sectarian party are as energetic to push him forward as all others are passive. They favor him as a brother, and also as one whose credit will react upon their common sect. And this favor, pressing like a wedge upon the unresisting neutrality of the public, soon succeeds in gaining for any able writer among sectarians an exaggerated reputation. Nobody is against him; and a small section acts *for* him in a spirit of resolute partisanship.

To this accident of social position, and to his connexion with the *Eclectic Review*, Mr. Foster owed his first advantageous presentation before the public. The misfortune of many an able writer is, not that he is rejected by the world, but that virtually he is never brought conspicuously before them: he is not dismissed unfavorably, but he is never effectually introduced. From this calamity at the outset, Foster was saved by his party. I happened myself to be in Bristol at the moment when his four essays were first issuing from the press; and every where I heard so pointed an account of the expectations connected with Foster by his religious party, that I made it a duty to read his book without delay. It is a distant incident to look back upon; gone by for more than thirty years; but I remem-

ber my first impressions, which were these:—1st, That the novelty or weight of the thinking was hardly sufficient to account for the sudden popularity, without some *extra* influence at work; and, 2dly, That the contrast was remarkable between the uncolored style of his general diction, and the brilliant felicity of occasional images embroidered upon the sober ground of his text. The splendor did not seem spontaneous, or growing up as part of the texture within the loom; it was intermitting, and seemed as extraneous to the substance as the flowers which are chalked for an evening upon the floors of ball-rooms.

Subsequently, I remarked two other features of difference in his manner, neither of which has been overlooked by Mr. Gilfillan, viz. 1st, The unsocial gloom of his eye, travelling over all things with dissatisfaction; 2d, (Which in our days seemed unaccountable,) the remarkable limitation of his knowledge. You might suppose the man, equally by his ignorance of passing things and by his ungenial moroseness, to be a specimen newly turned out from the silent cloisters of La Trappe. A monk he seemed by the repulsion of his cloistral feelings, and a monk by the superannuation of his knowledge. Both peculiarities he drew in part from that same sectarian position, operating for evil, to which, in another direction as a conspicuous advantage, he had been indebted for his favorable public introduction. It is not that Foster was generally misanthropic; neither was he, as a sectarian, "a good hater" at any special angle; that is, he was not a zealous hater; but, by temperament, and in some measure by situation, as one pledged to a polemic attitude by his sect, he was a general disliker and a general suspecter. His confidence in human nature was small; for he saw the clay of the composite statue, but not its gold; and apparently his satisfaction with himself was not much greater. Inexhaustible was his jealousy; and for that reason his philanthropy was every where checked by frost and wintry chills. This blight of asceticism in his nature, is not of a kind to be briefly illustrated, for it lies diffused through the texture of his writings. But of his other monkish characteristic, his abstraction from the movement and life of his own age, I may give this instance, which I observed by accident about a year since in some *late* edition of his essays. He was speaking of the term *radical*, as used to designate a large politi-

cal party; but so slightly was he acquainted with the history of that party, so little had he watched the growth of this important interest in our political system, that he supposes the term "Radical" to express a mere scoff or movement of irony from the antagonists of that party. It stands, as he fancies, upon the same footing as "Puritan," "Roundhead," &c. amongst our fathers, or "Swaddler," applied to the Evangelicals amongst ourselves. This may seem a trifle; nor do I mention the mistake for any evil which it can lead to, but for the dreamy inattention which it argues to what was most important in the agitations around him. It may cause nothing; but how much does it presume? Could a man, interested in the motion of human principles, or the revolutions of his own country, have failed to notice the rise of a new party, which loudly proclaimed its own mission and purposes in the very name which it assumed! The term "Radical" was used elliptically: Mr. Hunt, and all about him, constantly gave out that they were reformers who went to the *root*—*radical* reformers; whilst all previous political parties they held to be merely masquerading as reformers, or, at least, wanting in the determination to go deep enough. The party-name "Radical" was no insult of enemies: it was a cognizance self-adopted by the party which it designates, and worn with pride; and whatever might be the degree of *personal* weight belonging to Mr. Hunt, no man, who saw into the composition of society amongst ourselves, could doubt that his principles were destined to a most extensive diffusion—were sure of a permanent settlement amongst the great party interests—and, therefore, sure of disturbing thenceforwards for ever the previous equilibrium of forces in our English social system. To mistake the origin or history of a word—is nothing; but to mistake it when that history of a word ran along with the history of a *thing* destined to change all the aspects of our English present and future—implies a sleep of Epimenides amongst the shocks which are unsettling the realities of earth.

The four original essays, by which Foster was first known to the public, are those by which he is still best known. It cannot be said of them that they have any *practical* character calculated to serve the uses of life. They terminate in speculations that apply themselves little enough to any business of the world. Whether a man

should write memoirs of himself cannot have any personal interest for one reader in a myriad. And two of the essays have even a misleading tendency. That upon "Decision of Character" places a very exaggerated valuation upon one quality of human temperament, which is neither rare, nor at all necessarily allied with the most elevated features of moral grandeur. Coleridge, because he had no business talents himself, admired them preposterously in others; or fancied them vast when they existed only in a slight degree. And, upon the same principle, I suspect that Mr. Foster rated so highly the quality of decision in matters of action, chiefly because he wanted it himself. Obstinacy is a gift more extensively sown than Foster was willing to admit. And *his* scale of appreciation, if it were practically applied to the men of history, would lead to judgments immoderately perverse. Milton would rank far below Luther. In reality, as Mr. Gilfillan justly remarks, "Decision of character is not, strictly, a moral power; and it is extremely dangerous to pay that homage to any intellectual quality, which is sacred to virtue alone." But even this estimate must often tend to exaggeration; for the most inexorable decision is much more closely connected with bodily differences of temperament than with any superiority of mind. It rests too much upon a physical basis; and of all qualities whatever, it is the most liable to vicious varieties of degeneration. The worst result from this essay is not merely speculative; it trains the feelings to false admirations; and upon a path which is the more dangerous, as the besetting temptation of our English life lies already towards an estimate much too high of all qualities bearing upon the active and the practical. We need no spur in that direction.

The essay upon the use of technically religious language seems even worse by its tendency, although the necessities of the subject will for ever neutralize Foster's advice. Mr. Gilfillan is, in this instance, disposed to defend him: "Foster does not ridicule the use, but the abuse, of technical language, as applied to divine things; and proposes, merely as an experiment, to translate it, in accommodation to fastidious tastes." Safely, however, it may be assumed, that, in all such cases, the fastidious taste is but another aspect of hatred to religious themes,—a hatred which there is neither justice nor use in attempting to pro-

pitiate. Cant words ought certainly to be proscribed, as degrading to the majesty of religion: the word "prayerful," for instance, so commonly used of late years, seems objectionable: and such words as "savory," which is one of those cited by Foster himself, are absolutely abominable, when applied to spiritual or intellectual objects. It is not fastidiousness, but manliness and good feeling, which are outraged by such vulgarities. On the other hand, the word "grace" expresses an idea so exclusively belonging to Christianity, and so indispensable to the wholeness of its philosophy, that any attempt to seek for equivalent terms of mere human growth, or amongst the vocabularies of mere worldly usage, must terminate in conscious failure, or else in utter self-delusion. Christianity, having introduced many ideas that are absolutely new, such as *faith, charity, holiness*, the nature of *God*, of human *frailty*, &c., is as much entitled (nay, as much obliged and pledged) to a peculiar language and terminology as chemistry. Let a man try if he can find a word in the marketplace fitted to be the substitute for the word *gas*, or *alkali*. The danger, in fact, lies exactly in the opposite direction to that indicated by Foster. No fear that men of elegant taste should be revolted by the use of what, after all, is scriptural language; for it is plain that he who *could* be so revolted, wants nothing seriously with religion. But there is great fear that any general disposition to angle for readers of *extra* refinement, or to court the effeminately fastidious by sacrificing the majestic simplicities of scriptural diction, would and must end in a ruinous dilution of religious truths. Along with the characteristic language of Christian philosophy, would exhale its characteristic doctrines.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

This man, who would have drawn in the scales against a select vestry of Fosters, is for the present deeper in the world's oblivion than the man with whom I here connect his name. *That* seems puzzling. For, if Hazlitt were misanthropic, so was Foster: both as writers were splenetic and more than peevish; but Hazlitt requited his reader for the pain of travelling through so gloomy an atmosphere, by the rich vegetation which his teeming intellect threw up as it moved along. The soil in *his* brain was of a vol-

canic fertility; whereas, in Foster, as in some tenacious clay, if the life were deep, it was slow and sullen in its throes. The reason for at all speaking of them in connexion is, that both were essayists; neither in fact writing any thing of note *except* essays moral or critical; and both were bred at the feet of dissenters. But how different were the results from that connexion! Foster turned it to a blessing, winning the jewel that is most of all to be coveted, peace and the *fallentis semita vitæ*. Hazlitt, on the other hand, sailed wilfully away from this sheltering harbor of his father's profession, — for sheltering it might have proved to *him*, and *did* prove to his youth, — only to toss ever afterwards as a drifting wreck at the mercy of storms. Hazlitt was not one of those who *could* have illustrated the benefits of a connexion with a sect, *i. e.* with a small confederation hostile by position to a larger; for the hostility from without, in order to react, presumes a concord from within. Nor does *his* case impeach the correctness of what I have said on that subject in speaking of Foster. He owed no introduction to the dissenters; but it was because he *would* owe none. The Ishmaelite, whose hand is against every man, yet smiles at the approach of a brother, and gives the salutation of "Peace be with you!" to the tribe of his father. But Hazlitt smiled upon no man, nor exchanged tokens of peace with the nearest of fraternities. Wieland in his "Oberon," says of a benign patriarch—

His eye a smile on all creation beam'd.

Travestied as to one word, the line would have described Hazlitt—

His eye a scowl on all creation beam'd.

This inveterate misanthropy was constitutional; exasperated it certainly had been by accidents of life, by disappointments, by mortifications, by insults, and still more by having wilfully placed himself in collision from the first with all the interests that were in the sunshine of this world, and with all the persons that were then powerful in England. But my impression was, if I had a right to *have* any impression with regard to one whom I knew so slightly, that no change of position or of fortunes could have brought Hazlitt into reconciliation with the fashion of this world, or of this England, or "this now." It seemed to me, that he hated those whom hollow custom obliged him to call his "friends," con-

siderably more than those whom notorious differences of opinion entitled him to rank as his enemies. At least within the ring of politics this was so. Between those particular Whigs whom literature had connected him with, and the whole gang of us Conservatives, he showed the same difference in his mode of fencing and parrying, and even in his style of civilities, as between the domestic traitor, hiding a stiletto among his robes of peace, and the bold enemy who sends a trumpet before him, and rides up sword-in-hand against your gates.

Whatever is—so much I conceive to have been a fundamental lemma for Hazlitt—is *wrong*. So much he thought it safe to postulate. *How* it was wrong, might require an impracticable investigation; you might fail for a century to discover: but *that* it was wrong, he nailed down as a point of faith, that could stand out against all counter-presumptions from argument, or counter-evidences from experience. A friend of his it was, a friend wishing to love him, and admiring him almost to extravagance, who told me in illustration of the dark sinister gloom which sate for ever upon Hazlitt's countenance and gestures, that involuntarily when Hazlitt put his hand within his waistcoat, (as a mere unconscious trick of habit,) he himself felt a sudden recoil of fear, as from one who was searching for a hidden dagger. Like "a Moor of Malabar," as described in the *Faery Queen*, at intervals Hazlitt threw up his angry eyes, and dark locks, as if wishing to affront the sun, or to search the air for hostility. And the same friend, on another occasion, described the sort of feudal fidelity to his belligerent duties, which in company seemed to animate Hazlitt, as though he were mounting guard on all the citadels of malignity, under some *sacramentum militare*, by the following trait,—that, if it had happened to Hazlitt to be called out of the room, or to be withdrawn for a moment from the current of the general conversation, by a fit of abstraction, or by a private whisper to himself, from some person sitting at his elbow, always, on resuming his place as a party to what might be called the public business of the company, he looked round him with a mixed air of suspicion and defiance, such as seemed to challenge everybody by some stern adjuration into revealing whether, during his own absence or inattention, any thing had been said demanding condign punishment at his hands. "Has any man uttered or presumed to insinuate," he

seemed to insist upon knowing, "during this *interregnum*, things that I ought to proceed against as treasonable to the interests which I defend?" He had the unresting irritability of Rousseau, but in a nobler shape; for Rousseau transfigured every possible act or design of his acquaintances into some personal relation to himself. The vile act was obviously meant, as a child could understand, to injure the person of Rousseau, or his interests, or his reputation. It was meant to wound his feelings, or to misrepresent his acts calumniously, or secretly to supplant his footing. But, on the contrary, Hazlitt viewed all personal affronts or casual slights towards himself, as tending to something more general, and masquing under a pretended horror of Hazlitt, the author, a real hatred, deeper than it was always safe to avow, for those social interests which he was reputed to defend. "It was not Hazlitt whom the wretches struck at; no, no; it was democracy, or it was freedom, or it was Napoleon, whose shadow they saw in the rear of Hazlitt; and Napoleon, not for any thing in him that might be really bad, but in revenge of that consuming wrath against the thrones of Christendom, for which (said Hazlitt) let us glorify his name eternally."

Yet Hazlitt, like other men, and perhaps with more bitterness than other men, sought for love and for intervals of rest, in which all anger might sleep, and enmity might be laid aside like a travelling dress, after tumultuous journeys:

Though the sea-horse on the ocean
Own no dear domestic cave,
Yet he slumbers without motion
On the still and haleyon wave.

If, on windy days, the raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less he loves his haven
On the bosom of a cliff.

If almost with eagle pinion
O'er the Alps the chamois roam,
Yet he has some small dominion,
Which, no doubt, he calls his home.

But Hazlitt, restless as the sea-horse, as the raven, as the chamois, found not their respites from storm; he sought, but sought in vain. And for *him* the closing stanza of that little poem remained true to his dying hour: in the person of the "Wandering Jew," *he* might complain,—

Day and night my toils redouble:
Never nearer to the goal,
Night and day I feel the trouble
Of the wanderer in my soul.

Domicile he had not, round whose hearth his affections might gather; rest he had not, for the sole of his burning foot. One chance of regaining some peace, or a chance as he trusted for a time, was torn from him at the moment of gathering its blossoms. He had been divorced from his wife, not by the law of England, which would have argued criminality in *her*, but by Scottish law, satisfied with some proof of frailty in himself. Subsequently he became deeply fascinated by a young woman, in no very elevated rank, for she held some domestic office of superintendence in a boarding-house kept by her father, but of interesting person, and endowed with strong intellectual sensibilities. She had encouraged Hazlitt; had gratified him by reading his works with intelligent sympathy; and, under what form of duplicity it is hard to say, had partly engaged her faith to Hazlitt as his future wife, whilst secretly she was holding a correspondence, too tender to be misinterpreted, with a gentleman resident in the same establishment. Suspicions were put aside for a time; but they returned, and gathered too thickly for Hazlitt's penetration to cheat itself any longer. Once and for ever he resolved to satisfy himself. On a Sunday, fatal to him and his farewell hopes of domestic happiness, he had reason to believe that she, whom he now loved to excess, had made some appointment out-of-doors with his rival. It was in London; and through the crowds of London, Hazlitt followed her steps to the rendezvous. Fancying herself lost in the multitude that streamed through Lincoln's-inn-fields, the treacherous young woman met her more favored lover without alarm, and betrayed, too clearly for any further deception, the state of her affections by the tenderness of her manner. *There* went out the last light that threw a guiding ray over the storm-vexed course of Hazlitt. He was too much in earnest, and he had witnessed too much, to be deceived or appeased. "I whistled her down the wind," was his own account of the catastrophe; but, in doing so, he had torn his own heart-strings, entangled with her "jesses." Neither did he, as others would have done, seek to disguise his misfortune. On the contrary, he cared not for the ridicule attached to such a situation amongst the unfeeling: the wrench within had been too profound to leave room for sensibility to the sneers outside. A fast friend of his at that time, and one who never ceased to be

his apologist, described him to me as having become absolutely maniacal during the first pressure of this affliction. He went about proclaiming the case, and insisting on its details, to every stranger that would listen. He even published the whole story to the world, in his "Modern Pygmalion." And people generally, who could not be aware of his feelings, or the way in which this treachery acted upon his mind as a ratification of all other treacheries and wrongs that he had suffered through life, laughed at him, or expressed disgust for him as too coarsely indelicate in making such disclosures. But there was no indelicacy in such an act of confidence, growing, as it did, out of his lacerated heart. It was an explosion of frenzy. He threw out his clamorous anguish to the clouds, and to the winds, and to the air; caring not *who* might listen, *who* might sympathize, or *who* might sneer. Pity was no demand of his; laughter was no wrong; the sole necessity for *him* was—to empty his overburdened spirit.

After this desolating experience, the exasperation of Hazlitt's political temper grew fiercer, darker, steadier. His "Life of Napoleon" was prosecuted subsequently to this, and perhaps under this remembrance, as a reservoir that might receive all the vast overflows of his wrath, much of which was not merely political, or in a spirit of bacchanalian partisanship, but was even morbidly anti-social. He hated, with all his heart, every institution of man, and all his pretensions. He loathed his own relation to the human race.

It was but on a few occasions that I ever met Mr. Hazlitt myself; and those occasions, or all but one, were some time subsequent to the case of female treachery which I have here described. Twice, I think, or it might be three times, we walked for a few miles together: it was in London, late at night, and after leaving a party. Though depressed by the spectacle of a mind always in agitation from the gloomier passions, I was yet amused by the pertinacity with which he clung, through bad reasons or no reasons, to any public slander floating against men in power, or in the highest rank. No feather, or dowl of a feather, but was heavy enough for *him*. Amongst other instances of this willingness to be deluded by rumors, if they took a direction favorable to his own bias, Hazlitt had adopted the whole strength of popular hatred which for many years ran violently

against the King of Hanover, at that time Duke of Cumberland. A dark calumny had arisen against this prince, amongst the populace of London, as though he had been accessory to the death of his valet. This valet, [Sellis,] had, in fact, attempted to murder the prince; and all that can be said in palliation of his act, is—that he *believed* himself to have sustained, in the person of his beautiful wife, the heaviest dishonor incident to man. How that matter stood, I pretend not to know: the attempt at murder was baffled; and the valet then destroyed himself with a razor. All this had been regularly sifted by a coroner's inquest; and I remarked to Hazlitt, that the witnesses seemed to have been called, indifferently, from all quarters likely to have known the facts; so that if this inquest had failed to elicit the truth, we might with equal reason presume as much of all other inquests. From the verdict of a jury, except in very peculiar cases, no candid and temperate man will allow himself to believe any appeal sustainable: for, having the witnesses before them face to face, and hearing the *whole* of the evidence, a jury have always some means of forming a judgment which cannot be open to him who depends upon an abridged report. But on this subject Hazlitt would hear no reason. He said—"No: all the princely houses of Europe have the instinct of murder running in their blood;—they cherish it through their privilege of making war; which being wholesale murder, once having reconciled themselves to *that*, they think of retail murder, committed on you or me, as of no crime at all." Under this obstinate prejudice against the duke, Hazlitt read every thing that he did or did *not* do, in a perverse spirit. And, in one of these nightly walks, he mentioned to me, as something quite worthy of a murderer, the following little trait of casuistry in the royal duke's distribution of courtesies. "I saw it myself," said Hazlitt, "so no coroner's jury can put me down." His royal highness had rooms in St. James's; and, one day, as he was issuing from the palace into Pall-Mall, Hazlitt happened to be immediately behind him; he could therefore watch his motions along the whole line of his progress. It is the custom in England, wheresoever the persons of the royal family are familiar to the public eye, as at Windsor, &c., that all passengers in the streets, on seeing them, walk bare-headed, or make some signal of

dutiful respect. On this occasion, all the men who met the prince took off their hats; the prince acknowledging every such obeisance by a separate bow. Pall-Mall being finished, and its whole harvest of royal salutations gathered in, next the duke came to Cockspur street. But here, and taking a station close to the crossing, which daily he beautified and polished with his broom, stood a negro sweep. If human at all, which some people doubted, he was pretty nearly as abject a representative of our human family divine as can ever have existed. Still he was held to be a man by the law of the land, which would have hanged any person, gentle or simple, for cutting his throat. Law (it is certain) conceived him to be a man, however poor a one; though Medicine, in an under tone, muttered sometimes a demur to that opinion. But here the sweep *was*, whether man or beast, standing humbly in the path of royalty; vanish he would not; he was, (as *The Times* says of the Corn-League,) "a great fact," if rather a muddy one; and though, by his own confession, (repeated one thousand times a-day,) both "a nigger" and a sweep, ["Remember poor nigger, your honor!" "remember poor sweep!"] yet the creature could take off his rag of a hat, and earn the bow of a prince, as well as any white native of St. James's. What was to be done? A great case of conscience was on the point of being raised, in the person of a paralytic nigger; nay, possibly a state question—Ought a son of England,* could a son of England, descend from his majestic pedestal to gild with the rays of his condescension such a grub, such a very doubtful grub, as this? Total Pall Mall was sagacious of the coming crisis; judgment was going to be delivered; a precedent to be raised;

* "Son of England;" i. e. prince of the blood in the *direct*, and not in the collateral, line. I mention this for the sake of some readers, who may not be aware that this beautiful formula, so well known in France, is often transferred by the French writers of memoirs to our English princes, though little used amongst ourselves. Gaston, duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV was "a son of France," as being a child of Louis XIII. But the son of Gaston, viz. the Regent Duke of Orleans, was a *grandson* of France. The first wife of Gaston, our Princess Henrietta, was called "*Fille d'Angleterre*," as being a daughter of Charles I. The Princess Charlotte, again, was a *daughter* of England; her present majesty, a *granddaughter* of England. But all these ladies collectively would be called, on the French principle, the children of England.

and Pall Mall stood still, with Hazlitt at its head, to learn the issue. How if the black should be a Jacobin, and (in the event of the duke's bowing) should have a bas-relief sculptured on his tomb, exhibiting an English prince, and a German king, as two separate personages, in the act of worshipping his broom? Luckily, it was not the black's province to settle the case. The Duke of Cumberland, seeing no counsel at hand to argue either the *pro* or the *contra*, found himself obliged to settle the question *de plano*; so, drawing out his purse, he kept his hat as rigidly settled on his head, as William Penn and Mead did before the recorder of London. All Pall Mall applauded; *contradicente* Gulielmo Hazlitt, and Hazlitt only. The black swore that the prince gave him half-a-crown; but whether he regarded this in the light of a godsend to his avarice, or a shipwreck to his ambition—whether he was more thankful for the money gained, or angry for the honor lost—did not transpire. "No matter," said Hazlitt, "the black might be a fool; but I insist upon it, that he was entitled to the bow, since all Pall Mall had it before him; and that it was unprincely to refuse it." Either as a black or as a scavenger, Hazlitt held him "qualified" for sustaining a royal bow; as a black, was he not a specimen (if rather a damaged one) of the *homo sapiens* described by Linnæus? As a sweep, in possession (by whatever title) of a lucrative crossing, had he not a kind of estate in London? Was he not, said Hazlitt, a fellow-subject, capable of committing treason, and paying taxes into the treasury? Not, perhaps, in any direct shape, but indirect taxes, most certainly, on his tobacco—and even on his broom?

These things could not be denied. But still, when my turn came for speaking, I confessed frankly that (politics apart) my feeling in the case went along with the Duke's. The bow would not be so useful to the black as the half-crown: he could not possibly have both; for how could any man make a bow to a beggar when in the act of giving him half-a-crown? Then, on the other hand, this bow, so useless to the sweep, and (to speak by a vulgar adage) as superfluous as a side-pocket to a cow, would react upon the other bows distributed along the line of Pall Mall, so as to neutralize them one and all. No honor could continue such in which a paralytic negro sweep was associated. This distinction, however,

occurred to me; that if, instead of a prince and a subject, the royal dispenser of bows had been a king, he ought *not* to have excluded the black from participation; because, as the common father of his people, he ought not to know of any difference amongst those who are equally his children. And in illustration of that opinion, I sketched a little scene which I had myself witnessed, and with great pleasure, upon occasion of a visit made to Drury Lane by George IV. when regent. At another time I may tell it to the reader. Hazlitt, however, listened fretfully to me when praising the deportment and beautiful gestures of one conservative leader; though he had compelled *me* to hear the most disadvantageous comments on another.

As a lecturer, I do not know what Hazlitt was, having never had an opportunity of hearing him. Some qualities in his style of composition were calculated to assist the purposes of a lecturer, who must produce an effect oftentimes by independent sentences and paragraphs, who must glitter and surprise, who must turn round within the narrowest compass, and cannot rely upon any sort of attention that would cost an effort. Mr. Gilfillan says, that "he proved more popular than was expected by those who knew his uncompromising scorn of all those tricks and petty artifices which are frequently employed to pump up applause. His manner was somewhat abrupt and monotonous, but earnest and energetic." At the same time, Mr. Gilfillan takes an occasion to express some opinions, which appear very just, upon the unfitness (generally speaking) of men whom he describes as "fiercely inspired," for this mode of display. The truth is, that all genius implies originality, and sometimes uncontrollable singularity, in the habits of thinking, and in the modes of viewing, as well as of estimating objects. Whereas a miscellaneous audience is best conciliated by that sort of talent which reflects the average mind, which is not over-weighted in any one direction, is not tempted into any extreme, and is able to preserve a steady, rope-dancer's equilibrium of posture upon themes where a man of genius is most apt to lose it.

It would be interesting to have a full and accurate list of Hazlitt's works, including, of course, his contributions to journals and encyclopædias. These last, as shorter and oftener springing from an *impromptu* effort, are more likely, than his regular books, to have been written with a pleasurable enthu-

siasm : and the writer's proportion of pleasure, in such cases, very often becomes the regulating law for his reader's. Amongst the philosophical works of Hazlitt, I do not observe that Mr. Gilfillan is aware of two that are likely to be specially interesting. One is an examination of David Hartley, at least as to his law of association. Thirty years ago, I looked into it slightly ; but my reverence for Hartley offended me with its tone ; and afterwards, hearing that Coleridge challenged for his own most of what was important in the thoughts, I lost all interest in the essay. Hazlitt, having heard Coleridge talk on this theme, must have approached it with a mind largely pre-occupied as regarded the weak points in Hartley, and the particular tactics for assailing them. But still the great talents for speculative research which Hazlitt had from nature, without having given to them the benefit of much culture or much exercise, would justify our attentive examination of the work. It forms part of the volume which contains the "Essay on Human Action;" which volume, by the way, Mr. Gilfillan supposes to have won the special applause of Sir James Macintosh, then in Bengal. This, if accurately stated, is creditable to Sir James's generosity ; for, in this particular volume it is, that Hazlitt makes a pointed assault, in sneering terms, and very unnecessarily, upon Sir James.

The other little work unnoticed by Mr. Gilfillan, is an examination, (but under what title I cannot say,) of Lindley Murray's English Grammar. This may seem, by its subject, a trifle ; yet Hazlitt could hardly have had a motive for such an effort but in some philosophic perception of the ignorance betrayed by many grammars of our language, and sometimes by that of Lindley Murray ; which Lindley, by the way, though resident in England, was an American. There is great room for a useful display of philosophic subtlety in an English grammar, even though meant for schools. Hazlitt could not *but* have furnished something of value towards such a display. And if (as I was once told) his book was suppressed, I imagine that this suppression must have been purchased by some powerful publisher interested in keeping up the current reputation of Murray.

"Strange stories," says Mr. Gilfillan, "are told about his [Hazlitt's] latter days, and his death-bed." I know not whether I properly understand Mr. Gilfillan. The stories which I myself have happened to

hear, were not so much "strange," since they arose, naturally enough, out of pecuniary embarrassments, as they were afflicting in the turn they took. Dramatically viewed, if a man were speaking of things so far removed from our own times and interests as to excuse that sort of language, the circumstances of Hazlitt's last hours might rivet the gaze of a critic as fitted, harmoniously, with almost scenic art, to the whole tenor of his life ; fitted equally to rouse his wrath, to deepen his dejection, and in the hour of death to justify his misanthropy. But I have no wish to utter a word on things which I know only at second hand, and cannot speak upon without risk of mis-stating facts or doing injustice to persons. I prefer closing this section with the words of Mr. Gilfillan :

"Well says Bulwer, that of all the mental wrecks which have occurred in our era, this was the most melancholy. Others may have been as unhappy in their domestic circumstances, and gone down steeper places of dissipation than he ; but they had meanwhile the breath of popularity, if not of wealth and station, to give them a certain solace." What had Hazlitt of this nature ? Mr. Gilfillan answers,— "Absolutely nothing to support and cheer him. With no hope, no fortune, no *status* in society ; no certain popularity as a writer, no domestic peace, little sympathy from kindred spirits, little support from his political party, no moral management, no definite belief ; with great powers, and great passions within, and with a host of powerful enemies without, it was his to enact one of the saddest tragedies on which the sun ever shone. Such is a faithful portraiture of an extraordinary man, whose restless intellect and stormy passions have now, for fifteen years, found that repose in the grave which was denied them above it." Mr. Gilfillan concludes with expressing his conviction, in which I desire to concur, that both enemies and friends will *now* join in admiration for the man ; "both will readily concede *now*, that a subtle thinker, an eloquent writer, a lover of beauty and poetry, and man and truth, one of the best of critics, and not the worst of men, expired in William Hazlitt." *Requiescat in pace !*

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

There is no writer named amongst men, of whom, so much as of Percy Bysshe Shel-

ley, it is difficult for a conscientious critic to speak with the truth and the respect due to his exalted powers, and yet without offence to feelings the most sacred, which too memorably he outraged. The indignation, which this powerful young writer provoked, had its root in no personal feelings—those might have been conciliated; in no worldly feelings—those might have proved transitory; but in feelings the holiest which brood over human life, and which guard the sanctuary of religious truth. Consequently, which is a melancholy thought for any friend of Shelley's, the indignation is likely to be co-extensive and co-enduring with the writings that provoked it. That bitterness of scorn and defiance which still burns against his name in the most extensively meditative section of English society, viz. the religious section, is not of a nature to be propitiated: selfish interests, being wounded, might be compensated; merely human interests might be soothed; but interests, that transcend all human valuation, being *so* insulted, must upon principle reject all human ransom or conditions of human compromise. Less than penitential recantation could not be accepted: and *that* is now impossible. "Will ye *transact** with God?" is the indignant language of Milton in a case of that nature. And in this case the language of many pious men said aloud,—“It is for God to forgive: but we, his servants, are bound to recollect that

this young man offered to Christ and to Christianity the deepest insult which ear has heard, or which it has entered into the heart of man to conceive.” Others, as in Germany, had charged Christ with committing suicide, on the principle that he who tempts or solicits death by doctrines fitted to provoke that result, is virtually the causer of his own destruction. But in this sense every man commits suicide, who will not betray an interest confided to his keeping under menaces of death; the martyr, who perishes for truth, when by deserting it he might live; the patriot who perishes for his country, when by betraying it he might win riches and honor. And, were this even otherwise, the objection would be nothing to Christians—who, recognizing the Deity in Christ, recognize his unlimited right over life. Some, again, had pointed their insults at a part more vital in Christianity, if it had happened to be as vulnerable as they fancied. The new doctrine introduced by Christ, of forgiveness to those who injure or who hate us,—on what footing was it placed? Once, at least in appearance, on the idea, that by assisting or forgiving an enemy, we should be eventually “heaping coals of fire upon his head.” Mr. Howdon, in a very clever book [*Rational Investigation of the Principles of Natural Philosophy: London, 1840,*] calls this “a fiendish idea,” (p. 290 :) and I acknowledge that to myself, in one part of my boyhood, it *did* seem a refinement of malice. My subtilizing habits, however, even in those days, soon suggested to me that this aggravation of guilt in the object of our forgiveness was not held out as the motive to the forgiveness, but as the result of it; secondly, that perhaps no aggravation of his guilt was the point contemplated, but the salutary stinging into life of his remorse, hitherto sleeping; thirdly, that every doubtful or perplexing expression must be overruled and determined by the prevailing spirit of the system in which it stands. If Mr. Howdon's sense were the true one, then this passage would be in pointed hostility to every other part of the Christian ethics.*

* “*Transact*.”—this word, used in this Roman sense, illustrates the particular mode of Milton's liberties with the English language; liberties which have never yet been properly examined, collated, numbered, or appreciated. In the Roman law, *transigere* expressed the case, where each of two conflicting parties, conceded something of what originally he had claimed as the rigor of his right; and *transactio* was the technical name for a legal compromise. Milton has here introduced no new word into the English language, but has given a new and more learned sense to an old one. Sometimes, it is true, as in the word *sensuous*, he introduces a pure coinage of his own, and a very useful coinage: but generally to re-endow an old foundation is the extent of his innovations. M. de Tocqueville is therefore likely to be found wrong in saying that “Milton alone introduced more than six hundred words into the English language, almost all derived from the Latin, the Greek, or the Hebrew.” The passage occurs in the 16th chapter of his “*Democracy in America*,” Part II. where M. de Tocqueville is discussing the separate agencies through which democratic life on the one hand, or aristocratic on the other, affects the changes of language. His English translator, Mr. H. Reeve, an able and philosophic annotator, justly views this bold assertion as “startling and probably erroneous.”

* Since the boyish period in which these re-dressing corrections occurred to me, I have seen some reason (upon considering the oriental practice of placing live coals in a pan upon the head, and its meaning as still in use amongst the ‘Turks’) to alter the whole interpretation of the passage. It would too much interrupt the tenor of the subject to explain this at length; but if right, it would equally harmonize with the spirit of Christian morals.

These were affronts to the founder of Christianity, offered too much in the temper of malignity. But Shelley's was worse; more bitter, and with less of countenance, even in show or shadow, from any fact, or insinuation of a fact, that Scripture suggests. In his "Queen Mab," he gives a dreadful portrait of God; and that no question may arise, of *what* God? he names him; it is Jehovah. He asserts his existence; he affirms him to be "an almighty God, and vengeful as almighty." He goes on to describe him as the "omnipotent fiend," who found "none but slaves" [Israel in Egypt, no doubt] to be "his tools," and none but "a murderer" [Moses, I presume] "to be his accomplice in crime." He introduces this dreadful Almighty as speaking, and as speaking thus,—

From an eternity of idleness
I, God, awoke; in seven days' toil made earth
From nothing; rested; and created man.

But man he hates; and he goes on to curse him; till, at the intercession of "the murderer," who is electrified into pity for the human race by the very horror of the divine curses, God promises to send his son—only, however, for the benefit of a few. This son appears; the poet tell us that—

— the Incarnate came; humbly he came,
Veiling his horrible Godhead in the shape
Of man, scorn'd by the world, his name unheard,
Save by the rabble of his native town.

The poet pursues this incarnate God as a teacher of men; teaching, "in semblance," justice, truth, and peace; but underneath all this, kindling "quenchless flames," which eventually were destined

— to satiate, with the blood
Of truth and freedom, his malignant soul.

He follows him to his crucifixion; and describes him, whilst hanging on the cross, as shedding malice upon a reviler,—*malice on the cross!*

A smile of godlike malice reilluminated
His fading lineaments;

and his parting breath is uttered in a memorable curse.

This atrocious picture of the Deity, in his dealings with man, both pre-Christian and post-Christian, is certainly placed in the mouth of the wandering Jew. But the internal evidence, as well as collateral evidence from without, make it clear that the Jew, (whose version of scriptural records

nobody in the poem disputes,) here represents the person of the poet. Shelley had opened his career as an atheist; and as a proselytizing atheist. But he was then a boy. At the date of "Queen Mab" he was a young man. And we now find him advanced from the station of an atheist to the more intellectual one of a believer in God and in the mission of Christ; but of one who fancied himself called upon to defy and to hate both, in so far as they had revealed their relations to man.

Mr. Gilfillan thinks that "Shelley was far too harshly treated in his speculative boyhood;" and it strikes him "that, had pity and kind-hearted expostulation been tried, instead of reproach and abrupt expulsion, they might have weaned him from the dugs of atheism to the milky breast of the faith and 'worship of sorrow;' and the touching spectacle had been renewed, of the demoniac sitting 'clothed, and in his right mind,' at the feet of Jesus." I am not of that opinion; and it is an opinion which seems to question the *sincerity* of Shelley,—that quality which in him was deepest, so as to form the basis of his nature, if we allow ourselves to think that, by personal irritation, he had been piqued into infidelity, or that by flattering conciliation he could have been bribed back into a profession of Christianity. Like a wild horse of the Pampas, he would have thrown up his heels, and *whinnied* his disdain of any man coming to catch *him* with a bribe of oats. He had the constant vision of a manger and a halter in the rear of all such caressing tempters, once having scented the gales of what he thought perfect freedom, from the lawless desert. His feud with Christianity was a craze derived from some early wrench of his understanding, and made obstinate to the degree in which we find it, from having rooted itself in certain combinations of ideas that, once coalescing, could not be shaken loose; such as, that Christianity underpropped the corruptions of the earth, in the shape of wicked governments that might else have been overthrown, or of wicked priesthoods that, but for the shelter of shadowy and spiritual terrors, must have trembled before those whom they overawed. Kings that were clothed in bloody robes; dark hierarchies that scowled upon the poor children of the soil; these objects took up a permanent station in the background of Shelley's imagination, not to be dispossessed more than the phantom of Banquo from the festival of Macbeth, and

composed a towering Babylon of mystery that, to *his* belief, could not have flourished, under any umbrage less vast than that of Christianity. Such was the inextricable association of images that domineered over Shelley's mind; such was the hatred which he built upon that association,—an association casual and capricious, yet fixed and petrified as if by frost. Can we imagine the case of an angel touched by lunacy? Have we ever seen the spectacle of a human intellect, exquisite by its functions of creation, yet in one chamber of its shadowy house already ruined before the light of manhood had cleansed its darkness? Such an angel, such a man,—if ever such there were,—such a lunatic angel, such a ruined man, was Shelley, whilst yet standing on the earliest threshold of life.

(To be continued.)

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

(Concluded.)

AND the Robertses? How were they engaged, both before and after this visit?

No sooner had Mr. Vincent the first time taken his departure, than Mrs. Roberts renewed the attack upon her son, which had been so skilfully stopped by Agatha when he was present.

"And now, sir," said she, "be pleased to account to me as politely, and a little more truly than you have been doing to your friend the tutor, how you have managed to lose hold of the girl whom I placed in so masterly a manner in your hands?"

"To answer you more truly than I did my friend the tutor is impossible, ma'am, but by way of politeness I can make you a bow, if you please," replied her son, drawing his heels together, and making her a low bow.

"I won't bear this!" returned the irritated Mrs. Roberts, stamping her foot upon the ground. "After all I have done, all the money I have given, all the risk I have run, am I to be told by a sneering puppy of a boy that he has let the golden prize slip through his fingers, and then returned to laugh at me? Agatha! I shall go mad! Make him tell you where the girl is. It

may not yet perhaps be too late to secure her. You know not, any of you, how necessary it is that we should have and hold her and her money for ever. People can't go on playing at being lords and ladies for nothing, I can tell you. If we fail in getting this girl the game is up with us."

"Don't go on making a fool of yourself, Edward," said his eldest sister, with a good deal of severity. "This is evidently no time for jesting."

"Hold your tongue, Agatha! You are a right clever girl in some things, but you understand no more about the affairs of men than a baby. As to not jesting, indeed, I am perfectly ready to obey you; being greatly more tempted to blow my brains out than to laugh."

"How can you try to frighten us by talking in such a horrid, disgusting way, Edward?" said Maria, beginning to cry, "and we kept all this time from going to dress! Do come, Agatha! will you? I have the most particular reason in the world for wishing to be in good time to-night. I don't know what may not depend upon it!"

"Maria, you are an idiot," said the young man, "and as for you, Agatha," he continued, turning to the eldest sister, "though you are not an idiot, you are an ignoramus. But my mother is neither the one nor the other, if she does not let her temper get the better of her. So now, ma'am, be so good as to hear me, if you please; and don't let us begin by quarrelling, for it won't answer, you may depend upon it. As to your young devil incarnate, Miss Bertha, I tell you fairly that even if I knew what was become of her, which as I hope to be saved I do not, I never would, as long as I have breath in my body, attempt any thing more in the matrimonial way with her. You know as well as I do, that I always hated her like poison, and you ought to remember into the bargain that I never let this make the very least difference. But it's no good to mince the matter. The thing's no go, mother, and you may as well give it up first as last."

"But I will not give it up, sir!" screamed his strongly-excited parent. "Give it up? Don't I know the monstrous sums I have squeezed out of your father on purpose to keep things going till I could make you set about the business in earnest! And a pretty job you have made of it at last. Oh! I shall go mad! I am quite sure I shall go mad!"

"And what do you think I shall do, ma'am?" cried Maria, wringing her hands. "The truth comes out at last. You say yourself now that you only squeezed out the money for the sake of Edward, so it is much that Agatha and I have to thank you for! And yet, cruel and unkind as you are, I have never for a moment lost sight of what you said ought to be our first object, and now at the very moment when I am quite sure of succeeding both as to the affections of my heart and prudent conformity to your wishes in every respect, you stand here scolding Edward about a thing that is past and over, instead of going to dress for the Princess Yabiolporakiosky's ball! and yet every thing depends upon my meeting him this very night!"

A sudden thought struck Mrs. Roberts as she heard these words, and for a moment a feeling of reviving hope for Maria overpowered her fears for Edward. She recollected the visit of Mr. Vincent, and the expression of her countenance changed, and her voice almost softened into a whisper as she said, "Has Lynberry written to you, Maria? Is it Lord Lynberry whom you expect to meet to-night?"

"Lord Lynberry, ma'am!" returned Maria, with such a mixture of scorn and indignation as made her look quite sublime, "Lord Lynberry! What a pitiful, poor-spirited creature you must take me for. No, ma'am. However badly you and Edward, between you, may have managed *his* affairs, mine have fortunately been left to myself. Agatha can tell you, if she chooses to do so, what the attentions of Prince Filippo Odoronto have been, and there was that in his manner when he engaged me for the first waltz to-night which convinced me."

"Why you silly fool," said her brother, interrupting her, "Prince Filippo Odoronto is married."

"Married!" returned Maria, with a contemptuous smile, "about as much married as you are, Master Edward. Give me leave to know what concerns myself, if you please. The words which Prince Filippo said to me as he gave me my bouquet the night before last, could not have been spoken by any married man."

Mr. Edward's reply to this was a short whistle, and then, turning to his mother, he resumed what he very naturally thought a more important subject.

"I don't think you will do any good by listening to the history of Maria's loves

just at this moment, ma'am; it will be more to the purpose, I believe, to tell me straightforward, without bothering the question with any ifs or buts, whether you can get my father to draw a check large enough to satisfy the claims of Frederigo Paulovino upon me?"

"No!" was the succinct reply of his mother.

"Then I advise you not to show yourselves in any drawing-room in Rome either to-night or any other night. I know you will get affronted if you do."

"If your conduct has really been such as to bring such a consequence upon us, Edward," said Agatha, coloring to the temples, "you deserve—" but there she stopped.

"You are quite at liberty to go on, Miss Agatha," he replied, "I believe that when cards turn against a man, his friends and relations generally turn after them; but that is a point of no consequence whatever. If this money can be paid, I am ready and willing to start fresh, and hope for better luck for the future; but, if it cannot, the game is up with us all. You had better take my word for it than wait till you have found it out for yourselves."

"You are talking the most outrageous nonsense possible, Edward!" cried Agatha, vehemently. "What on earth can it signify, as far as the manner of our being received in society is concerned, whether you lose or win?"

"As far as winning and receiving a handful of naps one night, Miss Agatha, or losing and *paying* them another, you are perfectly right in supposing that you could not by possibility have any thing whatever to do with it. But you are more behindhand in your education than I should have thought possible, if you don't know that a fellow who pockets his winnings, and shirks paying his losings, is liable at any hour of the day or night to be kicked about like a dog, and that the loveliest women that ever trod the earth, if they are related to him, can no more hope to be well received by people of fashion than if they were known to be infected with the plague."

"Then how have you dared, young villain as you are, to betray us into so dreadful a situation?" returned Agatha, with vehemence. "You are, if this be true, a reptile unfit to live! knowing, as you so evidently did, that you were risking our destruction, yet persisting in your villain-

ous course just because it amused you! Edward, you are a monster."

"You may call me what names you like, my pretty young lady, and I will be generous enough not to call names in return, although—. However, that is no matter. I will just observe, however, that you are quite mistaken in supposing that I ever risked a farthing for the sake of amusing myself. It has, I assure you, been quite a matter of business throughout. I wanted money, and I had no other means of getting it. What the deuce was I to do? You would not have had me go begging, I suppose? Besides, I have another excuse, if any excuse were wanted for a young fellow who has done nothing worse than all men of real fashion do every day of their lives. I had every reason to hope that if luck ran against me I should be able to make Sir Christopher Harrington pay the damages."

"Well, sir, and so you might," cried his mother vehemently. "Did I not place her—" but suddenly recollecting that the "*dear chucks*," her daughters, were to be innocent of her part of the elopement, she checked herself, and then added, "upon all occasions as much within your reach as possible?"

"Yes, ma'am, I can't deny that you did your part of the business admirably, excepting that you did not give me quite money enough for the job. I might have been married to the little devil by this time, in some way or another, if I could but have afforded to take a courier."

"Do you mean to stand talking here all night?" cried Maria, clasping her hands imploringly. "I tell you all, and I tell you no more than the truth, that every thing depends upon my going to the princess's ball to-night."

"And I tell you," replied her brother, "that as far as your affairs are concerned you had much better stay at home. Filippo Odoronto is married, I tell you."

"And how do you know, you vile gambler you, that he may not get a divorce?" replied the enraged Maria. "Or how do you know, you wicked, selfish wretch," she added, "how do you know that I might not meet Lord Lynberry there to-night, and set every thing right again in that quarter? Oh! it is too, too hard!"

It seemed as if there were something in these last words of her daughter Maria which particularly irritated the unfortunate Mrs. Roberts. Perhaps she felt that there

was a species of vagueness in the nature of that pretty young lady's hopes which partook a good deal of the character of despair. Whatever the cause might be, however, she seemed at this moment to lose her patience altogether, and stepping forwards with rapid strides to the table at which Edward was standing she said, with a raised arm and thundering voice,

"I'll make an end of it at once, children, for I am tired of it all. I have toiled and slaved like a negro to do the best I could for you all, but it is all in vain. You are a parcel of selfish, headstrong, extravagant fools, and I don't believe that if you had a dozen such mothers as I am, with all my good management, knowledge of the world, and unwearied industry, it would be enough to save you from destruction. But I shall go on no longer in this way I promise you. I shall go directly to your father and tell him the exact state of the case. I have done all that a devoted mother could do, and I will strive and strain no more. I declare to Heaven that since I have been in Rome I have never paid a single farthing for any thing that I could get on credit, in order that you might be able to enjoy yourselves, and the consequence is, that what with one thing and another, there is a good deal more owing here than we ought to spend in the course of a whole year. There is but one thing to be done, that is as clear as light. Don't you understand what I mean, Agatha?"

"I neither know nor care what you mean, ma'am," replied her fair counsellor. "You must know as well as I do that no maudlin half measures ever can answer. I have told you so a thousand times over. I know from the very best authority that more than half of the peculiarly elegant and fashionable-looking English who take the lead in all the first circles on the continent are completely ruined in the vulgar, old-fashioned sense of the words. But where there is beauty in the young, and common sense in the old, such people may and do go on for years enjoying every pleasure that life can bestow. And without being one atom worse off at last than we seem to be now. But then, of course, they are not disgraced by having a swindling blackleg belonging to them! Edward ought to leave us instantly and go to New Zealand or Australia, or something of that sort, and we ought to go on immediately to Naples."

"But not till we have been to one more ball," cried Maria, suddenly dropping upon

her knees; "oh, let me try what I can do at one more ball, if you have any pity!"

Mrs. Roberts was in the act of making rather a spirited answer to this appeal, when Mr. Vincent entered the room in the manner described in the last chapter.

ONCE more left to themselves, the unfortunate family appeared to have gained time for reflection from the interruption, for the mutual reproaches seemed to have ceased, and for a few moments after the door had closed upon the intruder, they all remained profoundly silent.

The first sound heard, was a deep sigh from the bosom of the fair Maria; but now, this sign of woe, instead of being noticed with severity, produced only a responding sigh from her mother, together with the gentle words, "Don't go on fretting so, Maria, that can't do any good to any body."

"You never said a truer word than that, Mrs. Roberts," said the son, evidently relieved by the comparative calm in which he found himself, "and if you could teach the girls to be as reasonable as yourself, I would answer for it that I would show you a way in no time to creep out of this confounded hole that we have got into."

"Well, speak, Edward," replied his mother, meekly, "I am so sick of plotting and planning for every body, and never finding any single thing answer, that I am ready and willing to listen."

"Well then, you have spoke out about *your* money matters, so it is but fair that I should speak out about *mine*. There is scarcely a shop in Rome where a man of fashion could get an article of any sort to please him, where I have not got a bill. Sometimes I went in with one first-rate fellow, and sometimes with another, and more than once, I have asked some of your fine lady friends to set me down at the shops where there was something I wanted; and in this way I have got credit to a larger amount than it is any use to talk about; for if the game is up, it matters little whether it is fifty or fifty thousand that our creditors are to whistle for. Well then, it is as clear as daylight that there is but one thing to do, and that is to flit. We shall not be the first family who have performed that admirable piece, 'we fly by night,' in concert. The carriage will be here presently to take us to this ball that Maria is making such a riot about, and if you will take my advice you

will bundle us all into it and be off. The money that you gave me for the purpose of obtaining the possessions of Miss Bertha, will help to take us. We must go to that place by the sea, Civita something or other, and stick to the steam-boats as long as possible, and then get on as cheap as we can to Ostend, or Havre, or Calais, or some of those places where people live upon nothing, they say, and if they have a mind for it can make a splash in a quiet way."

"And why not live upon nothing here, Edward?" said Agatha, rising from the sofa. "I have been told over and over again that it is the very easiest thing in the world, nor have I any doubt that we should find it so. Here we are precisely in the situation that suits us; the people, the manners, the perfect liberality of feeling on all points. In short, we wish, I mean Maria and myself, *we* wish to stay here, and that being the case, I can see no reasonable cause for our going. I do not wish to say any thing severe to you, quite the contrary, I have a great regard for you, and it is exactly for that reason that I so strongly advise your immediately setting off for Australia."

All this was spoken without any appearance of violence or ill-humor, and as far as tone went, had every appearance of being a very reasonable remonstrance. Edward appeared to think it so, for he replied to it in the same temperate and reflective manner.

"I am fully aware of all the advantages you allude to, Agatha," he said, "and value them as much as you do. When I was at school I used to hear a great deal about the glories of Rome, and I am now ready to give my testimony to its being the most glorious place upon earth for people of fashion like ourselves, who have a proper value for princes and princesses, and all that sort of thing. But let people say what they will, Agatha, about living here for *nothing*, that phrase, I do assure you, does not refer the least in the world to debts of honor. As to tradesmen, the letting their bills rest in peace as long as you possibly can, is, of course, all plain sailing and fair play, and those who best understand the keeping up their credit by showing themselves off, side by side with those who throw about their tin freely, can carry on the war the longest. But liberal as you truly say Rome is, I happen to know, my dear, that the women and the men hang together like bees when the question is about cutting a fellow that can't pay his play-debts. Take my word for it, that my setting off for Australia won't rub

out the blot, and that if you persist in staying here, you and Maria will find yourselves walking *tête-à-tête*, on the shady side of the hedge."

Agatha listened to him in gloomy silence. Though not quite so well informed upon the subject as himself, she greatly feared that his statement respecting this one exception in the liberal code of Rome was only too correct, and her "fine spirit" was so completely overwhelmed by the idea that she was about to be dragged away, and actually forced to turn her back upon all the thrones, principalities, and powers, which she so fondly loved, and so devoutly revered, that she sunk back upon the sofa in an agony of tears.

At that moment a heavy cloud did indeed seem to settle itself upon the Roberts race, for not one of them appeared to have sufficient vigor left to make a noise.

Mr. Roberts, senior, was pretty nearly fast asleep in his own little room, with his empty brandy-and-water glass standing on the table before him.

His wife stood exactly where Vincent's last entrance and exit had found and left her. Her hands were firmly clasped together, her brows knit, and her eyes fixed upon the ground.

Their son remained opposite to her, and having ceased to speak, he had crossed his arms upon his chest, and stood, if not exactly "at ease," yet affecting to look so as well as he could, while he waited with a sort of dogged patience for what was to be said or done next.

Maria was still on her knees, but her head and arms were now supported on a chair, and from it proceeded a low and very dismal sobbing, which several gentlemen, if they had heard and understood it, ought to have thought exceedingly flattering.

This gloomy state of things lasted for several minutes, but was at last interrupted by Agatha, who suddenly rousing herself, exclaimed, "Tell me at once, both of you—you ma'am, and Edward, I mean—what is the sum that would bring us clear at once from all debts, gambling, tradesmen, and all?"

The abrupt manner of this appeal startled the whole party, and the two she had particularly addressed seemed to rouse themselves in order to give her an answer.

But there was apparently something either difficult or disagreeable in doing so, for they both hesitated.

"What is the good," said Edward, "of

tormenting one's memory about every nap that may be owing up and down this confounded place? You will be asking us next I suppose, how much we left unpaid at Paris. What is the good of it, Agatha?"

"No good in the world," replied her mother for her. "Upon that point I certainly know better than any of you, for I have not forgotten the last scene I had when I got your father to draw for the money for Edward's running off with Bertha."

"My father did not then know how desperate our condition was," replied Agatha, with a little of her former stately decision of manner. "Let him now be told the whole truth without any mitigation or disguise whatever. Let him be made to understand that we must all run away in the middle of the night, and never be able to lift up our heads afterwards, if he does not at once sell out of the funds or draw out of the bank, whichever it may be, as many thousands as will be necessary to get us all perfectly clear. When this is done we shall be able to look about us; and I have no doubt in the world that we shall then be able to go on again as well, or rather, I ought to say, a great deal better than ever. Will you undertake to manage this, ma'am?"

"No, Agatha, I will not," replied Mrs. Roberts, in a manner so decided as to leave no hope of shaking her resolution. "I know the state of your father's mind better than you do, and I positively refuse to make any such proposal to him."

"Then if you won't, I will," said the young lady, springing to her feet with a degree of vivacity which showed that her confidence in her own powers was reviving. "If," she added, "if you would let me know the amount required it would be more convenient, and so you will both find if I happen to bring you rather less than you want."

"Less than two thousand pounds would not be worth having for my share of the business," cried Edward boldly, as he saw her moving towards the door.

"Very well," replied his sister composedly, "that shall be the sum I will ask for; but it might be better for me to state how much of that is for debts of honor, and how much for tradespeople."

"One-fourth of the sum," said he, "would set me clear of the world, if my losses were paid."

"And for you, ma'am," resumed Agatha, "I presume that about two or three hundred would suffice?"

"Mercy on me! No, indeed it would not, Agatha!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, suddenly recovering herself, as it seemed, from the astonishment which had kept her silent. "Not a farthing less than seven or eight hundred would do me any good, if you mean for a regular paying up of every thing. Remember there are no less than four milliners that we have all had dresses from. I have not paid one sixpence of rent yet. There is a horrid long bill at the *restaurant*, and I have got the coachman and the footman to wait on condition that I should pay them almost double when we go. Then of course you know there are millions of bills for gloves, shoes, hair-dressing, flowers, brandy, tea, coffee, wine, sugar, candles, wood, perfumery, milk, washing, silk stockings, shawls, bonnets, cloaks, turbans for me, scarfs and fans for us all, and a hundred and fifty other things that it is quite impossible I should remember all in a moment. But if you are really in earnest, Agatha, in trying what you can do by way of getting a tolerably large sum at once, it will be best to put ours at one thousand; for a hundred or two can make no real difference at such a time, and this would leave us a little mite of ready money, which would be a real blessing to us all."

"Very well, ma'am," said the self-elected nuncio, composedly. "I will take your estimate at one thousand, and Edward's at two, and trust I may be able to succeed for both."

"If you do," cried Mrs. Roberts, lifting up her hands and eyes, "I shall be ready to declare that you are the most wonderful creature that ever lived. Away with you, Agatha! We shall neither of us be able to breathe, I think, till you come back again!"

"But Agatha! Agatha!" cried Maria, raising her head from the chair, "do you hope to manage so as for us to go to the ball to-night?"

"If I succeed at all, Maria, you may go where you will, not only to night, but for a pretty tolerably long number of nights afterwards. I do not intend to do the thing by halves, I promise you."

Having said this, the young lady walked with a stately and assured step towards the door, but was stopped on the threshold by her mother's calling to her.

"Stay one moment, Agatha," she said. "Remember, my dear, that your poor papa thinks that Edward and Bertha are run off

together, for I told him so. You will have to begin by setting him right about that."

"Very well, ma'am," again responded Miss Agatha, "that will be but a trifle among all the rest of it," and having so said with rather a sardonic sort of smile, she bowed her head and left the room.

MISS AGATHA, as she expected, found her father dozing in happy ignorance of the important crisis at which the affairs of his family had arrived. And also, as she expected, he looked at her with an air of very great astonishment when, having roused him from his slumbers, she informed him that she had something important to communicate to him.

"You, my dear?" he replied, with a very kind paternal smile. "Then I guess it must be something very agreeable, Agatha. For of late I have never had any thing important said to me, that was not disagreeable, but it was always your poor dear mother that said it. But now I hope the good news is really beginning, for even *she* told me something this morning that I was by no means sorry to hear about your brother Edward. And now as I take it, Agatha, you are come to tell me something either about Maria or yourself—which is it, my dear?"

"The news I have to tell you, sir, is of a very different kind," replied Agatha, solemnly; "and is, I am sorry to say, of a nature as far as possible from being agreeable. In the first place, sir, it is absolutely necessary that I should confess to you that I am convinced we have all been mistaken in supposing my poor mother was a good manager. I have now discovered facts which convince me of the contrary, and it is this which has determined me to come to you in order to explain fully the situation of your affairs, of which I am quite convinced you are almost entirely ignorant."

"Bless my soul, my dear child, you don't say so?" said the old gentleman, looking rather better pleased and rather less astonished than might have been expected. "Well, to be sure! who would have thought it? And yet, Agatha, I won't deny, my dear, that I have sometimes had a little misgiving about her being so very clever as to money matters, as she always said she was. However, Agatha, if she deceived herself in this, it was only a mistake, you know, and not her fault. Poor dear Sarah! only

to think of my notions proving right after all ! But at any rate, my dear, it is a comfort that your brother has made such a great match. It is a blessing that he is provided for, because I can do the more for you and Maria."

"There again, sir, my mother has made some most extraordinary blunder. Edward is now in the house, having come back from his ridiculous expedition with the news that Miss Harrington had run away from him with a priest."

"This is the worst news of all," said the poor old man, looking a good deal more rational and a good deal more miserable than when the conversation began. "We have then lost Miss Harrington as a boarder, and Edward has not got her as a wife?"

"Exactly so," replied Agatha. "And now, sir, do you think you are sufficiently composed to hear and understand the statement I am come to make of the real condition of your family affairs?"

By *composed*, Agatha probably meant *sober*, and she immediately perceived that when her father quietly answered *yes*, he spoke the truth.

The species of imbecility into which he had been for some time sinking, had a considerable mixture of wilfulness in it. He had found himself so miserable, poor man, in watching the waning state of his affairs, that he sought relief in ceasing to watch them any longer, and his brandy and water system was, to a great degree, a matter of calculation. He did not wish to lose his senses every day from intoxication, but he did wish to become indifferent and forgetful. The *tête-à-tête* interviews with his wife, which invariably ended by his being obliged to draw for more money, had long become the bane of his existence, and he now felt the interference of his daughter as a relief, and if it was necessary that he should hear of more troubles, he greatly preferred listening to them from a new quarter.

Taking advantage, therefore, of the readiness with which he seemed disposed to listen to her, Agatha related to him the whole of her brother's adventures, both respecting his unfortunate attempt at elopement, his heavy losses at the gaming-table, and his numerous debts to tradesmen.

She then went on to state, without any attempt at disguise or mitigation, the condition of the family credit, and concluded by asking him whether he did not think

that the best thing he could do under the circumstances would be to redeem the whole family from utter disgrace by at once liquidating all claims upon them. This done, she said, he might save them all from future risk of similar embarrassment by letting her take the management of every thing relating to money.

"Try this scheme, my dear father," she said in conclusion, "and you will find that you are not ruined yet."

There was something so new in being thus talked to by his daughter, who had never before addressed so many words to him on any subject, that he listened to her with the deepest attention, and when she had concluded he got up, kissed her on the forehead, told her that he was very much obliged to her, and that he should take into consideration every word she had said.

This general assurance, however, was not enough to satisfy the anxious mind of Miss Agatha, and she confessed that she was determined not to leave him till he had told her whether it was his intention that all his family should be disgraced or not.

"Agatha," replied the old gentleman, with more firmness of voice and manner than she expected from him, "it is decidedly my intention that they should not."

This was enough. His daughter took a most affectionate leave of him, begged him to go to bed and compose himself, and promised that a list of all their debts should be furnished to him in the course of the following day.

She then returned very triumphantly to the anxious party she had left in the drawing-room, when it was quickly decided that the ladies should immediately dress for the ball. Mr. Edward, however, declined accompanying them, confessing that he should have more pleasure in meeting his particular friends after his accounts with them were settled than before.

* * * *

Having thus relieved the most important personages of my narrative from the terror of losing what they considered as a very *important* ball, I may with a safe conscience bestow a few moments upon poor little Bertha Harrington, who, though by no means a prodigy of youthful wisdom, was not without some sterling good qualities.

It is not necessary to relate all the particulars of her escape with the worthy cure at full length, and in truth I have no space left for it. It must suffice to say that under

his protection she not only reached the convent of the Santa Consolazione in safety, but was fortunate enough immediately to obtain a hearing from Father Maurice, who undertook to take charge of her till he could place her under the protection of the relation she had named.

A mild-looking old man was commissioned to find her a bed, and to supply all her wants, and from him she learned that the guilty but penitent Mademoiselle Labarr survived the interview she had had with her but a few hours.

When the venerable Father Maurice came to her on the following morning, desiring to know in what manner he could serve her, Bertha certainly startled him a little by giving him to understand that all she wished or wanted was to be conveyed immediately to the most fashionable hotel in Rome, for the purpose of putting herself under the protection of a gentleman who was her cousin.

During the interval of a few moments the good priest sat with his eyes fixed on the floor, and his chin supported in his hand, pondering on what it would be most righteous to do under the circumstances; and, fortunately for Bertha, he decided upon letting her have her way.

As to pausing to describe the feelings of Vincent as he saw her ushered into the sitting-room which he occupied with his young pupil (who was, however, fortunately absent), it is quite out of the question. Had I some fifty pages left at my command I might succeed perhaps in giving some faint idea of the interview which followed; but as it is, I can only say that Father Maurice having been dismissed with grateful thanks by both, and such a donation for the use of the poor as convinced him that they must be very excellent young people, these strangely situated and hitherto unacknowledged lovers, came to an explanation which made them rather happier than they seemed to think they ought to be under such very embarrassing circumstances.

Vincent in truth felt that the delicate forbearance which had hitherto prevented the avowal of his affection, had already plunged the object of it into dangers and difficulties from which he might have saved her, and with such a conviction on his mind it was not very likely he should persevere in a line of conduct which was still likely to prove as dangerous as it was painful. In short, before their interview ended by Bertha being put in the quietest room that

could be found for her use, it was decided between them that by far the most discreet and in every way the most proper thing they could do would be to adopt the scheme attempted by Mr. Edward Roberts. In plain English, to run away together to Naples, which Vincent believed to be the nearest place at which they could be married. And I, too, am clearly of opinion that it *was* by far the best thing they could do.

Nor had they ever cause to doubt the wisdom of the measure. Their journey to Castle Harrington after their marriage was as rapid as it could be without inconvenience, and Bertha found her father too ready to confess his own faults, and too happy at finding that the still worse suspicions which attached to him were removed from the mind of his daughter for ever, to be at all disposed to quarrel with the means which restored her to him.

He received Vincent too as he deserved to be received, which is equivalent to saying that he could not be received better; and as the repentant baronet never married again, he grew more firmly attached with every passing year to the man who not only made his daughter the happiest woman in the world, but who, in succeeding to his title and estates, transmitted them to his almost worshipped grandson.

CONCLUSION.

It was very evident to Mrs. Roberts that whatever might have been the nature of the conversation between her husband and their eldest daughter, the former had been apparently made a new being by it.

The accounts of every kind, including those of his dashing son, were furnished him according to the promise of Agatha, and greatly to the delight, and not a little to the surprise of Mrs. Roberts and her offspring, the old gentleman drew, and himself negotiated, a draft upon his London bankers which exceeded by exactly two hundred pounds the whole amount, exclusive, however, of the young gentleman's debts of honor.

With his own hand he paid every bill, and into his own pocket-book he put every receipt, and then he gave notice that he wished to say a few words to all his family together.

These words were really very few, con

sidering the importance of them, and they were to this effect.

In the first place he addressed his son, and told him with a sort of quiet steadfastness that carried conviction with it, that he never would pay a single shilling towards liquidating his debts of honor.

The young man's only remonstrance was uttered in these words, "Then, sir, neither I nor any of my family can ever show ourselves in society again."

To which his father replied, "So much the better, Edward. However, as far as the society of Rome is concerned it matters very little, one way or the other, for I do not purpose remaining here more than four-and-twenty hours longer. God forgive me for all the weakness I have shown! I will do the best I can now to remedy the mischief. I have eaten into my little fortune to the amount of four thousand five hundred pounds; and that is not the worst of it. My late partner tells me in his last letter that my repeated drafts upon the capital left in the business, and for which they stipulated to give me four per cent. interest, have led them to think that it will be better to pay off the loan, so that for the future I shall only get about three per cent. interest in the funds. My income therefore will be but a small one, but such as it is, it will for the future be spent in England."

Had Mr. Roberts said that he "hoped" it would be spent in England, or that he should "wish it might be spent in England," or had he used any phrase whatever which left an opening for an *if*, he would probably have failed in his purpose altogether, for he would have been assailed on all sides with such torrents of arguments to prove that he was wrong, as must in all probability have overwhelmed him; but his absolute style of pronouncing the words "*it will*," settled the business at once, and before eight-and-forty hours had passed over their heads from the time that Miss Agatha undertook the affair, the Roberts family were packed into a Veterino carriage as snugly and as helplessly as so many cats in a basket, and pursuing the road to Civita Vecchia, from whence they immediately proceeded by water to Marseilles, and so on through France to England.

It was not without a strong exertion of firmness and resolution that poor Mr. Roberts achieved all this. His brandy-and-water was given up, and all his former habits of deference for his clever wife entirely broken through, so that by the time he had set-

tled his family in a small lodging in London he fell sick, and very soon after his indignant wife thought he was ill enough to justify her sending for a doctor, he died.

This event, however, did not find him wholly unprepared. He had prayed very earnestly to be forgiven for the weakness which had occasioned so much mischief, and he had made his will.

Almost immediately after his death, Mr. Edward "took his proportion like the prodigal son," and set off, in the hope of increasing it, to the United States of America.

And now any one who may think it worth their while to ascertain the subsequent adventures of the ladies of the family, will be sure to hear of them either at Cheltenham, Brighton, or Leamington, as they constantly move about from one to the other of these gay resorts, amusing every one whom they can get to listen to them with the brilliant history of the delightful year they spent abroad. Their three little incomes joined together, enable them (to use their own phrase) "to keep up an appearance," but unfortunately neither of the young ladies seems likely to marry, and as the necessity of fine dresses, in all the various branches of the Roberts' family, increases with increasing years, they all find themselves occasionally obliged to take up a little principal money, and hitherto the great facility which attends the disposing of funded property in England has prevented their ever having been arrested for debt.

From the Quarterly Review.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES, ETC.

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the Earliest Times till the Reign of George IV. The First Series, in three volumes. By John, Lord Campbell, A.M., F.R.S.E. 8vo. London, 1845.

WE have before us only three volumes of Lord Campbell's work, and these bring us no lower than the Revolution of 1688. He announces his intention of continuing it down to the reign of George IV.; and under such circumstances we do not propose at present to enter on any serious discussion of his Lordship's views, as yet hinted rather than expressed, of the highest

judicial office in this country, either as it has been or as it should be regulated. It is sufficient for us to thank him for the honest industry with which he has thus far prosecuted his large task, the general candor and liberality with which he has analyzed the lives and characters of a long succession of influential magistrates and ministers, and the manly style of his narrative, often diversified with happy description and instructive reflection, and but rarely blemished by silliness of sentiment or finery of phrase. We well know that the majority of our readers would be less thankful to us for any disquisition, legal or political, of our own, than for a selection of specimens and anecdotes, sufficient to convey some notion at least of the variety and interest of the author's researches and lucubrations; and we fairly confess, too, that on closing the volumes we feel an additional motive to this course. We opened them with comparatively limited anticipations; and are willing to offer what seems the least ambiguous apology in our power.

It was reserved for the antiquarian explorers of our own time, and more especially for the acutest and profoundest of their number, Sir Francis Palgrave, to elucidate with any approach to distinctness the real origin of the Court of Chancery, and the position and functions of the Chancellor in the Anglo-Saxon and early Anglo-Norman periods. Lord Campbell has not added to the aggregate of their deductions, but he has arranged and classified them with skill; and the unprofessional reader will probably be obliged to this work for his first clear notion of that antique system of things under which the chief priest of the royal chapel was *ex officio* the confessor of the sovereign, 'the keeper of the king's conscience;' and also, and as naturally, his chief secretary, intrusted with the Great Seal, the *clavis regni*, by which communications to foreign powers, or orders commanding particular courts or officers to attend to the cases of subjects who had petitioned the throne as the source of justice, were alike authenticated. The Chancellor had a place from the first in the *Aula Regia*, but his place there was a subordinate one until the abolition of the office of Great Justiciary: and even after that event, the importance and dignity of the *custos* of the Great Seal appear to have grown by not rapid steps, and to have reached their ultimate point solely in consequence of the commanding personal char-

acters of some two or three among the Anglo-Norman churchmen who sat on 'the Marble Chair over against the middle of the Marble Table,' at the upper end of Westminster Hall—which chair and table were still extant in the days of Dugdale. The inferior clergymen of the chapel royal assisted the chief priest in all his various departments of duty, and it was with a view to the proper reward and advancement of these sub-chaplains, under-secretaries of state, and *masters in chancery*, that the *Conscience-keeper* was originally intrusted with the ecclesiastical patronage which still attaches to his office. He himself was considered as entitled, when he had filled the marble chair for some space, to be promoted to the mitre; in the majority of cases, however, he was already a Bishop, in not a few Archbishop, before he became Chancellor; and the office of Papal Legate was frequently superadded to all these weighty burdens.

The earliest recorded Chancellor, Augustinus, is supposed to have been one of the Italian priests who accompanied Augustine on his mission to the court of Ethelbert. The fourth after him, and the earliest of whose personal history we have any precise information, was Swithin, ordained priest in A. D. 830, and selected by King Egbert for chaplain to himself, and tutor to his son Ethelwulf. In the reign of the latter, he was at once Chancellor and prime minister, and Bishop of Winchester, and (highest of all his distinctions) intrusted with the education of Alfred. Swithin is said to have given Alfred his taste for the poetry of the Scalds; and as he accompanied the prince on his pilgrimage to Rome, the seventeenth Bishop of Winchester may be supposed to have had some pretensions also to classical learning. About fifty years after his death he was canonized by the papal see, in grateful remembrance, no doubt, of his having established in England the payment of 'Peter's pence.' St. Swithin too has the credit of having procured the first Act of the Wittenagemot for enforcing universal payment of tithes; which circumstance may possibly account for the place he still occupies in our own Calendar. He died July 15th, A. D. 862; and his parting command was that he should be buried in the churchyard of Winchester, '*ubi cadaver et pedibus prætereuntium et stillicidiis ex cælo rorantibus esset obnoxium*;' but upon his canonization it was thought proper to remove the

relics to the high altar of his cathedral, and this violation of his injunctions was only averted by the direct interference of the Saint, who sent down a deluge of rain that lasted for forty days, and which, as we are all aware, is still repeated as often as the 15th of July is a wet day; whereas if St. Swithin's day be a fair one, we are sure of thirty-nine fine days more to succeed it.

Lord Campbell has been able to discover only one decision of Lord Chancellor Swithin's. The line was not as yet accurately drawn between equity and common law cases, for an old woman approached this high magistrate with a complaint, that on her way to market that morning a certain rude peasant had shoved her about, insomuch that every egg in her basket was broken. The right reverend holder of the Great Seal, instead of sending the case to a jury, was pleased to proceed in a summary manner—'*damnum suspirat, misericordiâ mentis cunctantem miraculum excitat, statimque porrecto signo crucis fracturam omnium ovorum consolidat*'. The reporter is William of Malmesbury (242); but we shall no doubt have more about the miraculous reconsolidation of the plaintiff's eggs in some early number of the 'Lives of the English Saints.'

Chancellor Swithin was a man of peace; but for several centuries after him we find his office held, with rare exceptions, by eminent churchmen who were also, whenever occasion tempted, efficient leaders of armed men, not a few of them distinguished by personal acts of prowess in siege or battle. One of the most redoubted soldiers that ever rose to the marble chair was Lord Chancellor Thomas à Becket; but the noblest combination of military and legal renown was exhibited in the person of Ranulphus de Glanville, who, as Great Justiciary of England, overshadowed all that immediately followed à Becket as keepers of the Great Seal—for this magistrate not only commanded in chief when a king of Scotland was taken prisoner, but wrote a book on the Laws and Constitution of England, which must still be studied by all who would acquire a critical knowledge of them as they stood in the first century of the Conquest, before they were modified by the Magna Charta of King John. Lord Coke sums up his enthusiastic eulogy of Glanville in these words: '*vir præclarissimus genere, qui provectione ætate ad terram sanctam properavit, et ibidem*

contra inimicos crucis Christi strenuissime usque ad mortem dimicavit.'

One of the Chancellors whom this really great lawyer and great man overshadowed was Geoffrey Plantagenet, natural son of Henry II. by Fair Rosamond, who was placed in the see of Lincoln while in the twentieth year of his age, and held it for seven years, during which he served gallantly in the wars at the head of 140 knights from his bishopric, but never would take holy orders, and the Pope insisting on this point, at last resigned his mitre rather than comply. To console and compensate him for the loss of Lincoln, his father made Geoffrey Chancellor. It was not till long afterwards that he laid aside his aversion to the priestly vows, and became in a regular manner Archbishop of York, in which dignity he died.

Another noticeable Chancellor of that age was Walter de Gray—honorably noticeable as having resigned his office rather than affix the Great Seal to the shameful deed by which John resigned his kingdom to the Pope—noticeable also as having been afterwards, when recommended for the mitre of York, strenuously objected to by the chapter as '*minus sufficiens in literaturâ.*' The Pope being appealed to, resisted also on the ground of the ex-chancellor's '*crassa ignorantia,*' which the ex-chancellor seems to have admitted, pleading as a set-off nothing more than '*virgin chastity*' and other virtues, which would not apparently have overcome the hesitation of the Holy Father, unless De Gray had super-added a present of 1000*l.*—equal to not much less than 100,000*l.* now! It should be added, that this Archbishop lived afterwards a life of extreme mortification, and purchased by his savings, and bequeathed to his See, the manor and palace of Bishop Thorpe, where his successors still hold their provincial state, and York Place in Westminster, which they in like manner occupied till Wolsey resigned it to Henry VIII., when it was new-named Whitehall.

Among all these clerical Chancellors we think there occurs but one who did not ultimately reach the mitre. This was John Maunsel (A.D. 1246), who while holding the Great Seal became Provost of Beverley, his highest Church preferment—but not his only one. This personage, according to Matthew Paris, held at once 700 livings. He had, Lord Campbell presumes, presented himself to all that fell vacant, and were in the gift of the Crown, while he was

Chancellor. The greatest pluralist on record thought himself nevertheless an ill-used Chancellor—and with some reason too, for it was during his occupance of the marble chair that a king of England (since the Conquest) first practised the dispensing power—and it was he who introduced the *non obstante* clause into grants and patents.

In the reign of Henry III. we have the agreeable variety of a *Lady Keeper*. In 1253 the king, proceeding to Gascony, committed the Great Seal, with all the usual formalities, to his Queen, Eleanor of Provence, and though the sealing of writs and common instruments was left to Kilkenny, Archdeacon of Coventry, her Grace executed in person the more important duties of her new office. This judge began her sittings on the Nativity of the Virgin, and continued them regularly till the 25th of November, when the Court was interrupted by her *accouchement*. 'The Lady Keeper had a favorable recovery, and, being churched, resumed her place in the Aula Regia.'

'Soon after the accession of Edward I. to the crown, she renounced the world and retired to the monastery of Ambresbury, where, in the year 1284, she actually took the veil. She had the satisfaction of hearing of the brilliant career of her son, and she died in 1292, when he was at the height of his glory, having subdued Wales, pacified Ireland, reduced Scotland to feudal subjection, and made England more prosperous and happy than at any former period.

'Although the temper and haughty demeanour of Eleanor were very freely censured in her own time, I believe no imputation was cast upon her virtue till the usurper Henry IV., assuming to be the right heir of Edmund her second son, found it convenient to question the legitimacy of Edward her first-born, and to represent him as the fruit of an adulterous intercourse between her and the Earl Marshal. Then was written the popular ballad representing her as confessing her frailty to the King her husband, who, in the garb of a friar of France, has come to shrive her in her sickness, accompanied by the Earl Marshal in the same disguise.

Oh, do you see yon fair-haired boy
That's playing with the ball?
He is, ne is the Earl Marshal's son,
And I love him the best of all.

Oh, do you see yon pale-faced boy
That's catching at the ball?
He is King Henry's only son,
And I love him the least of all.

But she was a very different person from her successor, Isabella of France, Queen of Ed-

ward II., and there is no reason to doubt that she was ever a faithful wife and a loving mother to all her children.

'Although none of her judicial decisions, while she held the Great Seal, have been transmitted to us, we have very full and accurate information respecting her person, her career, and her character, for which we are chiefly indebted to Matthew Paris, who often dined at table with her and her husband, and composed his history of those times with their privacy and assistance.'—vol. i. p. 144.

Queen Eleanor (down to this time the only Lady Keeper) was succeeded by Archdeacon Kilkenny who had acted under her as a sort of vice-chancellor. He is celebrated only for having been a remarkably handsome man, and for having drawn up Henry the Third's answers to a remonstrance from certain heads of the church respecting alleged encroachments by the Crown on their order. The royal response was in these words:

"It is true I have been faulty in this particular: I obtruded you, my Lord of Canterbury, on your see; I was obliged to employ both entreaties and menaces, my Lord of Winchester, to have you elected. My proceedings, I confess, were very irregular, my Lords of Salisbury and Carlisle, when I raised you from the lowest stations to your present dignities. I am determined henceforth to correct these abuses; and it will also become you, in order to make a thorough reformation, to resign your present benefices, and try again to become successors of the Apostles in a more regular and canonical manner."—vol. i. p. 145.

One of Edward the First's Chancellors, William *de Grenfield*, or *de Grenvill* (a younger son of the family now represented by the Duke of Buckingham) was on the 4th of December, 1303, elected Archbishop of York: but the papal legate obstinately objecting to him, he resigned the seal and proceeded to Rome in person with a purse of 9500 marks, which smoothed all difficulties. The rapidity of his proceedings, attested in the clearest manner, may well astonish us. He delivered the great seal to the king at Westminster on the 29th of December, 1304, and was, on his return from Rome, consecrated at Lambeth on the 30th of the ensuing month of January. But a few years ago this would have been thought laudable speed in a Cabinet courier. We must conjecture that the ex-Chancellor took shipping at Marseilles for Civita Vecchia, and returning in the same way had the extraordinary luck of a propitious gale both times. But indeed we have not a few

wonderful journeys on record in those *slow* ages. Perhaps the most wonderful of all is Longshanks' own ride across the Highlands from Elgin to Glasgow, recorded in his very curious Itinerary, lately published by the Maitland Club. It is perplexing to read after these things, that though Edward I. died near Carlisle on the 7th of July, 1307, the news of the royal demise did not reach the Chancellor (Baldock) in London until the 25th of that month. The new king must have had his reasons for deferring the official announcement of his accession. The great seal was received by him at Carlisle on the 2nd of August, and Baldock never was Chancellor again.

Among the conscience-keepers of Edward III. Lord Campbell dwells with peculiar fondness on the father of English Bibliomania, Lord Chancellor Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, and author of the once famous *Philobiblon*, which includes his autobiography. He had been tutor to Edward, and to him may be traced the love of literature and the arts which distinguished his pupil when on the throne.

'An extract from chapter viii., entitled "Of the numerous Opportunities of the Author for collecting Books from all Quarters," may bring some suspicion upon his judicial purity; but the open avowal of the manner in which his library was accumulated proves that he had done nothing that would not be sanctioned by the public opinion of the age:—

"While we performed the duties of Chancellor of the most invincible and ever magnificently triumphant King of England, Edward III., (whose days may the Most High long and tranquilly deign to preserve!) after first inquiring into the things that concerned his Court, and then the public affairs of his kingdom, an easy opening was afforded us, under the countenance of the royal favor, for freely searching the hiding-places of books. For the flying fame of our love had already spread in all directions, and it was reported not only that we had a longing desire for books, and especially for old ones, but that any body could more easily obtain our favor by quartos than by money. Wherefore when, supported by the bounty of the aforesaid Prince of worthy memory, we were enabled to oppose or advance, to appoint or discharge; crazy quartos and tottering folios, precious however in our sight as well as in our affections, flowed in most rapidly from the great and the small, instead of new year's gifts and jewels. Then the cabinets of the most noble monasteries were opened; cases were unlocked; caskets unclasped; astonished volumes which had slumbered for long ages in their sepulchres were roused up, and those that lay hid in dark places were overwhelmed with the rays of a

new light. Books heretofore most delicate, now become corrupted and nauseous, lay lifeless, covered indeed with the excrements of mice, and pierced through with the gnawing of worms; and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen, were now seen reposing in dust and ashes, given over to oblivion, the abodes of moths. Amongst these nevertheless, as time served, we sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do amidst his stores of aromatics; and where we found an object of love, we found also full enjoyment. Thus the sacred vessels of science came into our power—some being given, some sold, and not a few lent for a time.*

"In addition to this, we were charged with the frequent embassies of the said Prince, of everlasting memory, and, owing to the multiplicity of state affairs, were sent first to the Roman Chair, then to the Court of France, then to various other kingdoms of the world, on tedious embassies and in perilous times, carrying about with us, however, that fondness for books which many waters could not extinguish; for this, like a certain drug, sweetened the wormwood of peregrination; this, after the perplexing intricacies, scrupulous circumlocutions of debate, and almost inextricable labyrinths of public business, left an opening for a little while to breathe the temperature of a milder atmosphere. O blessed God of gods in Sion! what a rush of the flood of pleasure rejoiced our heart as often as we visited Paris, the paradise of the world! There we longed to remain, where, on account of the greatness of our love, the days ever appeared to us to be few. In that city are delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics; there flourishing green-houses of all sorts of volumes; there academic meads trembling with the earthquake of Athenian peripatetics pacing up and down; there the promontories of Parnassus, and the porticos of the Stoics. There, in very deed, with an open treasury and untied purse-strings, we scattered money with a light heart, and redeemed inestimable books from dirt and dust."

This Right Reverend enthusiast is nowhere more entertaining than in describing and reprobating the ill-usage to which the clasped books of his time were liable:

"You will perhaps see a stiff-necked youth lounging sluggishly in his study: while the frost pinches him in winter time, oppressed with cold, his watery nose drops,—nor does he take the trouble to wipe it with his handker-

* "A modern deceased Lord Chancellor was said to have collected a very complete law library by borrowing books from the bar which he forgot to return. If so, he only acted on the maxims of his predecessor De Bury:

"Quisquis theologus, quisquis legista peritus
Vis fieri; multos semper habeto libros.
Non in mente manet quicquid non vidimus ipsi;
Quisque sibi libros vindicet ergo—suos." p. 151.

chief till it has moistened the book beneath with its vile dew. For such a one I would substitute a cobbler's apron in the place of his book. He distributes innumerable straws in various places, with the ends in sight, that he may recall by the mark what his memory cannot retain. These straws, which the stomach of the book never digests, and which nobody takes out, at first distend the book from its accustomed closure, and being carelessly left to oblivion, at last become putrid. He is not ashamed to eat fruit and cheese over an open book, and to transfer his empty cup from side to side upon it; and because he has not his alms-bag at hand, he leaves the rest of his fragments in his books. He never ceases to chatter with eternal garrulity to his companions; and while he adduces a multitude of reasons void of meaning, he waters the book, spread out upon his lap, with the sputtering of his saliva. What is worse, he next reclines with his elbows on the book, and by a short study invites a long nap; and by way of repairing the wrinkles, he twists back the margins of the leaves, to the no small detriment of the volume. He goes out in the rain, and returns, and now flowers make their appearance upon our soil. Then the scholar we are describing, the neglecter rather than the inspector of books, stuffs his volume with firstling violets, roses, and quadrifoils. He will next apply his wet hands, oozing with sweat, to turning over the volumes, then beat the white parchment all over with his dusty gloves, or hunt over the page, line by line, with his forefinger covered with dirty leather. Then, as the flea bites, the holy book is thrown aside, which, however, is scarcely closed once in a month, and is so swelled with the dust that has fallen into it, that it will not yield to the efforts of the closer."

'Like a Bishop and an Ex-chancellor, he properly concludes by supporting his doctrine with the highest authorities. "The most meek Moses instructs us about making cases for books in the neatest manner, wherein they may be safely preserved from all damage. *Take this book, says he, and put it in the side of the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God.* O befitting place, made of imperishable Shittim wood, and covered all over, inside and out, with gold! But our Saviour also, by his own example, precludes all unseemly negligence in the treatment of books, as may be read in Luke iv. For when he had read over the scriptural prophecy written about himself, in a book delivered to him, he did not return it till he had first closed it with his most holy hands; by which act students are most clearly taught that they ought not, in the smallest degree whatever, to be negligent about the custody of books"*

'He died at Bishops Auckland on the 14th of April, 1345, full of years and of honors.

* Luke iv. 20 'And he closed the book, and he gave it again to the minister, and sat down.'

Fourteen days after his death he was buried "quodammodo honorifice, non tamen cum honore satis congruo," says Chambre, before the altar of the blessed Mary Magdelene, in his own cathedral. But the exalted situation he occupied in the opinion and esteem of Petrarch and other eminent literary men of the fourteenth century, shed brighter lustre on his memory than it could have derived from funeral processions, or from monuments and epitaphs.'—vol. i. pp. 225—227.

The clerical chancellors of those old times were, with some exceptions, men well skilled in the civil and canon law, who had commenced as advocates before the ecclesiastical courts, and generally had been employed under previous holders of the great seal. By the time of Edward III. the common lawyers, usually laymen, had become a body of some importance: but that king, who first committed the great seal to a layman, did not commence his grand innovation by a selection from the common law bar. The first lay Chancellor was Sir Robert Bouchier, one of the most eminent soldiers of a most warlike age, and when Edward resolved to put down the ascendancy of the ecclesiastics by *inter alia* depriving them of the marble chair, he appears to have considered nothing but the shrewdness and energy of this stout knight, who might be relied on for boldly confronting the opposition of the lords Spiritual, but who had been in nowise educated for judicial functions, had been 'armed' since boyhood, and accompanied the king in all his military expeditions. Bouchier accordingly signalized a brief chancellorship by some most illegal proceedings, and becoming in consequence extremely unpopular, was very glad to resume his proper vocation at the commencement of the campaign of Cressy. He fought gallantly by the side of the Black Prince, and was rewarded by a peerage, which he transmitted to a line of illustrious heirs. His successor in the marble chair was the first regularly bred common lawyer who became Chancellor of England—Sir Robert Par-nyng, who had been for some time Chief Justice of the King's Bench with high reputation, and then Lord Treasurer, but who never rose to the peerage.

'The equitable jurisdiction of chancery had gradually extended itself, and to the duties of his own Court the new Chancellor sedulously devoted himself. But he thought, as did Lord Eldon and the most celebrated of his successors, that the best qualification for an Equity

Judge is not the mere drudgery of drawing bills and answers, but a scientific knowledge of the common law; and he further thought it essential that his knowledge of the common law should be steadily kept up by him when Chancellor. "This man," says Lord Coke, "knowing that he who knew not the common law could never well judge in Equity (which is a just correction of law in some cases), did usually sit in the Court of Common Pleas (which court is the lock and key of the Common Law) and heard matters in law there debated, and many times would argue himself, as in the Report, 17 Ed. 3, it appears."

'There was only one parliament held while Parnynge was Chancellor, in which he presided with dignity, although the inconvenience was felt of the Speaker not being a member of the House of Peers. The commons, not from any dissatisfaction with him, but rather I presume, with a view that he might be raised to the peerage, petitioned the King, "that the Chancellor may be a peer of the realm, and that no stranger be appointed thereunto, and that he attend not to any other office." Edward, much nettled, chose to consider this a wanton interference with his prerogative, and returned for answer, "*Le Roi poet faire ses ministres come lui plaira, et come lui et ses ancestres ont fait en tut temps passez.*" On the 26th of August, 1313, he suddenly died while enjoying the full favour of his Prince and the entire confidence of his fellow-subjects.

'I cannot find any trace of his decisions while Chancellor; but we know that he is to be honored as the first person who held the office with the requisite qualifications for the proper discharge of its important duties, and he must have laid the foundation-stone of that temple to justice, afterwards reared in such fair proportions by an Ellesmere, a Nottingham, and a Hardwicke.—vol. i. p. 244.

Edward III., to gratify the Commons at a critical moment, elevated to the Marble Chair one other eminent layman and common lawyer—Sir Robert Thorpe; but in general during his long reign and for many reigns afterwards, the Chancellors were, according to the primitive fashion, churchmen. Edyngton (A. D. 1356) was Chancellor and Bishop of Winchester. He might have been Primate had he pleased, but told the king that 'though Canterbury had the higher rack, Winchester had the larger manger,' and his three successors in the mitre of Winchester (William of Wykeham, Cardinal Beaufort, and Waynefleet,) were all likewise Chancellors. These four Chancellors held that manger for more than one hundred and fifty years!

Between Edyngton and Wykeham intervened the four years (1363-7) of Simon Langham, a monk, whose soft oily voice

charmed every congregation, while his reputation for piety procured him much resort as a confessor, and who 'is one of the few instances of the regular clergy attaining to great eminence in England.' His penitents among the ladies pushed him on; but Edward III. detected under that cowl an able statesman, and the monk renowned for prayer and penance emerged by and by as the most elegant and fascinating of courtiers—Abbot of Westminster, Treasurer of England, Bishop of Ely—at last Lord Chancellor and Archbishop of Canterbury. But by that time his popularity, as an ecclesiastic at least, had waned—witness the contemporary pasquinade:—

'*Lætantur cœli quia Simon transit ab Ely;
Cujus in adventum fient in Kent millia centum.*'

He became a Cardinal, and, having accumulated vast wealth, aspired to the papedom. He resigned the seal in order that he might reside for a time at Avignon and canvass his brethren of the purple, but was cut off by paralysis in the midst of his ambitious projects, bequeathing large estates to the abbey of Westminster, and remembered in his capacity of Chancellor only, or chiefly, as having greatly increased the fees of his court.

On the illustrious career of his immediate successor, we need not dwell at present. Lord Campbell has given us a very excellent chapter on William of Wykeham; but though we are not disposed to quarrel with an effusion of kindly personal feeling, we must say we think the noble and learned author produces rather an unfriendly effect by his closing note, to wit:—

'The bull of Pope Urbanus VI. for founding Winchester school was granted 1st June, 1378. I have a great kindness for the memory of William of Wickham, when I think of his having produced such Wickhamists as my friends Baron Rolfe and Professor Empson.

'"*Hactenus ire libet, tu major laudibus istis
Suscipe conatus, Wicame Dive, meos.*"'
vol. i. p. 295.

Mr. Baron Rolfe and Professor Empson are, as we all know, very accomplished persons; but to specify them as the marking glories of Winchester is surely somewhat premature. On the other hand, we think there is an unfair harshness and contemptuousness in Lord Campbell's language concerning the last Chancellor of Richard the Second:—

'John Searle, who had nominally been Chancellor to Richard II., and presided on the wool-sack as a tool of Archbishop Arundel, was for a short time continued in the office by the new Sovereign.

'Little is known respecting his origin or prior history. He is supposed to have been a mere clerk in the Chancery brought forward for a temporary purpose to play the part of Chancellor. Having strutted and fretted his hour upon the stage, he was heard of no more. It proved convenient for the Staffords, the Beauforts, and the Arundels, that he should be thus suddenly elevated and depressed.

'Had he been a prelate, we should have traced him in the chronicles of his diocese, but we have no means of discovering the retreat of a layman unconnected with any considerable family, and of no personal eminence. He was probably fed in the buttery of some of the great barons whom he had served, hardly distinguished while he lived or when he died from their other idle retainers. He may enjoy the celebrity of being the most inconsiderable man who ever held the office of Chancellor in England.'—vol. i. pp. 307, 308.

It is true that John Searle fills but a small space in the history of the office; but what is there known of him to his disadvantage except that he was a man without dignified connexions, promoted to the high rank of Chancellor for the purposes of a party, and dismissed from it as soon as a contemplated change of government had been effected? Might not every word of this grievous indictment be applied with equal propriety to John Campbell? Was it poor John Searle's fault that in his day there were neither peerages nor retiring pensions for Chancellors either of England or Ireland? For the rest, the 'Buttery Hatch' theory is a mere spurt of Lord Campbell's spleen.*

With far different courtesy does Lord Campbell treat a Chancellor who, however respectable for learning, was undoubtedly a partaker in transactions still more questionable than those with which Searle's name is connected—the Chancellor who presided in parliament throughout all the stages of the usurpation of Richard III. It is true that after Richard was seated on the throne he endeavored to conciliate popular favor by some excellent legislative measures; and it is probable that such measures, for such purpose desirable to the tyrant, were devised by the same accom-

modating Chancellor who had drawn the bill for bastardizing the children of Edward IV. But who does not smile to read—

'I will fondly believe, though I can produce no direct evidence to prove the fact, that to "JOHN RUSSELL" the nation was indebted for the Act entitled—"The Subjects of this Realm not to be charged with Benevolence," the object of which was to put down the practice introduced in some late reigns of levying taxes under the name of "benevolence," without the authority of parliament. The language employed would not be unworthy of that great statesman bearing the same name, who in our own time framed and introduced Bills "to abolish the Test Act," and "to reform the representation of the people in parliament."—p. 404.

Who does not see that the whole charm is in the name?—that the true object of Lord Campbell is to puff the author of the Reform Bill?—that with this view alone has Lord Campbell expended seven pages on a Chancellor of the 15th century, so 'inconsiderable' that, as the biographer states, he has 'not been mentioned by modern historians'—adding, 'I consider him as one of the *Cancellarian Mummies* I have dug up and exhibited to the public' (p. 407). And yet, after all, Lord Campbell is obliged to admit that there exists not only no evidence but no tradition for connecting this John Russell in any way whatever with the blood of the Bedfords. He says, 'he was *most likely* of the Bedford family, who, having held a respectable but not brilliant position in the west of England since the Conquest, were now rising into eminence' (p. 401), and suggests that Mr. Wiffen passes him *sub silentio* in his laborious *History of the House of Russell*, 'perhaps from a shyness to acknowledge him on account of his connexion with Richard III.'—a suggestion the compliment of which we leave to be decided between Friend Wiffen and his as well as Lord Campbell's idol, Lord John.

We must, we suspect, ascribe to the popularity-hunting craft of Richard and his 'JOHN RUSSELL,' the fact that the first statute of this reign was the first statute drawn in the English tongue. Although as early as 1362 Chancellor Edyngton carried through parliament a bill, by which it was enacted that all pleadings and judgments in the Courts of Westminster should for the future be in English, whereas they had been in French ever since the Conquest; as also that all schoolmasters should thenceforth

* In the times of Chancellor Searle it appears incidentally that the House of Commons usually met for dispatch of business at seven in the morning—the House of Lords at nine.—Vol. i. p. 318.

teach their pupils to construe in English, and not in French; the change—in the legal department at least—was long and successfully resisted. The practitioners obstinately adhered to their old dialect in Reports, Treatises, and Abridgments. Under the Commonwealth an act was passed for the use of the English language 'in all legal records' (iii. 90): but this seemed to many a more dangerous innovation than the abolition of the House of Lords or the Regal office; and Whitelock, who introduced the measure, would not have carried it in opposition to his brothers of the long robe, had he not enlisted on his side the more pious out of the profession, by showing that Moses drew up the laws of the Jews in their own vernacular Hebrew, and not either in the Chinese tongue or the Egyptian. The Restoration brought back French to our Reports, and Latin to our Law Records, which continued till the reign of George II.; and if we would find any thing in the Digest of Chief Baron Comyn about *Highways*, or *Tithes*, or *Husband and Wife*, we must refer to the titles *Chemin*, *Dismes*, and *Baron et Feme*. Acts of Parliament, we have seen, continued to be framed in French until Richard III.—in whose time also they were first printed. But even to this day French is employed by the branches of the Legislature in their intercourse with each other:

'Not only is the royal assent given to bills by the words "La Reyne le voet," but when either House passes a bill there is an indorsement written upon it, "Soit baillé aux Seigneurs," or "aux Communes;" and at the beginning of every Parliament the Lords make an entry in their Journals, in French, of the appointment of the Receivers and Triers of petitions, not only for England, but for *Gascony*. E. g.: Extract from Lords' Journals, 24th August, 1841:—

"Les Recevours des Petitions de Gascoigne et des autres terres et pays de par la mer et des isles.—Le Barou Abinger, Chief Baron de l'Exchequer de la Reyne; Messire James Parke, Chevalier; Messire John Edmund Dowdeswell, Ecuyer. Et ceux qui veulent delivrer leur Petitions les baillent dedans six jours prochainement ensuivant.

"Les Triours des Petitions de Gascoigne et des autres terres et pays de par la mer et des isles:—Le Duc de Somerset; le Marquis d'Anglesey; le Count de Tankerville; le Viscount Torrington; le Baron Campbell. Tout eux ensemble, ou quatre des seigneurs avant-ditz, appellant aux eux les Serjeants de la Reyne, quant sera besoigne, tiendront leur place en la chambre du Chambellan."

"Recevours et Triours des Petitions de la Grande Bretagne et d'Ireland," were appointed the same day."—vol. i. p. 253.

It is not to be supposed that after the period of Richard III. Lord Campbell finds any 'Cancellarian Mummies' to disinter; but he deals with the ampler materials of advancing light in a style on the whole very judicious, observing a happy medium between nakedness and profusion of detail as respects personal incidents, and as rarely as almost any author of the class trespassing beyond the proper limits of biography. We may instance his 'Life of Wolsey' as, though not long, by much the clearest and even the completest one we have had of that great man, 'who enjoyed more power than any of his predecessors or successors who have held the office of Chancellor in England.' We can afford but the *exode* of this capital chapter:—

'I shall not attempt to draw any general character of this eminent man. His good and bad qualities may be best understood from the details of his actions, and are immortalized by the dialogue between Queen Catherine and Griffith her secretary, which is familiar to every reader.

'But the nature of this work requires that I should more deliberately consider him as a Judge; for although he held the Great Seal uninterruptedly for a period of fourteen years, and greatly extended its jurisdiction, and permanently influenced our juridical institutions, not only historians, but his own biographers, in describing the politician and the churchman, almost forget that he ever was Lord Chancellor.

'From his conference with Justice Shelly respecting York Place, we know exactly his notions of the powers and duties of the Chancellor as an Equity Judge. When pressed by the legal opinion upon the question, he took the distinction between law and conscience, and said, "it is proper to have a respect to conscience before the rigour of the common law, for *laus est facere quod decet non quod licet*. The King ought of his royal dignity and prerogative to mitigate the rigor of the law where conscience hath the most force; therefore, in his royal place of equal justice he hath constituted a Chancellor, an officer to execute justice with clemency, where conscience is opposed to the rigor of the law. And therefore the Court of Chancery hath been heretofore commonly called the Court of Conscience, because it hath jurisdiction to command the high ministers of the Common Law to spare execution and judgment, where conscience hath most effect." With such notions he must have been considerably more arbitrary than a Turkish Kadi, who considers himself bound by a text of the Koran in point,

and we are not to be surprised when we are told that he chose to exercise his equitable authority over every thing which could be a matter of judicial inquiry.

'In consequence, bills and petitions multiplied to an unprecedented degree, and notwithstanding his despatch there was a great arrear of business. To this grievance he applied a very vigorous remedy, without any application to parliament to appoint Vice-Chancellors;—for of his own authority he at once established four new Courts of Equity by commission in the King's name. One of these was held at Whitehall before his own deputy; another before the King's almoner, Dr. Stotherby, afterwards Bishop of London; a third at the Treasury Chamber before certain members of the Council; and a fourth at the Rolls, before Cuthbert Tunstall, Master of the Rolls, who, in consequence of this appointment, used to hear causes there in the afternoon. The Master of the Rolls has continued ever since to sit separately for hearing causes in Chancery. The other three courts fell with their founder.

'Wolsey himself used still to attend pretty regularly in the Court of Chancery during term, and he maintained his equitable jurisdiction with a very high hand, deciding without the assistance of common law judges, and with very little regard to the common law.

'If he was sneered at for his ignorance of the doctrines and practice of the Court, he had his revenge by openly complaining that the lawyers who practised before him were grossly ignorant of the civil law and the principles of general jurisprudence; and he has been described as often interrupting their pleadings, and bitterly animadverting on their narrow notions and limited arguments. To remedy an evil which troubled the stream of justice at the fountain-head, he, with his usual magnificence of conception, projected an institution, to be founded in London, for the systematic study of all branches of the law. He even furnished an architectural model for the building, which was considered a master-piece, and remained long after his death as a curiosity in the palace at Greenwich. Such an institution is still a desideratum in England; for, with splendid exceptions, it must be admitted that English barristers, though very clever practitioners, are not such able jurists as are to be found in other countries where law is systematically studied as a science.

'On Wolsey's fall his administration of justice was strictly overhauled; but no complaint was made against him of bribery or corruption, and the charges were merely that he had examined many matters in Chancery after judgment given at common law;—that he had unduly granted injunctions;—and that when his injunctions were disregarded by the Judges, he had sent for those venerable magistrates and sharply reprimanded them for their obstinacy. He is celebrated for the vigor with which he repressed perjury and chicanery in

his Court, and he certainly enjoyed the reputation of having conducted himself as a Chancellor with fidelity and ability,—although it was not till a later age that the foundation was laid of that well-defined system of equity now established which is so well adapted to all the wants of a wealthy and refined society, and, leaving little discretion to the Judge, disposes satisfactorily of all the varying cases within the wide scope of its jurisdiction.

'I am afraid I cannot properly conclude this sketch of the Life of Wolsey without mentioning that "of his own body he was ill, and gave the clergy ill example." He had a natural son, named Winter, who was promoted to be Dean of Wells, and for whom he procured a grant of "arms" from the Heralds' College. The 38th article of his impeachment shows that he had for his mistress a lady of the name of Lark, by whom he had two other children; there were various amours in which he was suspected of having indulged, and his health had suffered from his dissolute life. But we must not suppose that the scandal arising from such irregularities was such as would be occasioned by them at the present day. A very different standard of morality then prevailed: churchmen, debarred from marriage, were often licensed to keep concubines, and as the Popes themselves were in this respect by no means infallible, the frailties of a Cardinal were not considered any insuperable bar either to secular or spiritual preferment.

'In judging him we must remember his deep contrition for his backslidings; and the memorable lesson which he taught with his dying breath, that, to ensure true comfort and happiness, a man must addict himself to the service of God, instead of being misled by the lures of pleasure and ambition.

'The subsequent part of Henry's reign is the best panegyric on Wolsey; for, during twenty-nine years, he had kept free from the stain of blood or violence the Sovereign, who now, following the natural bent of his character, cut off the heads of his wives and his most virtuous ministers, and proved himself the most arbitrary tyrant that ever disgraced the throne of England.'

The life of Wolsey's venerated successor, More, is entitled to similar praise. Notwithstanding all the labor and skill of so many able predecessors, Lord Campbell has brought out the whole story with, we must say, unrivalled felicity. We can afford, however, only a few trivial specimens of this rich biography:—

'After diligently searching the books, I find the report of only one judgment which he pronounced during his chancellorship, and this I shall give in the words of the reporter:—

"It happened on a time that a beggar-woman's little dog, which she had lost, was presented for a jewel to Lady More, and she

had kept it some se'nnight very carefully; but at last the beggar had notice where her dog was, and presently she came to complain to Sir Thomas, as he was sitting in his hall, that his lady withheld her dog from her. Presently, my Lady was sent for, and the dog brought with her; which Sir Thomas, taking in his hands, caused his wife, because she was the worthier person, to stand at the upper end of the hall, and the beggar at the lower end, and saying that he sat there to do every one justice, he bade each of them call the dog; which, when they did, the dog went presently to the beggar, forsaking my Lady. When he saw this, he bade my Lady be contented, for it was none of hers; yet she, repining at the sentence of my Lord Chancellor, agreed with the beggar, and gave her a piece of gold, which would well have bought three dogs, and so all parties were agreed; every one smiling to see his manner of inquiring out the truth." It must be acknowledged that Solomon himself could not have heard and determined the case more wisely or equitably.*

'But a grave charge has been brought against the conduct of More while Chancellor—that he was a cruel and even bloody persecutor of the Lutherans. This is chiefly founded on a story told by Fox, the Martyrologist—that Burnham, a reformer, was carried out of the Middle Temple to the Chancellor's house at Chelsea, where he continued in free prison awhile, till the time that Sir Thomas More saw that he could not prevail in perverting of him to his sect. Then he cast him into prison in his own house, and whipped him at the tree in his garden called "*the tree of Troth*," and after sent him to the Tower to be racked."† Burnet and other very zealous Protestants have likewise countenanced the supposition that More's house was really converted into a sort of prison of the Inquisition, he himself being the Grand Inquisitor; and that there was a tree in his grounds where the Reformers so often underwent flagellation under his superintendence, that it acquired the appellation of "*the tree of Troth*." But let us hear what is said on this subject by More himself—allowed on all hands (however erroneous his opinions on religion) to have been the most sincere, candid, and truthful of men; "Divers of them have said, that of such as were in my house when I was Chancellor, I used to examine them with torments, causing them to be bound to a tree in my garden, and there piteously beaten. Except their sure keeping, I never else did cause any such thing to be done unto any of the heretics in all my life, except only twain: one was a child, and a

servant of mine in mine own house, whom his father, ere he came to me, had nursed up in such matters, and set him to attend upon George Jay. This Jay did teach the child his ungracious heresy against the blessed sacrament of the altar; which heresy this child, in my house, began to teach to another child. And upon that point I caused a servant of mine to strip him, like a child, before mine household, for amendment of himself and ensample of others. Another was one who, after he had fallen into these frantic heresies, soon fell into plain open frenzy; albeit that he had been in Bedlam, and afterwards, by beating and correction, gathered his remembrance. Being therefore set at liberty, his old frenzies fell again into his head. Being informed of his relapse, I caused him to be taken by the constables, and bounden to a tree in the street, before the whole town, and there striped him till he waxed weary. Verily, God be thanked, I hear no harm of him now. And of all who ever came in my hand for heresy, as help me God, else had never any one of them any stripe or stroke given them, so much as a fillip in the forehead."*

'We must come to the conclusion that persons accused of heresy were confined in his house, though not treated with cruelty, and that the supposed tortures consisted in flogging one naughty boy, and administering stripes to one maniac, according to the received notion of the times, as a cure for his malady. The truth is, that More, though in his youth he had been a warm friend to religious toleration, and in his "*Utopia*" he had published opinions on this subject rather latitudinarian, at last, alarmed by the progress of the Reformation, and shocked by the excesses of some of its votaries in Germany, became convinced of the expediency of uniformity of faith, or, at least, conformity in religious observances; but he never strained or rigorously enforced the laws against Lollardy. "It is," says Erasmus, "a sufficient proof of his clemency, that while he was Chancellor no man was put to death for these pestilent dogmas, while so many, at the same period, suffered for them in France, Germany, and the Netherlands."

On More's fall, one of the charges urged against him before the Committee of Privy Council was, that he had 'provoked the king to set forth the Booke of the Seven Sacraments—whereby the title of Defender of the Faith had been gained, but in reality a sword put into the Pope's hand to fight against him, to his great dishonor in all parts of Christendom:—

'His answer lets us curiously into the secret history of Henry's refutation of Luther. "My Lord," answered he, "these terrors be frights for children, and not for me: but to an-

* For some cases *in pari materia*, vid. Rep. Barat Tem Sanch Pan.

† Mart vol ii. Hist. Reform. vol iii. 'When More was raised to the chief in the ministry, he became a persecutor even to blood, and defiled those hands which were never polluted with bribes.'

* Apology, c. 36. English Works, 902.

swer that wherewith you chiefly burthen me, I believe the King's Highness, of his honor, will never lay that book to my charge: for there is none that can, in that point, say more for my clearance than himself, who right well knoweth that I never was procurer, promoter, nor counsellor of his Majesty thereunto; only after it was finished, by his Grace's appointment, and the consent of the makers of the same, I only sorted out, and placed in order, the principal matters therein; wherein, when I had found the Pope's authority highly advanced, and with strange arguments mightily defended, I said thus to his Grace: "I must put your Highness in mind of one thing—the Pope, as your Majesty well knoweth, is a prince, as you are, in league with all other Christian princes: it may hereafter fall out that your Grace and he may vary upon some points of the league, whereupon may grow breach of amity between you both; therefore I think it best that place be amended, and his authority more slenderly touched." "Nay," said the King, "that shall it not; we are so much bound to the See of Rome, that we can not do too much honor unto it. Whatsoever impediment be to the contrary, we will set forth that authority to the uttermost, for we have received from that See our Crown imperial!" which till his Grace with his own mouth so told me, I never heard before. Which things well considered, I trust when his Majesty shall be truly informed thereof, and call to his gracious remembrance my sayings and doings in that behalf, his Highness will never speak more of it, but will clear me himself."—vol. i. p. 562.

Henry VIII., however, must have condescended to great pains in the matter of the 'Booke of the Seven Sacraments.' The MS. of it presented to the Pope with the distich—

'Anglorum, Rex Henricus, Leo Decime, mitt
Hoc opus et fidei testem et amicitia;

is still in the Vatican, and no one hitherto has disputed that the book, like the inscription, is in the writing of the king. Mr. Mathews ('Diary of an Invalid,' vol. i. p. 146) saw it in 1818, and that critical observer describes the *autograph* without hint of suspicion. We ourselves saw it lately, and by the side of it several of Henry's MS. letters to Anne Boleyn, and we certainly perceived no difference in the handwritings.

Sir Thomas More's character, says Lord Campbell—

'Both in public and in private life, comes as near to perfection as our nature will permit; and I must think that, in weighing it, there has been too much concession, on the score,

that the splendor of his great qualities was obscured by intolerance and superstition; and that he voluntarily sought his death by violating a law which, with a safe conscience, he might have obeyed. We Protestants must lament that he was not a convert to the doctrines of the Reformation; but they had as yet been very imperfectly expounded in England, and they had produced effects in foreign countries which might well alarm a man of constant mind. If he adhered conscientiously to the faith in which he had been educated, he can in no instance be blamed for the course he pursued. No good Roman Catholic could declare that the King's first marriage had been absolutely void from the beginning; or that the King could be vested, by act of parliament, with the functions of the Pope, as Head of the Anglican Church. Can we censure him for submitting to loss of office, imprisonment, and death, rather than make such a declaration? He implicitly yielded to the law regulating the succession to the Crown; and he offered no active opposition to any other law;—only requiring that on matters of opinion he might be permitted to remain silent.

'The English Reformation was a glorious event, for which we never can be sufficiently grateful to divine Providence: but I own I feel little respect for those by whose instrumentality it was first brought about;—men generally swayed by their own worldly interests, and willing to sanction the worst passions of the tyrant to whom they looked for advancement. With all my Protestant zeal, I must feel a higher reverence for Sir Thomas More than for Thomas Cromwell or Cranmer.'—vol. i. pp. 582–583.

Of the *Utopia*, the biographer thus writes:—

'But the composition to which he attached no importance, which, as a *jeu-d'esprit*, occupied a few of his idle hours when he retired from the bar and before he was deeply immersed in the business of office, and which he was with great difficulty prevailed upon to publish, would of itself have made his name immortal. Since the time of Plato there had been no composition given to the world which, for imagination, for philosophical discrimination, for a familiarity with the principles of government, for a knowledge of the springs of human action, for a keen observation of men and manners, and for felicity of expression, could be compared to the *Utopia*. Although the word invented by More has been introduced into the language, to describe what is supposed to be impracticable and visionary,—the work (with some extravagance and absurdities, introduced perhaps with the covert object of softening the offence which might have been given by his satire upon the abuses of his age and country) abounds with lessons of practical wisdom. If I do not, like some, find in it all the doc-

trines of sound political economy illustrated by Adam Smith, I can distinctly point out in it the objections to a severe penal code, which have at last prevailed, after they had been long urged in vain by Romilly and Mackintosh;—and as this subject is intimately connected with the history of the law of England, I hope I may be pardoned for giving the following extract to show the law reforms which Sir Thomas More would have introduced when Lord Chancellor, had he not been three centuries in advance of his age: He represents his great traveller who had visited Utopia, and describes its institutions, as saying, "There happened to be at table an English lawyer, who took occasion to run out in high commendation of the severe execution of thieves in his country, where might be seen twenty at a time dangling from one gibbet. Nevertheless, he observed, it puzzled him to understand how, since so few escaped, there were yet so many thieves left who were still found robbing in all places. Upon this I said with boldness, there was no reason to wonder at the matter, since this way of punishing thieves was neither just in itself nor for the public good; for as the severity was too great, so the remedy was not effectual; simple theft was not so great a crime that it ought to cost a man his life; and no punishment would restrain men from robbing who could find no other way of livelihood.* In this, not only you, but a great part of the world besides, imitate ignorant and cruel schoolmasters, who are readier to flog their pupils than to teach them. Instead of these dreadful punishments enacted against thieves, it would be much better to make provision for enabling those men to live by their industry whom you drive to theft, and then put to death for the crime you cause."

'He exposes the absurdity of the law of forfeiture in case of larceny, which I am ashamed to say, notwithstanding the efforts I have myself made in parliament to amend it, still disgraces our penal code, so that for an offence for which, as a full punishment, sentence is given of imprisonment for a month, the prisoner loses all his personal property, which is never thought of by the Court in pronouncing the sentence. It was otherwise among the Utopians. "Those that are found guilty of

theft among them are bound to make restitution to the owner, and not to the prince. If that which was stolen is no more in being, then the goods of the thief are estimated, and restitution being made out of them, the remainder is given to his wife and children."

'I cannot refrain from giving another extract to prove that, before the Reformation, he was as warm a friend as Locke to the principles of religious toleration. He says, that the great legislator of Utopia made a law that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and might endeavor to draw others to it by the force of argument, and by amicable and modest ways, without bitterness against those of other opinions. "This law was made by Utopus not only for preserving the public peace, which he saw suffered much by daily contentions and irreconcilable heats, but because he thought it was required by a due regard to the interest of religion itself. He judged it not fit to decide rashly any matter of opinion, and he deemed it foolish and indecent to threaten and terrify another for the purpose of making him believe what did not appear to him to be true." His most wonderful anticipation may be thought that of Lord Ashley's factory measure—by "the Six Hours Bill," which regulated labor in Utopia. "*Nec ab summo mane tamen ad multam usque noctem perpetuo labore, velut jumenta, fatigatus; nam ea plus quam servilis ærumna est; quæ tamen ubique fere opificum vita est—exceptis Utopiensibus, qui cum in horas viginti-quatuor æquales diem connumeratâ nocte dividant, sex duntaxat operi deputant, tres ante meridiem, a quibus prandium incunt, atque a prandio duas pomeridianas horas; quum sex interquieverunt, tres deinde rursus labori datas cœnâ claudunt. Etenim quod sex duntaxat horas in opere sunt, fieri fortasse potest, ut inopiam aliquam putes necessariam rerum sequi. Quod tam longe abest ut accidat, ut id temporis ad omnium rerum copiam, quæ quidem ad vitæ vel necessitatem requirantur vel commoditatem, non sufficiat modo sed supersit etiam.*" (*Utopia*, vol. ii. p. 68.)'

This Life contains sundry pleasant little anecdotal scraps for which we wish we had room. Let one suffice. After telling the well-known story of the Chancellor's daily kneeling for his father the puisne Judge's blessing ere he opened Court, Lord Campbell says—

'I am old enough to remember that when the Chancellor left his Court, if the Court of King's Bench was sitting, a curtain was drawn and bows were exchanged between him and the Judges, so that I can easily picture to myself the "blessing scene" between the father and son.'—vol. 1. p. 544, *note*.

In another *note* he corrects a very serious error:—

* "Cœpit accurate laudare rigidam illam justitiam quæ tum illic exercebatur in fures, quos passim narrabat nonnunquam suspendi viginti in unâ cruce, atque eo vehementius dicebat se mirari cum tam pauci elaberentur supplicio, quo malo fato fieret (how the devil it happened) uti tam multi tamen ubique grassarentur." This lawyer reminds me exceedingly of the attorney-generals, judges, and secretaries of state, who in my early youth eulogized the bloody penal code which then disgraced England, and predicted that if it were softened, there would be no safety for life or property. They would not even, like their worthy predecessor here recorded, admit its inefficiency to check the commission of crime.—vol. i. p. 584.

'More's recent biographers, by erroneously fixing his trial on the 7th of May, make an interval of two months instead of six days between that and his execution; but it is quite certain that although he was arraigned on the 7th of May, he was not tried till the 1st of July.*

We do not quote with the same approbation Lord Campbell's defence of the illustrious More for his patronage of the miracles of the 'Maid of Kent':—

'We need not wonder at the credulity of the most eminent men of that age, when in our own day a nobleman, distinguished by his talents and his eloquence, as well as by his illustrious birth, has published a pamphlet to support two contemporaneous miraculous maids, the "Estatica" and the "Adolorata."—vol. i. p. 560, note.

Such little subserviencies and flatteries *obiter* of contemporary partisans are very unworthy of this grave and deliberate work.

Of the life of the next Chancellor we give the opening sentences:—

'When Sir Thomas More resigned the Great Seal, it was delivered to Sir Thomas Audley, afterwards Lord Audley, with the title, first of Lord Keeper, and then of Lord Chancellor. There was a striking contrast, in almost all respects, between these two individuals,—the successor of the man so distinguished for genius, learning, patriotism, and integrity, having only common-place abilities, sufficient, with cunning and shrewdness, to raise their possessor in the world,—having no acquired knowledge beyond what was professional and official,—having first recommended himself to promotion by defending, in the House of Commons, the abuses of prerogative,—and, for the sake of remaining in office, being ever willing to submit to any degradation, and to participate in the commission of any crime. He held the Great Seal for a period of about twelve years, during which, to please the humors of his capricious and tyrannical master, he sanctioned the divorce of three Queens,—the execution of two of them on a scaffold,—the judicial murder of Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and many others, who, animated by their example, preferred death to infamy,—the spoliation of the Church and a division of the plunder among those who planned the robbery,—and reckless changes of the established religion, which left untouched all the errors of Popery, with the absurdity of the King being constituted Pope, and which involved in a common massacre those who denied transubstantiation, and those who denied the King's spiritual supremacy.'—vol. i. p. 589.

Chancellor Audley himself was as rapacious in the matter of church plunder as the founder of the house of Bedford—and almost as successful. After extorting some four or five rich priories, he let out at last the grand object of his ambition—which was to get the site and lands of the great Abbey at Walden in Essex, and unquestionably he had the merit of urging this bold claim with 'force and naïveté.' He wrote thus to Vicar-General Cromwell: 'I have in this world sustayned *greate damage and infamie* in serving the Kynge's hieness, which this grant shall *recompens*.'

'This appeal was felt to be so well founded, that in consideration of the bad law laid down by him on the trials of Fisher, More, Anne Boleyn, Courtenay, and de la Pole, and of the measures he had carried through Parliament to exalt the royal prerogative and to destroy the constitution, and of the execration heaped upon him by the whole English nation,—as well as by way of retaining fee for future services of the like nature, and *recompense* for farther *infamy*,—he received a warrant to put the Great Seal to the desired grant.'

Lord Campbell adds, 'Here he constructed his tomb, and his grandson built the magnificent mansion of Audley End, now the seat of Lord Braybrooke.' But Lord Braybrooke's mansion, spacious and noble though it be, is but one wing of the palace of his Audley ancestors—'that stately fabric of Audley End,' says Dugdale, 'not to be equalled, excepting Hampton Court, by any in this realm.'

This 'sordid slave,' first brought into notice, and then was succeeded by Thomas Wriothesley, a man of no splendid origin (son of one of the Kings-at-Arms), who received from Henry VIII. the possessions of the Abbey of Titchfield, and the title of Lord Wriothesley of Titchfield, and was one of those executors of Henry who commenced their administration by a fraudulent manœuvre to advance each of themselves in the peerage. When Hertford became Duke of Somerset this Chancellor became Earl of Southampton; and so on with the rest, all moreover bestowing on themselves 'suitable grants to support their new dignities.' Wriothesley, after being accomplice and tool of Somerset, joined the Protector's great enemy Dudley, suggested the measures which ended in Somerset's fall, and that business consummated, was contemptuously tossed aside by Dudley, and after languishing a year or two in obscurity, died of 'a broken heart,' that

* 1 St. Tr. 385.

is, of disappointed ambition. He is remembered chiefly in our history as the judge who presided at the judicial murder of 'the gentle Surrey,' and who *with his own hands* tightened the rack at the torturing of the young and beautiful martyr, Anne Askew. Except that he was steady to his popery, it is impossible to discover any respectable circumstance in his career. But his line ended after three generations in an heiress—Rachel Wriothesley, the admirable wife of William Lord Russell; and, of course, Lord Campbell must needs contrive to wind up even this savage intriguer's history with a sentence that would fain be civil:—

'The present Bedford family thus represent Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, resembling him in sincerity and steadiness of purpose, but happily distinguished for mildness and liberality, instead of sternness and bigotry.'—vol. i. p. 652.

We are now advancing in 'the Grandeur of the Law.' The next Chancellor was William Paulet, heir of an ancient knightly family in Somersetshire, a favorite in the household of Henry VII., and then of Henry VIII., who made him Chancellor, Lord St. John of Basing, and a knight of the Garter—a favorite and partisan of Somerset's, who made him Earl of Wiltshire—then a partaker in Dudley's plans for the overthrow of Somerset, and the presiding judge at Somerset's trial, for which service Dudley made him Marquess of Winchester—then active in the cause of Lady Jane Grey, but the first to leave her party—forgiven accordingly, and made Lord High Treasurer by Queen Mary—during whose whole reign he held that office—and then the humble slave of Burleigh, continued as Treasurer by Elizabeth till his death in 1572. Sir James Mackintosh, when speaking of the versatile politicians who had the art and fortune to slide unhurt through all the shocks of forty years in a revolutionary age, says, 'the Marquess of Winchester, who had served Henry VII., and retained office under every intermediate government till he died in his ninety-seventh year with the staff of Lord Treasurer in his hands, is perhaps the most remarkable specimen of this species preserved in history.' He expired serenely, smilingly congratulating himself that 'he had been a willow, not an oak,' and was consigned to a magnificent tomb, with the attendance of one hundred and

three of his progeny. This Chancellor knew little enough of the law, but he had the true qualifications for worldly success—To change his religion four or five times—conduct the trials of Papists under a Protestant government, of Protestants under a Papist one, and so on *toties quoties*—to serve one sovereign against whom he had committed treason, and two whom he had bastardized—all these things were trifles to the patriarch of the Marquesses of Winchester and Dukes of Bolton. 'He was,' says Lord Campbell, with his usual terseness of summary, 'of a cheerful temper, pleasing manners, moderate abilities, and respectable acquirements. Exciting no envy or jealousy, he had every one's good word, and accommodating himself to the humors of all, all were disposed to befriend him.'—*Sic itur ad astra*.

The next was *Richard Rich*, son of a mercer in the city, remarkable in early life only as 'a dicer and gamester,' and never suspected of severe study or profound attainments of any sort, but an artful barrister, audacious flatterer, and convenient tool. He was Solicitor-General at the trials of More and Fisher, and his treachery and perjury then volunteered, procured him the wealthy sinecure of Chirographer to the Common Pleas. Then we have him Speaker of the House of Commons—then Paymaster of the Army—then Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations—which post enabled him to secure Church plunder sufficient for the endowment of two coronets—which plunder made him a good Protestant—and kept him one, except during Mary's short reign;—ultimately Lord Rich and Chancellor of England. His eldest son was created Earl of Warwick—his second, Earl of Holland. One of his descendants built Holland House, so famed as the scene of political intrigue in the days of Charles I., as the residence of Addison's wife, the Countess Dowager of Warwick, and since 'as the centre of intellectual and refined society under the family of Fox.' (vol. ii. p. 27.) The family of Rich is now extinct in all its branches.

We have now another series of clerical Chancellors—and first, *Thomas Goodrick*—seated on the woolsack by Dudley (December, 1551), because 'there was no lawyer in whom he could place entire confidence; and he had projects to which a lawyer with any remaining scruples must object.' Goodrick had been employed in revising the translation of the New Testament,

and in compiling the Liturgy of Edward VI., and had been rewarded for these services by the mitre of Ely. His reputation as a Protestant divine would, as Dudley had rightly conjectured, render him an excellent keeper of the royal conscience, when a warrant was to be extorted from young Edward for the execution of his uncle Somerset. The Bishop therefore became Chancellor. He acted as Chancellor also to Lady Jane Grey—but resigned the Seal with such alacrity to Queen Mary, the moment Jane's cause was desperate, and also recanted his Protestantism with such exemplary readiness, that he was pardoned and continued in his See. Dying before Elizabeth's accession, he died also of course in the communion of Rome.

We need not dwell on Lord Campbell's next subject—for he was a great man, and though it is strange enough that we have never had a separate biography of him, the principal events in his life are part and parcel of the History of England. Lord Campbell gives in full detail the procedure in Parliament, arranged and conducted by Lord Chancellor Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, when the English government and nation were to be formally reunited to the Roman church. This precedent, he observes, will probably be studied by those 'who at the present time wish to bring about a similar reconciliation.' It is a very curious procedure.

Gardiner was succeeded as Chancellor by Heath, Archbishop of York, whose earlier life is not without its inconsistencies, and who persevered in Gardiner's Smithfield policy, but whose memory is redeemed by his honorable conduct at and after the death of his patroness Mary. Elizabeth would willingly have continued him both as Chancellor and as Archbishop, if he would have gone into her and Cecil's plans for the revival of the reformed religion. But Heath was steadfast. Sir Nicholas Bacon was made Lord Keeper—and refusing, in his place of Parliament, to take the oath of Supremacy, the Archbishop was deprived forthwith of his See.

'He retired to a small property of his own at Cobham, in Surrey, where he devoted the rest of his days to study and devotion. He was here compared to Abiathar, sent home by Solomon to his own field, and he was said to have found himself happier than he had ever been during his highest elevation. Queen Elizabeth herself, remembering how promptly he had recognized her title when he was Lord

Chancellor, and believing that he afterwards acted from conscientious motives, was in the frequent habit of visiting him in his retreat, and, with a certain hankering after the old religion, she probably, in her heart, honored him more than she did Archbishop Parker, whom she found living splendidly at Lambeth, with a lady whom she would neither call his "mistress" nor his "wife." Heath survived till the year 1556, when he died deeply lamented by his friends, and with the character of a good, if not of a great man.

'Great reproach was brought upon the two Chancellors, Gardiner and Heath, for the furious religious persecution which they prompted or sanctioned; but the former gained much popularity by his resistance to the Queen's matrimonial alliance with Philip of Spain, and the latter was respected for the general moderation of his character and his personal disinterestedness. They issued writs under the Great Seal, for the election of representatives to the House of Commons to fourteen new places (generally very small towns) which had not before sent members to Parliament,—imitating the conduct of Edward's Chancellors, who, to strengthen the Reformation, had enfranchised no fewer than twenty-two similar boroughs. None of their judicial decisions have been handed down to us.'—vol. ii. p. 86.

We must quote here a note which may perhaps edify some of the legal personages destined to figure at her Majesty's next Fancy Ball:—

'During Mary's reign the lawyers devoted much of their attention to the regulation of their own dress and personal appearance. To check the grievance of "long beards," an order was issued by the Inner Temple "that no fellow of that house should wear his beard above three weeks' growth on pain of forfeiting 20s." The Middle Temple enacted "that none of that society should wear great breeches in their hose made after the Dutch, Spanish, or Almain fashion, or lawn upon their caps, or cut doublets, under a penalty of 3s. 4d., and expulsion for the second offence." In 3 and 4 P. and M. it was ordained by all the four Inns of Court, "that none except knights and benchers should wear in their doublets or hose any light colors, save scarlet and crimson, nor wear any upper velvet cap, or any scarf or wings in their gowns, white jerkins, buskins, or velvet shoes, double cuffs in their shirts, feathers or ribbons in their caps, and that none should wear their study gowns in the city any farther than Fleet Bridge or Holborn Bridge, nor, while in Commons, wear Spanish cloaks, sword and buckler, or rapier, or gowns and hats, or gowns girded with a dagger on the back.'—*Ibid.*

We avoid Sir Nicholas Bacon, as 'the great father of a greater son' is well known to all. Nor do we find any novelties to

tempt us in the sketch of his successor Bromley, who is sufficiently damned to all ages by his proceedings at the trial of the Queen of Scots. The sudden rise and brief Chancellorship of the 'dancing' Sir Christopher Hatton are most amusingly told—we cannot add without scandal against Queen Elizabeth;—on the contrary, Lord Campbell takes pains to prove that the arrangements of the royal apartments within four and twenty hours after the leader of the brawl first attracted her notice in Gray's Inn Hall, were about as suspicious as those of his own Queen Caroline and her friend Bergami at Naples;—but all this and the Keepership of Puckering also we must pass over.

The next that ascended the marble chair might well detain us; but we have given so much space to the 'mummies' that we can afford little to the immortals. Lord Campbell has done the life of the illustrious *Ellesmere* in a manner worthy of such a subject—traced the long, arduous, dignified career with diligent research and recorded it with clearness and elegance—the theme, as well it might, evidently tempting him to unusual care, and inspiring a more than common warmth as well as grace of expression. In one paragraph Lord Campbell seems to invite a commentary—but we beg to be excused.

'From the beginning he afforded the example of a consummate judge. He was not only courteous in his manner, but quiet, patient, and attentive—waiting to be instructed as to the facts and law of the case by the counsel who had been studying them—never interrupting to show quickness of perception, or to anticipate authorities likely to be cited, or to blurt out a jest—yet venturing to put a question for the right understanding of the points to be decided, and gently checking wandering and prolixity by a look or a hint. He listened with undivided attention to the evidence, and did not prepare a speech in parliament or write letters to his correspondents under pretence of taking notes of the arguments addressed to him. Nor did he affect the reputation of great despatch by deciding before he had heard both parties, or by referring facts and law to the Master which it was his own duty to ascertain and determine. When the case admitted of no reasonable doubt, he disposed of it as soon as the hearing was finished. Otherwise, he carried home the papers with him—not throwing them aside to moulder in a trunk, till, driven by the impertinence of counsel asking for judgment, he again looked at them, long after the arguments he had heard were entirely forgotten and he could scarcely make out from his "breviate book"

the points that had been raised for his decision,—but within a short time spontaneously giving judgment in a manner to show that he was complete master of the case, and never aggravating the anguish of the losing party by the belief that if the Judge had taken more pains the result would have been different.

The great Chancellor is thus summed up:—

'Considering the times in which Lord Ellesmere lived, and comparing him with his contemporaries who reached high office, we are bound greatly to respect his memory. Neither he nor any other mortal man could deserve the panegyric upon him by a contemporary historian who knew him well, "*Nihil in vita nisi laudandum aut fecit, aut dixit, aut sensit;*" but in thought, word, and deed, his errors were venial. We may pardon his enmity to Sir Edward Coke, who had tried to cover him with disgrace when he was supposed to be upon his death-bed. With all his other rivals and political opponents he seems to have lived on terms of courtesy if not of kindness. He never betrayed a friend.

'As a politician he always stood up for the extension of the prerogative, and his doctrines were often inconsistent with our notions of a free constitution; but we must remember that precedents might then be cited for almost every exercise of arbitrary power; and the great patriot Sir Edward Coke, with other eminent men as late as the Revolution of 1688, laid it down for law, that an Act of Parliament to abolish the dispensing power would be inoperative, as the King could first dispense with the abolishing act, and then with the penalty to be dispensed with.

'While Lord Ellesmere was Chancellor the few state prosecutions which were instituted took a milder and more regular form; and if the Somersets were improperly pardoned, he was not accessory, like many of his predecessors, to the unjust shedding of noble blood.

'His great natural abilities had been assiduously cultivated, and he was one of the best public speakers who had yet appeared in England. His apprehension was keen and ready, his judgment deep and sound, and his elocution elegant and easy. "He was a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked."

'As an Equity Judge he gained more applause than any one who had sat before him in the marble chair. With a knowledge of law equal to Edward III.'s lay Chancellors, Parnyng and Knyvet, so highly eulogized by Lord Coke, he was much more familiar with the principles of general jurisprudence. Not less noted for dispatch and purity than Sir Thomas More, he was much better acquainted with the law of real property, as well as the practice of the court in which he had long practised as an advocate; and exhibiting all the patience and suavity of Sir Nicholas Ba-

con, he possessed more quickness of perception and a more vigorous grasp of intellect. Many ecclesiastical holders of the Great Seal were to be admired as statesmen and scholars, but none had been competent, without assistance, satisfactorily to preside in the judgment-seat.

‘Ellesmere, while in his vigor, had himself disposed of the whole business of the Court of Chancery. In his declining years he required assistance; but to the last, every case of magnitude he heard and decided in person. During the whole of his time, there seems to have been an entire cessation of all impeachment of the Court of Chancery either for delay or corruption; and the only complaint against him that he exceeded his jurisdiction, was decided in his favor.

‘He was very solicitous for the honor of the bar, which then seems to have had members much given to lying, quarrelling, making fraudulent bargains with their clients, and, when it suited their purpose, to insulting the Judge. During the hearing of the case of Ranolph Crew, 9 Jac. I., according to an accurate reporter, “*Le Seigneur Chancelor dit, Benedictus Dominus Deus justitiæ! et il exhort les Lawyers destre veriloqui, pacidici, et nemy de ptiicipater en le benefit dascun suit; ut gratiose se gerant et Judici in judicio ne prejudicent.*”

‘The practice of the King interfering with suits by writs of Privy Seal, under pretence that one of the suitors was in the royal service, still continued; but there is no reason to suppose that Ellesmere was influenced by these beyond granting delay,—and all members of parliament were considered entitled to the like privilege.

‘When any cause was depending before him in which a Peer was concerned, he gave him notice, by a missive under his hand, of the time appointed for hearing it; but he never was suspected of unduly leaning in favor of the aristocratic party—any more than of seeking vulgar praise by becoming counsel for the poor; and he had the rare good fortune to be, at the same time, the favorite of the Court and of the people.

‘Ellesmere is particularly to be commended for the exercise of his patronage. Unlike Cecil the father, and Cecil the son, to whom it is imputed by Bacon, their kinsman, that out of jealousy they wished to depress all rising men of merit, he was eager to befriend and bring forward all who were likely to be able to serve their country with credit and advantage. He strongly supported Bacon's claims to the offices of Solicitor and Attorney General; and recommended him as his successor. As another example, I may mention that having heard Williams, afterwards Lord Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper, when a tutor at Cambridge, preach a sermon which displayed great talent,—although a stranger to him, he made him his chaplain, and advanced him in the King's service, so that he

afterwards attained the highest honors in the church and state.

‘In making Judges (a most important part of the duty of a Lord Chancellor, for by a bad judicial appointment no one can calculate the aggregate amount of evil inflicted on the community) Ellesmere deserves particular credit. His anxiety on this subject appears from a letter he wrote on the accession of King James, recommending a new call of Serjeants, “consideringe that moost of the Judges are aged, and the Serjeantes at Lawe now servinge at the barre not so sufficyent to supplye judiciall places as were to be wysshed (ne quid dicam durius;)”—a state of that venerable Court very different from what we have constantly seen in our time, when it, by a new gunpowder plot exploding at the Chancellor's levee the first day of term, all the Judges should suddenly be swept off,—the benches of the different Courts in Westminster Hall might well be replenished from the order of the coffin.

‘His great church patronage, likewise, he dispensed with a single view to the public weal. “Livings,” said he, “rather want learned men than learned men livings, many in the Universities pining for want of places. I wish, therefore, some may have single coats before others have doublets; and this method I have observed in bestowing the King's benefices.”

‘He was a remarkably handsome and athletic man, and in his youth was much addicted to the sports of the field. He retained his personal beauty in his old age, insomuch that many went to the Court of Chancery to gaze at him; “and happy were they,” says the facetious Fuller, “who had no other business there!”

‘Although he always lived in a style suitable to his station, he left entirely of his own conquest landed estates to the value of 8000*l.* a year—equal to the wealth of the high hereditary nobility of that time.

‘“The Grandeur of the Law” shows that many distinguished noble houses owe their origin to Westminster Hall; but I do not recollect any instance of the family of a lawyer who had raised himself from obscurity* being so soon associated with the old aristocracy, or rising so rapidly to the highest rank in the peerage. John, the eldest surviving son, being created Earl of Bridgewater, soon after his father's death, was married to a daughter of the Earl of Derby; and being Lord President of the Principality and Marches of Wales, and Lord-Lieutenant of the counties of Salop, Hereford, Gloucester, Monmouth, Glamorgan, Caermarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, Flint, Caernarvon, Anglesea, Merioneth, Radnor, Brecknock, Montgomery, and

* Lord Ellesmere was a natural son of a gentleman of very ancient family and large estates in Cheshire. The present male representative of that old house of Egerton is Sir Philip de Malpas Grey Egerton, Bart.

Denbigh, kept his Court at Ludlow Castle, where his children were going

— to attend their father's state
And new intrusted sceptre—

—when passing through Haywood Forest they were benighted, and the lady Alice was for a short time lost. This incident gave rise to "COMUS," which was acted by her and her brothers, Lord Brackley and the Honourable Thomas Egerton.

'After this illustration, the family derived little additional splendor from the Ducal Coronet, which, in another generation, was bestowed upon them.

'The male line of Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, after producing many great and honourable characters, has failed; and he is now represented, through a female, by that accomplished statesman, Lord Francis Egerton, who enjoys the princely possessions of the family, and to whom every one will rejoice to see its honors restored.'—pp. 259-261.

Lord Campbell may well say that the English peerage has been largely stocked from the law. In Mr. Foss's late edition of 'The Grandeur' we find the following list of legal houses:—

<i>Dukes, 3.—</i>	Talbot,	Lyttleton.
Norfolk.	Fortescue.	Bayning.
Devonshire.	Roslyn.	Bolton.
Manchester.	Harrowby.	Lilford.
<i>Marquesses, 7.—</i>	Verulam.	Basset.
Winchester.	Bradford.	Alvanley.
Townshend.	Eldon.	St. Helens.
Salisbury.	Somers.	Ellenborough.
Exeter.	Burlington.	Erskine.
Camden.	Effingham.	Crew.
Aylesbury.	Yarborough.	Manners.
Bristol.	Leicester.	Gifford.
<i>Earls 31.—</i>	Lovelace.	Lyndhurst.
Suffolk.	Viscount, 1.	Tenterden.
Winchelsea.	Sydney.	Teynham.
Sandwich.	<i>Barons, 40.</i>	Grantley.
Cardigan.	Le Despenser.	Redesdale.
Carlisle.	De Clifford.	Wallace.
Shaftesbury.	Zouch of Harring-	Wynford.
Coventry.	worth.	Brougham.
Tankerville.	Howard de Wal-	Chaworth.
Aylesford.	den.	Denman.
Cowper.	Clifford of Chud-	Abinger.
Macclesfield.	leigh.	Hatherton.
Buckinghamshire.	Middleton.	Cottenham.
Egremont.	Montfort.	Stratheden.
Guilford.	Walsingham.	Langdale.
Hardwicke.	Montagu of Bough-	Bruce.
Bathurst.	ton.	Campbell.
Clarendon.	Kenyon.	
Mansfield.	Thurlow.	

The Irish peerage would afford a crop in full proportion at least. The Scotch a much scantier one. The highest success at the Edinburgh bar has proved a stepping-stone to but one coronet since the union of the kingdoms, viz., the British viscounty of Melville. We rather wonder that we have never heard any complaint on the subject.

We are not sorry that we can give place to but the opening of Lord Campbell's 'Life of Lord Bacon':—

'It will easily be believed that I enter with fear and trembling on the arduous undertaking of attempting to narrate the history, and to delineate the character, of

"The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

I must say, that I consider a life of Lord Bacon still a desideratum in English literature. He has often been eulogised and vituperated; there have been admirable expositions of his philosophy and criticisms on his writings; we have very lively sketches of some of his more striking actions; and we are dazzled by brilliant contrasts between his good and bad qualities, and between the vicissitudes of prosperous and adverse fortunes which he experienced. But no writer has yet presented him to us familiarly and naturally from boyhood to old age—shown us how his character was formed and developed—explained his motives and feelings at the different stages of his eventful career—or made us acquainted with him as if we had lived with him, and had actually seen him taught his alphabet by his mother—patted on the head by Queen Elizabeth—mocking the worshippers of Aristotle at Cambridge—catching the first glimpses of his great discoveries, and yet uncertain whether the light was from heaven—associating with the learned and the gay at the Court of France—devoting himself to Bracton and the Year Books in Gray's Inn—throwing aside the musty folios of the law to write a moral essay, to make an experiment in natural philosophy, or to detect the fallacies which had hitherto obstructed the progress of useful truth—contented for a time with taking "all knowledge for his province"—roused from these speculations by the stings of vulgar ambition—plying all the arts of flattery to gain official advancement by royal and courtly favor—entering the House of Commons, and displaying powers of oratory of which he had been unconscious—being seduced by the love of popular applause, for a brief space becoming a patriot—making amends, by defending all the worst excesses of prerogative—publishing to the world lucubrations on morals which show the nicest perception of what is honorable and beautiful, as well as prudent, in the conduct of life—yet, the son of a Lord Keeper, the nephew of the prime minister, a Queen's counsel, with the first practice at the bar, arrested for debt, and languishing in a spunging-house—tired with vain solicitations to his own kindred for promotion, joining the party of their opponents, and, after experiencing the most generous kindness from the young and chivalrous head of it, assisting to bring him to the scaffold, and to blacken his memory—seeking, by a mercenary marriage, to repair his broken fortunes—on the accession of a new Sovereign offering up the most servile adulation to a Pedant whom he utterly despised—infinitely gratified by being permitted to kneel down, with 230 others, to receive the honor of knighthood—

truckling to a worthless favorite with the most slavish subserviency that he might be appointed a law-officer of the Crown—then giving the most admirable advice for the compilation and emendation of the laws of England, and helping to inflict torture on a poor parson whom he wished to hang as a traitor for writing an unpublished and unpreached sermon—attracting the notice of all Europe by his philosophical works, which established a new era in the mode of investigating the phenomena both of matter and mind—basely intriguing in the meanwhile for further promotion, and writing secret letters to his Sovereign to disparage his rivals—riding proudly between the Lord High Treasurer and Lord Privy Seal, preceded by his mace-bearer and purse-bearer, and followed by a long line of nobles and Judges, to be installed in the office of Lord High Chancellor—by and bye, settling with his servants the account of the bribes they had received for him—a little embarrassed by being obliged out of decency, the case being so clear, to decide against the party whose money he had pocketed, but stifling the misgivings of conscience by the splendor and flattery which he now commanded—struck to the earth by the discovery of his corruption—taking to his bed, and refusing sustenance—confessing the truth of the charges brought against him, and abjectly imploring mercy—nobly rallying from his disgrace, and engaging in new literary undertakings, which have added to the splendor of his name—still exhibiting a touch of his ancient vanity, and in the midst of pecuniary embarrassment refusing to “be stripped of his feathers”—inspired, nevertheless, with all its youthful zeal for science in conducting his last experiment of “stuffing a fowl with snow to preserve it,” which succeeded “excellently well,” but brought him to his grave,—and, as the closing act of a life so checkered, making his will, whereby, conscious of the shame he had incurred among his contemporaries, but impressed with a swelling conviction of what he had achieved for mankind, he bequeathed his “name and memory to men’s charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and the next ages.”—vol. ii. p. 268.

We say we are not sorry that we must here suspend our quotation. Lord Campbell has produced a masterly review of Bacon’s whole career, and we leave it unbroken to be studied and admired now and hereafter in the work on which it alone would have been sufficient to stamp the character of solid worth. It is a specimen of care and taste which has not been excelled, in our judgment, by any effort of this age so rich in biography.

The lives of Ellesmere and Bacon occupy 250 pages in the second of these volumes. Then follow shorter sketches of the last ecclesiastical Lord Keeper, Bishop

Williams; Lord Keeper Coventry; Lord Keeper Finch; Lord Keeper Littleton; and the honest, unspotted Lane, who held the Great Seal at Oxford, served Charles I. with affectionate zeal to his end, and ended his own life in such obscurity that Lord Campbell has been unable to trace him either to an English or a foreign grave. The following sentences do much honor to Lord Campbell:—

‘I should have been delighted to relate that Charles’s last Lord Keeper lived in an honorable retirement during the rule of those whom he considered rebels and usurpers, and survived to see the restoration of the monarchy under the son of his sainted Master; but I regret to say that I can find no authentic trace of him after the capitulation of Oxford. From the language of Lord Clarendon, it might be inferred that he expired soon after that misfortune, while others represent that he followed Prince Charles to the Continent, and died in exile.

‘Considering Sir Richard Lane’s spotless integrity, and his uniform adherence to his principles,—notwithstanding his comparative obscurity and his poverty, he is more to be honored than many of his predecessors and successors who have left behind them a brilliant reputation, and ample possessions and high dignities to their posterity.’—vol. ii. p. 619.

The third of these volumes is in many respects the most interesting and important of the series. It deals with the half century of revolution between Lane and Somers—presenting vividly contrasted portraits of the chief judges of the Commonwealth, and of men whose names are landmarks in English history—Clarendon—Shaftesbury—Nottingham—Guildford—Jeffreys—but so presenting these great figures that we have each in succession with the appropriate environment, and that, on quitting the gallery, we have received, perhaps, a clearer impression of the whole period than could be derived from any one volume of any class whatever that had been published hitherto. We are bound to add, that we leave it too with very great respect for the author’s candor. His Whiggism is steady and bold; but we have not discovered one instance in which party feelings have interfered with his personal estimate of a Tory. He appears to us to have fixedly aimed at justice. He has spared no pains in balancing testimonies. His summaries of character are always those of a judge who has at least used his best endeavor to rid his mind of all prejudice. We can expect no better.

The literary skill of the composition is also much to be admired. He has managed to reproduce general history in a series of professional biographies, without almost ever exposing himself to the charge of trespassing beyond the bounds of his avowed province. This required very great dexterity. The labor must have been vast that reached such results: yet the whole has the stimulating effect of a work written *con amore*.

As often as any prominent character or event of this pregnant half century shall be brought under discussion, Lord Campbell's authority and decision will have to be weighed and studied. We may, therefore, adhere with a safe conscience to the humble plan of this paper, and merely amuse ourselves, and we hope our readers, with a few *notabilia*—such things as we naturally marked with our pencil on a first perusal.

It was during the Long Parliament that the custom of *pairing off* was first introduced (iii. 26). A Presbyterian and an Independent, agreeing in little else, sympathized at the dinner-hour, and withdrew to sit at meat together in some neighboring tavern, and return together when satisfied. By and bye honorable members took courage to trust each other's words; and Whig and Tory pairs now-a-days do not very often retire for a tête-à-tête chop at the club.

Lord Campbell's views as to Cromwell will not please our good friend Mr. Thomas Carlyle, who, we believe, has nearly finished a biography of Oliver as the model of a 'King.' For example, the night before the 'bauble' was removed, there was a meeting at Whitehall, attended by the principal officers of the army and the heads of the Independents:—

'The officers of the army inveighed bitterly against the parliament, and declared violently for a change. Cromwell reproved them for these expressions of opinion.—from which those who knew him best conjectured that he had prompted their project, and that he was resolved at all risks to support it.'

The parties reassembled next morning, and again no agreement was come to.—Whitelock retired with his mind in utter obscurity.

'Historians profess themselves wholly at a loss to account for the open, imperious, and frantic manner in which Cromwell a few hours after expelled the members from the House,—which they consider as inconsistent with his general character,—not attending to the fact

that to gain his object he had previously exhausted all the arts of intrigue, deceit, and hypocrisy.'—vol. iii. p. 52.

We find on the subject of 'Chancery delays' in the days of Charles II., a note which gives us a curious anecdote of a gentleman but recently lost to the social world which he had long embellished:—

'The late Mr. Jekyll told me that soon after he was called to the bar, a strange solicitor coming up to him in Westminster Hall, begged him to step into the Court of Chancery to make a motion of course, and gave him a fee. The young barrister looking pleased, but a little surprised, the solicitor said to him, "I thought you had a sort of right, sir, to this motion, for the bill was drawn by Sir Joseph Jekyll, your great-grand-uncle, in the reign of Queen Anne."'

Perhaps the most *picturesque* of all these lives is the last—that of Lord Jeffreys, whose atrocious celebrity as a criminal judge has almost absorbed the memory of his ever having held the Great Seal.

After going through the crowded vicissitudes of Lord Jeffreys' career, one is startled at reading that it closed when he was only forty years of age. Of very humble origin (the son of a little Welsh shopkeeper), with no influential connexions, never suspected even of severe application in any line of study—that he should have risen to be Recorder of London at the age of thirty, is sufficient proof that his natural talents were very extraordinary. His profligacy accounts too well for his subsequent elevations; but even Roger North admits, that when under no excitement either of politics or of brandy, the Chief Justice of England was the most dignified judge he ever saw on any bench; and Lord Campbell pronounces his decisions as Chancellor to have been in general much to his credit. That was morning work; that he was ever entirely sober after mid-day, during his prominent years, we much doubt; that latterly he had drunk himself into a species of insanity, there is little question. The whole story is told by Lord Campbell with most thrilling effect; but we shall extract only two or three brief passages.

The last sentence of the following paragraph is worthy of the sagacity of Tacitus, or the sarcasm of Macchiavelli:—

'James, far from abandoning his plans, was more resolute to carry them into effect. The Earl of Rochester, his own brother-in-law, and others who had hitherto stood by him, having

in vain remonstrated against his madness, resigned their offices; but Jeffreys still recklessly pushed him forward in his headlong career. In open violation of the Test Act, four Catholic lords were introduced into the Cabinet, and one of them, Lord Bellasis, was placed at the head of the Treasury in the room of the Protestant Earl of Rochester. Among such colleagues the Lord Chancellor was contented to sit in Council, and the wonder is, that he did not follow the example of Sunderland and other renegades who, at this time, to please the King, professed to change their religion, and were reconciled to the Church of Rome. Perhaps, with his peculiar sagacity, Jeffreys thought it would be a greater sacrifice in the King's eyes to appear to be daily wounding his conscience by submitting to measures which he must be supposed inwardly to condemn.—vol. iii. p. 554.

Our next quotation may deserve particular attention:—

‘The Earl of Castlemaine was sent to Rome, regularly commissioned as ambassador to his Holiness the Pope, a papal nuncio being reciprocally received at St. James’s. But however impolitic this step might be, I do not think that the King and the Chancellor are liable to be blamed as they have been by recent historians, for having in this instance violated acts of parliament. If all those are examined which had passed from the commencement of the Reformation down to the “Bill of Rights,” it will probably be found that none of them can be applied to a diplomatic intercourse with the Pope.

‘Whether this is now forbidden depends upon the construction to be put on the words in the Bill of Rights, “shall hold communion with the See or Church of Rome.” James’s diplomatic intercourse with the Pope is not there alleged as one of his infractions, by which he had sought to subvert the religion and liberties of the kingdom.’—vol. iii. p. 855.

We should not be greatly surprised to find the preceding sentences made the subject of discussion during some not remote session of parliament.

‘When we read in history of civil commotions and foreign invasions, we are apt to suppose that all the ordinary business of life was suspended. But on inquiry, we find that it went on pretty much as usual, unless where interrupted by actual violence. While the Prince of Orange was advancing to the capital, and James was marching out to give him battle, if his army would have stood true,—the Court of Chancery sat regularly to hear “exceptions” and “motions for time to plead;” and on the very day on which Princess Anne fled to Nottingham, and her unhappy father exclaimed, in the extremity of his agony, “God help me! my own children have forsaken me,”

the Lord Chancellor decided, that “if an administrator pays a debt due by bond before a debt due by a decree in Equity, he is still liable to pay the debt due by the decree.” (24th Nov. 1688. 2 Vernon, 88, Searle v. Lane.) This, however, appears to have been the last day of his sitting.’

“He had,” says North, “a set of banterers for the most part near him, as in old time great men kept fools to make them merry. And these fellows, abusing one another and their betters, were a regale to him.” But there can be no doubt that he circulated in good society. He was not only much at Court, but he exchanged visits with the nobility and persons of distinction in different walks of life. In the social circle, being entirely free from hypocrisy and affectation,—from haughtiness and ill-nature,—laughing at principle,—courting a reputation for profligacy,—talking with the utmost freedom of all parties and all men,—he disarmed the censure of the world,—and, by the fascination of his manners, while he was present, he threw an oblivion over his vices and his crimes.

‘From Sir John Reresby we learn how very pleasant (if not quite decorous) must have been his parties in Duke Street.* “I dined with the Lord Chancellor, where the Lord Mayor of London was a guest, and some other gentlemen. His Lordship having, according to custom, drank deep at dinner, called for one Mountfort, a gentleman of his, who had been a comedian, an excellent mimic; and to divert the company, as he was pleased to term it, he made him plead before him in a feigned cause, during which he aped the judges and all the great lawyers of the age in their tone of voice and in their action and gesture of body, to the very great ridicule, not only of the lawyers, but of the law itself, which to me did not seem altogether so prudent in a man in his lofty station in the law: diverting it certainly was, but prudent in the Lord Chancellor I shall never think it.”

‘On one occasion dining in the city with Alderman Duncomb, the Lord Treasurer and other great courtiers being of the party,—they worked themselves up to such a pitch of loyalty by bumpers to “Confusion to the Whigs,” that they all stripped to their shirts, and were about to get upon a sign-post to drink the King’s health,—when they were accidentally diverted from their purpose,—and the Lord Chancellor escaped the fate which befell Sir Charles Sedley, of being indicted for indecently exposing his person in the public streets. But this frolic brought upon him a violent fit of the stone, which nearly cost him his life.

‘I should have expected that, boldly descending to the level of his company, and conscious of great mental power, he would have despised flattery; but it is said that none could

* The chapel in Duke Street, Westminster, is a relic of Lord Jeffreys. It was the great hall of a mansion erected by him, and there he used to transact his judicial business out of term.

be too fulsome for him, and this statement is corroborated by some Dedications to him still extant. The pious author of the "History of Oracles and the Cheats of the Pagan Priests," (1688,) after lauding his great virtues and actions, thus proceeds:—"Nor can the unthinking and most malicious of your enemies reproach your Lordship with self-interest in any of your services, since all the world knows that when you were thought criminal, nay even punishable,—you had nothing left you but HONOR, JUSTICE, and INNOCENCE.

'He was not only famous, like the Baron of Bradwardine, for his *chansons a boire*, but he had a scientific skill in music, of which we have proof at this day. There being a great controversy which of the two rival organ-builders, Smith or Harris, should be the artist to supply a new organ to the Temple Church, it was agreed that each should send one on trial, and that the Lord Chancellor should decide between them. He decreed for Smith,—the deep and rich tones of whose organ still charm us. Harris's went to Wolverhampton, and is said to be of hardly inferior merit.'—vol. iii. pp. 590, 591.

Jeffreys having on the downfall of James assumed the disguise of a common sailor, and secured a berth in a merchant-vessel bound for the continent, might in all likelihood have escaped in safety—but for his love of strong liquors. He would be put ashore in the morning to taste the beer of the Red Cow at Wapping—and was, although he wore a tarpaulin jacket, and had shaved off his terrible eyebrows, recognized in that pothouse by an attorney whom he had recently browbeaten in the Court of Chancery. The result is well known. It is new, to us at least, that just before the catastrophe James had promoted him to the Earldom of *Flint*. The patent could not have passed the seal.

We need hardly say that we shall expect with great interest the continuation of this performance. But the present series itself is more than sufficient to give Lord Campbell a high station among the English authors of his age.

From the British Quarterly Review.

LIFE AND WORKS OF BEWICK.

History of British Birds. By Thomas Bewick. 1845, (new edition), Blackwell and Co. Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

A General History of Quadrupeds. By Thomas Bewick. Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

THE name of 'Thomas Bewick is a "household word;" and his works are to be

found in every region where the language of England is spoken, or her literature cultivated. There are few works which have been so universally diffused as those of Bewick, and it would not be easy to name many for which there exists a more continuous demand. They are read, studied, admired, and appreciated by intellects of every grade, and by persons of all ages—by the young, by the middle-aged, and by the old. They are the food of minds occupied in pursuits the most opposite. The natural historian pores over them. The artist studies them. The general admirer of nature or of rural life and pursuits loves them; and the poet dotes upon them. So singularly varied are their attractions that they afford a sort of neutral ground, upon which persons opposed in all the rest may sometimes meet and accord. Those who worship nature and those who worship art, agree in the admiration of the volumes of Bewick. They are prized in common by the school-boy and by the sage; and are only passed over unnoticed by that peculiar description of dulness which consists in a denial both of actual and intellectual vision at one and the same time, to one and the same person. He who can find nothing to enchain him in the works of this extraordinary man, must be unable to see either with mind or body. He must be incapacitated from perceiving not only the poetry of creation but the visible beauty of its forms. The world to him must be what a celebrated wit called, 'a drab-colored world!' 'Yon beautiful firmament, fretted with golden fire,' must, to such a spirit, be indeed only 'a pestilent congregation of vapors; and the forms of nature only what lines are to the mathematician, the means to measure other lines.'

It seems to us a self-evident and obvious conclusion that this singular universality of admiration, with which these works have been met, must arise from some charm different and apart from their general and even peculiar merits in a certain department of literature. These merits may be great or not; but to attract an attention so widely spread and so long continued, there must be some spell, extrinsic of and beyond that comprised in what we may be allowed to call the mere generic deservings of the books, as works of a certain sort. The best and most elaborate treatises on natural history have few charms for any but the natural historian. The new and peculiar in art may rivet the attention and ex-

cite the emulation of the artist, but is passed over by the uninitiated. Lithography and engraving on steel may agreeably strike the eye of the accomplished engraver or painter, as pleasing varieties in the walks of art; but by the general spectator they are not appreciated. They may be seen to be different, but the nicer effects of the variation, the merits or demerits of the difference, are lost upon the untaught observer. It is not, therefore, to the artistic merits of Bewick, nor to the surprise, at first excited, by fine engravings cut in wood—for Bewick was only the improver and not the inventor of wood-engraving—that the continued success of his works is to be attributed. We must seek some other source whence to derive the general admiration which they have undeniably secured for themselves. To penetrate the true nature of the spell, we must have recourse to the character of the man, as displayed in and modifying his creations as an artist. In that character is to be found the key, by means of which we may elucidate the whole. It is because the minute shades and finer peculiarities of that character have been unknown to the body of the admirers of his genius, that they have hardly known how to account precisely for their own admiration; hence it is that they deal more in negatives than in affirmatives. Most of those who are attracted by these works, will deny that they exalt Bewick merely because he was the great improver of the art of engraving on wood. They will also deny that their partiality is much based upon the fact that he was a zealous, and, for his time and opportunities, an accurate natural historian. Ask them, however, to define the points upon which their estimate is based, and they will generally be puzzled to reply in any terms except general ones. It is so, because the solution of the question is alone to be found in a minute knowledge of the life, and peculiar intellect and character of this great artist. To these we now turn.

Thomas Bewick was born on the tenth of August, 1753, at Cherry-burn, a Northumbrian hamlet, on the banks of the river Tyne, situated about twelve miles above the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, but on the south side of the river. The scenery of this part of the vale of Tyne is beautiful rather than picturesque. Compared with the scenery of the greater portion of North Britain, it is not bold; the country, however, is pleasantly variegated. The

sweep of hill and dale is expanded and fine, and the river Tyne itself, like most of our northern streams, is exquisitely attractive; running in a fine alternation of pool and stream, where the trout and the salmon may perpetually be seen to leap, bending its course generally amidst woods of diversified foliage, and gurgling amidst an extensive bed of fine pebbles, which the angler knows to be the favorite haunts of the objects of his pursuit. Such were the scenes that first met the eye of this exquisite artist. That they assisted to give that impress to his mind, which led to his future fame, cannot be doubted. Many of the combinations of his youthful eye exist in his works. Upon them is legibly writ, as it were, the character of the locality; and they bear upon them the characteristics of the objects which the youthful artist indubitably first contemplated. The parents of Bewick were respectable, but not wealthy. They could not afford the expenditure either of much money or much time upon the education of their children. At Ovingham, however, a pleasant village, not far from Cherry-burn, was an exceedingly respectable school, then presided over by the Rev. Christopher Gregson, M. A. At this seminary Bewick was a day-scholar; and here he, together with his younger brother, John, received his education; it was an ordinary English education. The rudiments of the Latin language Bewick might acquire, but he acquired nothing more; and probably did not care to do so. His decided genius for drawing displayed itself early. He was compelled to use the coarsest materials; and many tales, of a very questionable character as to accuracy, have been told of sketches by Bewick, under circumstances more extraordinary than probable. These stories do not deserve repetition; they are not needed, for no human being doubts that Thomas Bewick was an artist of nature's own making. We need no testimony of the preternatural sort to make us believe that he must have sketched much and early; and when materials were scanty, the rudest must, at times, have come into requisition. It is enough to know that the tendency of the juvenile artist's mind was indicated with strength amply sufficient to determine his destiny for life.

The parents of Bewick, whether willingly or unwillingly, were quite convinced that their strong-minded son was destined to be an artist. It is bootless to inquire

what might be their precise idea of the meaning of the term. Probably it was any thing but extended; and we may be quite sure that there was not included in it any presentiment, however vague, of his future fame and success. In the year 1767, the fine arts were pretty nearly strangers to the county of Northumberland. Its state was then comparatively primitive. Communications with the metropolis were 'few and far between.' The population was small; travelling was less easy, and less common. There was little literature, and less luxury. The whole county, including the town of Newcastle, could have hardly then, perhaps, produced a single drawing-master. In pursuance of their notion, however, the destiny of their son was that of an artist. Thomas Bewick was, in his fifteenth year, apprenticed by his excellent parents, for seven years, to Mr. Ralph Bielby, a respectable engraver, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The business of an engraver, at this period, in a town like Newcastle, was necessarily of a very commonplace character. It was little allied to drawing of any kind; and from his master it is quite certain Bewick could obtain no instruction of the slightest use to him in the higher walk of his art. We have seen various specimens of the attempts at drawing of his worthy master, and afterwards partner, Mr. Bielby; they are singularly, nay, almost ludicrously weak and inefficient; and must at once have been felt to be so by his accomplished apprentice. What his occupation, however, did not afford, Bewick supplied for himself. During his apprenticeship, and by his own exertions he, no doubt, made great progress in that unrivalled style of natural delineation, upon which his reputation really rests. These exertions must, however, have been nearly, if not totally, unassisted. As a specimen of the sort of work which his business brought him, we may mention that one of the very first subjects of his graver was a set of the diagrams for 'Hutton's Treatise on Mensuration,' on which he was employed, between 1768 and 1770.

It was perhaps not even in the power of Bewick to detail exactly the circumstances which determined him to apply himself to the neglected description of engraving, which he afterwards brought to such perfection. Early in his apprenticeship, however, he began to attempt engraving on wood, and such was his perseverance and such his success, that, in 1775, he received

the premium of the Society of Arts for his wood engraving of 'The Old Hound.' This was just at the close of his term of apprenticeship under his excellent and worthy master, Mr. Bielby, which had been passed in a way most creditable and satisfactory to both. Bielby, who was a man of excellent sense, though no artist, could not but appreciate the great talents and peculiarly marked and steady character of his apprentice; whilst Bewick must have seen as clearly the integrity and goodness of heart of his friend and master. As a prudent man of the world there was never any doubt about Bewick's character; and his own heart and disposition being good, he could easily value those qualities in others. Amongst Bewick's characteristics was a love of his parents, and of the place of his birth. 'To Cherry-burn his Sundays' visits were frequent and regular; and no parents ever had more cause to receive with pleasure the visit of a son. Unlike many men of genius, he was early prudent, economical, and industrious. His mind was essentially homely, even amidst the finest of its aspirations. He knew there was for him no 'royal road' to fame, and that drudgery was necessary to success. During his term of apprenticeship, he actually tried the experiment of the *minimum* upon which he could contrive to live; the sum he arrived at, as being necessary to existence, was very small. It afforded, however, a *calculus*, by means of which he could estimate what was really requisite to a comfortable independence. The anecdote is characteristic of the man; and many such might be told.

After the expiration of his apprenticeship, Bewick, being on a visit to some Cumberland friends, took the opportunity, for the first and last time, to view the lakescenery of that district. There is no evidence that it made any strong impression on his mind. Of its beauty he must have been conscious; but he was probably conscious of it without loving it. His heart was, in truth, in his native county of Northumberland. This intense and, as it were, holy love of home, and of his native scenes, manners, and usages, was the grand characteristic of the mind of the artist. We shall see it impressing their peculiar character and charm upon his most admired works. From the lake-landscape of Cumberland and Westmoreland he has, perhaps, not drawn a single combination—none such, at least, as are capable of being traced.

In fact, the scene of his inspiration lay nearer home. Amidst the fields, by the river-sides, upon the wild sea-shores, and on the moors of his native county, they are to be found; and being found there, are not to be sought, for they cannot be found any where else. On his return from Cumberland, the artist went to London. His reputation as a professor in the neglected walk of wood-engraving now began to be established. During his stay in the metropolis, he executed some of his earliest woodcuts; and, amongst others, Mr. Jackson, the author of the elaborate historical 'Treatise on Wood-Engraving,' mentions some for a hieroglyphic Bible, executed under the superintendence of Mr. J. Hodgson, in George's-court, St. John's-lane, Clerkenwell.

The artist's residence in London was not protracted beyond the year. Under the influence of that bias of mind which reigned over him with a sway almost uncontrolled, he returned to Newcastle, saturated with a thorough dislike to every thing peculiar or belonging to the land of 'Cockaigne;' for which, and the natives and dwellers and sojourners therein and thereof, he ever after entertained a contempt of no mitigated description. That this dislike was as unjust as it was peculiar, we are, of course, ready to admit. That it was caused by no want of fair encouragement is tolerably clear. His merit as a reviver of the neglected art, to the improvement of which he had applied himself, was now known and admitted by those conversant with engraving in general. His steady habits were also, beyond a doubt, appreciated at their full value. But the prejudice was rooted in the very constitution of his mind. He could not endure what he deemed artistic slang, and still less what he deemed artistic conceit. He worshipped nature, and she was not to be found in London, more especially amongst the artists. That was enough for him. The scenes and manners which she, aided by his own youthful fancy, had endeared to him, he would not give up. Prudent as he was, to the verge of penuriousness, this was a price which he would not pay, even for independence, and perhaps fame. He abode by that simple *motto*, which he has inserted in his works—

'Flumina amem, silvasque, inglorius,'

and preferred the humble, unalluring, and obscure walk of a Newcastle engraver, to

all the prospects and all the temptations of a luxurious and rich, but corrupt, metropolis. He returned to Newcastle, and became the partner of his former revered master, Ralph Bielby.

Bewick had now, as far as such an expression may be deemed to be applicable, chosen his lot, and he chose well. He no doubt felt, even at this period, where his powers lay. This instinctive feeling must have mingled itself with his passion for home and homely scenes, to determine his choice towards the obscure little office in the churchyard of St. Nicholas, in preference to all the prospects which a metropolitan residence could hold out to such a man. The instinct of genius must have even then whispered to him that nothing could compensate for the loss of those natural objects upon which his eye was alone accustomed to dwell with pleasure. The true food of that genius lay here, and here was he impelled to seek it. One of the first acts of the partners seems to have been the taking as an apprentice of John Bewick, the younger brother of Thomas, who appears to have shared somewhat of his brother's taste and ability. He was of weak constitution, and died early of consumption. He had, however, made, under his brother's tuition, decided progress in the art of engraving on wood as well as copper. Between the years 1779 and 1784 inclusive, the brothers executed some designs for a collection of fables, selected from Gay and others, published at the end of that period by Saint, of Newcastle. In 1789, however, might be said, perhaps, to be laid the true foundation of Bewick's future fame. In the course of that year was published his celebrated cut of the 'Chillingham Bull,' which—very mistakenly in our humble opinion—has been deemed by some one of the finest efforts of his graver. It, however, amply proved to what a pitch of excellence Bewick was rapidly bringing the neglected art which he had cultivated, and it probably led to the undertaking, as a precursor to which it was published, of the 'History of Quadrupeds.' This publication appeared in the year 1790, and at once established Bewick's reputation as the finest engraver on wood, and one of the finest delineators of animal life that the world had seen. In this undertaking he and his partner were joined by his friend, Mr. Solomon Hodgson, proprietor and editor of the Newcastle Chronicle, a man of considerable talent and enter-

prise. As he, of the three, was most conversant with the use of the pen, it is probable the letter-press of this work owes a portion of its correctness to him. Be this as it may, the book was immediately successful. The beauty of the drawing, as well as the fineness of the wood-engravings, came upon the world by surprise; the book was extolled as a novelty in art, by artists, as well as by the literary world in general; and in 1791, a second, and in 1792, a third edition were called for, since which various others have been published.

The reputation of the artist was now established with the world, and employment for talents so extraordinary flowed in upon him apace. He commenced, in conjunction with his excellent partner, Mr. Bielby, a 'History of British Land-Birds,' with wood-engravings; and he also furnished cuts for editions of Parnell's Poems, and 'The Chase,' of Somerville, which were published by Bulmer, of London, in 1795 and 1796. The engravings for these works having been shown to George the Third, it is said the king was so incredulous as to the possibility of things so beautiful being cut upon wood, that the blocks were brought to the palace, for the royal inspection, before the monarch could actually be convinced that such was the fact. In 1797, the first edition of the 'History of British Land-Birds,' saw the light; the literary part was executed by the two partners conjointly; its success was more than equal to that of the 'History of Quadrupeds.' In addition to the figures of the birds, which are beautifully executed, the artist had adorned the work with a profusion of those exquisite tail-pieces, which, whether we contemplate their admirable design, their nature, their truth, or the humor and keen satire, or powerful morality, which are so often superadded and transfused, certainly divide our attention with the principal objects of the work. As a whole, the publication was universally admired, and the hold which it eventually took of the public attention has been equalled by few works which have appeared either before or since. Until the death of Mr. Solomon Hodgson, in 1800, the editions of this and of Mr. Bewick's other works were printed, and the plates struck off, at the press of the Newcastle Chronicle. After that time they were entrusted to the skill and care of Mr. Edward Walker, of the Newcastle Courant. The second volume of birds, containing

the water-birds, did not appear until 1804; during the interval, Mr. Bielby retired from the partnership and from business, so that the burthen of the work fell, for the most part, upon Bewick alone. In the literary portion of it, he is understood to have been ably assisted by the late Rev. Mr. Cotes, vicar of Bedlington, in Northumberland. As a publication, its success was quite equal to that of the first volume, and the two have since gone through numerous editions, and are probably destined to go through many more, so continuous has been the admiration excited by the work.

The 'History of British Birds' is, past all doubt, Bewick's *chef d'œuvre*. It not only contains his most exquisite limnings of animal life, but the greater portion of those beautiful and vigorous draughts from nature peculiar to him, with which, as tail-pieces, he has adorned this work. In 1818 he published an edition of 'Select Fables,' a few of which are written by himself, with woodcuts, but this work is not equal to its predecessors. It was necessary to give to each animal the appearance of being engaged in a sort of conversational communication; this has injured the natural character of the whole; and to take Bewick out of nature was to take him from his true and native element. The landscapes also are less happily conceived and executed than are those which constitute the finest of his tail-pieces in the 'History of Birds.' Had the fables preceded that work, they would, perhaps, have added to his reputation. As a subsequent publication, it can only be said that they did not detract from it. The fables cannot be called unsuccessful, but they are far inferior in popularity to the rest of his works. It was his last finished work, and is not without internal evidence that the great artist himself deemed it might be so. The tail-piece at p. 162 of the first edition bears the date of his mother's death, and that at p. 176 the date of the decease of his father. The final tail-piece is a funeral, during its passage through a country churchyard. The churchyard is evidently a sketch, though not a close nor correct one, of that of Ovingham, which is the family burying-place, and in which Bewick now lies. It is now pointed out to many a tourist and many a traveller as the final resting-place of this celebrated artist.

Though after the publication of his fables age began fast to overtake Bewick, he did

not desist from his labors with the graver. He was by no means a man endowed with strong health, though powerfully built, and of an athletic frame; and had, in the earlier portion of life, suffered more than one seizure of perilous and severe disease. His strong mind and buoyant spirit were not, however, to be quelled, and he projected and commenced a history of British fishes, at which he labored occasionally, as specimens could be conveniently procured, and for which he cut some tail-pieces. This work, however, he was not destined to finish. Towards the close of the year 1828, he was suddenly assailed by illness, which his advanced age was unable to resist, and under which he sunk, on the eighth of November, 1828.

Such, briefly sketched, is the career of Thomas Bewick; a man whose works have found their way to every corner of the civilized world; who has been admired by the old and by the young; who has been lauded by artists and praised by poets; who has attracted alike the attention of the learned and unlearned, of the little and of the great. We are now to inquire into the causes of this admiration, and to explain the phenomenon of works which were intended by their author only for a class being relished by almost all classes of thinkers and observers. The explanation is to be sought for and alone found in the peculiar character of the artist. The secret reasons of his success lay in his naturally strong and most unsophisticated mind; in his deep admiration for, and poetical appreciation of, the beauties of nature, even in objects the most minute; in his perfect faith in the excellence of the creation, and the all-pervading mind of its great Creator; in a correctness of eye for form, and for the effect of light and shadow, and of color, in some of its consequences, probably rarely equalled and perhaps never excelled; in a powerful vein of general observation, of moral thinking, and of moral satire, which pervaded all he did; and lastly, in an attachment to the scenery, manners, customs, and character, of his own native locality, such as few men have ever felt. These, joined to an enthusiastic love of his art, were the causes of Bewick's excellence as an artist. The peculiar character which they impressed upon his efforts could only have this origin. Thus they sprang; they could not have found existence in any other manner, and they are all but incapable of imitation. What-

ever may be said to the contrary, we affirm that no man's designs could ever be confounded with those of Bewick by persons capable of appreciating the genius of the man. It pervaded and stamped with its own characters the efforts of his graver, as thoroughly as did that of Scott or Byron the efforts of their pens. It is the action of mind, not of mechanism. The peculiar temperament of Hogarth does not tinge the creations of his pencil more completely than does that of Bewick. They are 'part and parcel' of the man; and he was unlike other men, and superior to most.

We are quite aware that in saying what we have said we run counter to the general idea of the cause of that attention which the engravings of Bewick have received at the hands of the public, and this knowledge has, perhaps, given a strength to our impressions which they might otherwise have lacked. The common notion, no doubt, is, that the reputation of this artist rests upon his merits as an improver in the art of engraving upon wood, and upon his mechanical excellence as a workman. From this we must dissent. Whilst we admit that public attention was first attracted to his works by the immense advance in that peculiar department which they exhibited, we deny that this is the permanent basis of his fame. It was one cause of it, but a cause temporary in its nature, and incapable of producing a lasting effect. Had Bewick's mechanical skill been all that he had to rest upon, his distinction as an artist must have proved evanescent. Mere mechanical advances in art may confer a name, but not a lasting interest or a living reputation. To confer a living fame, the work itself must live with the name of him who achieved it. But this consequence the mere excellence of the mechanist will never obtain. It is not to be got by 'sleight of hand.' Desert of this sort is imitable and is soon imitated; it is teachable and is soon taught. The mechanical craft of the master is grasped by the pupil, and that which at first was rare becomes in the end common. The scholars of the scholars of Bewick can cut lines on wood as finely as their master. In this sense engravings on wood equal to those of Thomas Bewick may be met with at every turn and every corner. It is only requisite to repeat the names of Branston, Vasey, Landells, and Williams, to bring this undoubted truth before the mind. The difference between these engravings and those of Bewick re-

sides, not in the nature of the lines cut, but in the nature of the souls of those who cut them. It is not because their hands are dissimilar that their works are dissimilar, but because their minds are dissimilar. Had distinction rested in handicraft only, distinction would here have been confounded. Samson would have been shorn of his locks, and have become only as other men. Hence, to solve the problem of the continued attraction of these celebrated specimens of art, we must look to causes very different from mere mechanical improvement. That solution is to be found in the higher and more intellectual feelings associated with that art. In the *virida vis* of the mind—in the truth and beauty of the conception which they embody, and not in the craft of hand or delicacy of touch which they exhibit. The charm of these would soon have been out-rivalled, and soon have passed away.

We have already said that in that surpassing love of his native scenes, and of the character and manners of his district; in the truth of his eye and the depth of his admiration for nature, and in the profound though homely vein of moralizing and satire, which all united to form the character of this extraordinary man, is to be found the secret of his success. The first he had to a degree of intensity seldom equalled. The love of home, and of every thing connected with it, was with him more than a feeling; it was a passion. Other scenes he had viewed tolerably early in life. He had visited the lakes and mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and had seen some specimens of the landscape which the southern counties of England afford. It does not appear, however, that these had left any impression, good or bad, upon his mind, or that he ever wished to revisit them. His heart was in his native Northumberland. To wander by the side of her streams, with a fishing-rod in his hand and a 'creel' at his back, (for his proximity to the Tyne had early made him an angler,) or over her wide moors, thinly dotted with sheep, or through her fields and woods, was his great delight. Bewick was fond of field sports, and his intimacy with many of the sportsmen of the county not only furthered his attachment to field amusements, but obtained for him many specimens of rare birds, under the most favorable circumstances. Wherever his pursuits led him, his matchless power of eye made him acquainted, not only with

the natural scenery of the place, but with all its inhabitants. He was on terms of intimate friendship with the late Mr. Bailey, the well-known stock-farmer and breeder. At the mansion of this gentleman he not unfrequently stayed, for the ostensible purpose, perhaps, of a day's fly-fishing in the sullen and dangerous Tili, or in some of the clearer streams, such as the Glen, the Breamish, the Beaumont, or the College, by which these districts are intersected. It was on one of these visits, on the occasion of an excursion to Chillingham Park, near which Mr. Bailey's residence was situated, that the sketch of the Chillingham bull was taken. Whatever was peculiar to Northumberland had a tenfold value in the eyes of Bewick; nor was this partiality limited to natural scenery, or to natural history.

Like many other men of genius, the artist was strongly acted upon by music; but not by that species of it which is exclusively dignified by the title of 'scientific composition.' His musical affections centred in the ancient and most eloquent and expressive melodies of Scotland, of the Border, and of Ireland. On these he doted with the fondness of a lover and the ardency of an enthusiast. Not easily moved by ordinary occurrences, and with lineaments that rarely gave outward signal of the emotions within, on the first sound of one of these strains his fine and keen eye was lighted up, and he would sit through an evening, into a late hour of the night, to hear these soul-captivating airs, played by such native performers as understood their spirit, occasionally refreshing himself with a draught of porter, and filling up the intervals with tales of Border feuds, and the various airs and ballads to which they have given rise, with which his memory was stored. To his love of natural and expressive melody he joined a good natural ear for music; and so deeply was his mind imbued with music of this description, that after recovering from a severe illness, which reduced him to the extreme of debility, being asked by an intimate friend how he passed his hours during the earlier part of his convalescence, the characteristic reply was, that 'he lay upon his back and whistled auld tunes.' Yet, strange to relate, with all this instinctive feeling of musical expression, so strong was the bias of this love of locality, that to the last day of his life he gave the preference to those airs that are known to

have originated in Northumberland, few and valueless as they are when placed beside that body of fine and original song to which Scotland and Ireland have given birth. Nay, so far did he carry this partiality, that there is reason to believe he actually preferred these simpler tunes, when performed upon the Northumbrian bag-pipe, to the exquisite melodies of the North and West when played by educated players, and with an appropriate and accurate bass, upon more perfect instruments. Nor was this extraordinary predilection of a powerful and naturally candid mind confined to native scenery and music; it extended itself to every thing; and for the men and women of Northumberland he claimed the same pre-eminence that he awarded to the music and the landscape. To see the dances ordinarily used in the rural parts of the district danced by an assemblage of young people, was one of Bewick's great delights; and when his own daughters aided the graces of the female part of the company, the circumstance, of course, gave additional zest to the natural feelings of the father. On such occasions his enjoyment was very great. The dancers and the dance were Northumbrian, and of course matchless; and if, in addition, the air was 'Tyneside' in origin, and the instrument 'the Northumberland small-pipes,' (on which his son performed, and yet performs, admirably,) the rapture of the artist was at its height, and he would exclaim, with almost tears of pleasure in his eyes, 'There they go—queens of England! queens of England!' The scene was, indeed, animating, and the sight beautiful; and few, we suppose, could scruple to join Bewick in his exclamation, or fail to respect and love enthusiasm such as his, even when carried thus far.

Perhaps the most extraordinary proof, however, of this surpassing love of the artist for every thing connected with home, was his determination as to the printing of his works. As far as the letter-press was concerned, doubtless his books might have been as well, and peradventure as cheaply printed in the town of Newcastle itself as elsewhere. But as to taking impressions from the blocks, the matter was very different. It was represented to Mr. Bewick, indeed he himself must have well known it, that though, for all ordinary purposes, the pressmen whom he could command in the town were excellent workmen, they could not, in taking impressions from a wood en-

graving be expected to equal hands in the metropolis, whose sole employment was to take impressions from plates; and that, therefore, he ought to resort to London. But this was a doctrine that jarred with the sensitive feelings of the artist. All his Northumbrian prejudice boiled up at once, and surged against the suggestion. In vain he was reminded that both fame and interest might be at stake. He was not to be reasoned with. He resolutely declared that 'no cockney should touch his blocks;' and he religiously adhered to his determination. The whole of his works have been printed in the town where they were conceived and executed; and it is for those who would blame him to show that his or their reputation has suffered in consequence.

Such was the strong attachment to locality inherent in the intellectual constitution of this singular man. That its operation may be traced in his works is most certain. In those exquisite river-side sketches, in which he has so truly portrayed the varied pursuits of the angler, and the *élite* of his haunts, the scenery depicted is precisely that which occurs in the northern counties of England, and on the Scottish border. It varies from that which is met with in regions exclusively mountainous; and where the landscape is flat, and the course of the streams nearly on a level, it is not to be found. It is adorned with bold natural wood and a luxuriant vegetation, whilst its crags and rocks are of a formation different from those which pervade regions emphatically mountainous. Such turns of streams as Bewick has drawn, are to be found in plenty amid the windings of the Tyne, the Coquet, the Till, the Teviot, the Kale, the Reed, the Jed, or the Eden. In these rivers, pool alternates with stream; both are long, but the first longer than the last; whilst with the crag and the rock, natural wood is, for the most part, richly mingled, and the picturesque stream is cradled in a bed of suitable ornament and kindred garniture. In the pages of Bewick these streams are seen to purl. We see, if we do not hear, their music: and where the wooded crag overhangs the darkened water, the practised eye detects the hold of the trout or the lair of the salmon, as instinctively as if, the moment before, one or the other had given signal of locality, by dashing at the fly just dropped from the foliage above. We would refer those who ask for instances or examples, (we use the edition of 1826, royal 8vo.) to pages 18, 32, 73, 120, 193, and 259, of the

volume of Water-birds, and to page 366 of the Land-birds. To those who cannot gather our meaning from some of these, we should despair of elucidating it by words. In his moor-sketches, the same principle is discernible, though more faintly, and less easy to be traced. The 'fells' of Northumberland are, generally speaking, of a formation less bold than those of Cumberland and Westmoreland, but the dreary and desolate effect of most of them by no means suffers from this circumstance. Of some of these spots Bewick has given us limnings which cannot be mistaken. They have not the imposing savageness of desolate mountain landscape, but their approach to flatness, whilst it diminishes the picturesque, sometimes adds to the impression of desolation and solitude. For examples of this, the reader who chooses it may turn to page 367 of the land-birds, and to pages 33, 36, 98, 245, and 319, of the water-birds. The last is almost a portrait, and must strongly remind every one who has seen it of that tract of country lying between Rimside Moors and the foot of Cheviot, so rich in historical recollections, and including in it the north-east slope of 'Rothbury Forest' of yore, 'Percy's Leap,' Millfield Plain, and Flodden Field.

Of the marvellous correctness of Bewick's eye, and of the wonderful precision with which he seized and transferred the form and lineaments of whatever in nature, animate or inanimate, he chose to depict, it is almost superfluous to speak. In that extraordinary power resides the great charm of all he has done. The sheer *truth* of Bewick's drawing was, perhaps, hardly ever matched, certainly never exceeded. Whether his subject be animated or lifeless, in motion or at rest, he at once seizes and impresses its form and character. *Verisimilitude* is too weak a word for some of his most finished portraitures. They are not *like* the truth: they are the truth itself. In some of his quadrupeds and birds, we have not only the form and action of the animal, but its very air and physiognomy. We know it as we know an acquaintance, at once, by his *tout ensemble* and general characteristics. There is no hesitation, because there can be no mistake, about the matter. It is in this that the finest of this great artist's animal portraits differ from those of all others. We admit the others to be likenesses, but we only do so after an examination. We make them undergo the same sort of scrutiny that a traveller undergoes at a French

custom-house or police-office, where the whole catalogue of his most interesting peculiarities are called over, and found to be as per description. But with Bewick this is not necessary. In order to recognize one of his birds, the naturalist is not compelled, however rapidly, to go over the inventory of his characteristics—to compare the greater or lesser coverts, the quills primary or secondary—to glance at the contents of his tail, or ascertain the length, breadth, or thickness of his bill. The bird, whether rich or rare, is before him, and he recognizes it as he would the living original. In the best of Bewick's landscape sketches, much of the same wonderful precision is unquestionably to be found. It is difficult to study them attentively, and not arrive at the conclusion that many of them are literal transcripts of that which existed, altogether or in part. It may be objected here, to be sure, that the artist himself, when questioned upon this subject, would not admit that he copied nature thus servilely, if upon such a theme such a word is to be introduced; but his unconsciousness of this by no means, as it seems to us, settles the question. He was probably not wholly aware of the scope of his observation, and the retentiveness of his memory. So accustomed was his eye to keen, minute, and perpetual and unceasing scrutiny, that his mind, no doubt, became stored with imagery, of which he was hardly aware. There seems to be reason for suspecting that this habit of incessant scrutiny of the forms of objects was carried so far as to be, at times, troublesome and painful to him. He was accustomed to assert, and we fully believe it, that he never could so completely enjoy conversation as by the dim light of a fire which had burned down in the grate. His waggish friends were wont to attribute this idea to the inclination, for which they gave him credit, to effect savings in candle-ends. As a joke, this might pass; but the truth probably was, that the presence of visible objects, even in a room, always somewhat distracted his attention, and hence the comfort he felt in such a negation of light as rendered forms almost invisible. Be this as it might, however, as it is impossible to look at some of his pictures of animals, and not to feel them to be portraits; so is it extremely difficult to examine some of his landscapes and not to be impressed with the reality of the scenes as given. As instances of this, we would refer the curious to the volume of land-birds, page 72,

and to pages 39, 92, and 282, of the water-birds. To us, the impression of these sketches being portraits of actual scenes is so strong as to be irresistible.

The extreme delicacy and tact, however, of Bewick's power of observation, in its essence, as well as in its use, are sufficiently manifest in various portions of his works. The figure of the miller's old overloaded horse, which evidently has what farriers denominate 'the string-halt,' has been referred to; but there are others that evince quite as strongly his ability to seize and convey the most minute peculiarities of animal action. We would instance particularly that exquisite sketch at page 15 of his 'quadrupeds,' (edition of 1807,) where the child, whilst the nurse is otherwise engaged, has strayed to the colt's heels. The scene is depicted so strongly as almost to be painful. We see that, in one moment more, the animal will strike, probably with fatal effect, and that the frantic mother is too late. Equally admirable is the attitude of the cat, proceeding along a rail, at page 133 of the land-birds. Something has, for the moment, attracted her attention, and she is just in the attitude of pausing, in order to make that cautious survey which is characteristic of the animal. These are nicer touches drawn from animated beings. In some of those which are the result of inanimate nature, the artist has been equally successful. Those sea-side sketches, which he has scattered with such ornamental profusion over the second volume of his 'British Birds,' present many specimens of this happy delineation of water in motion, which, when in the shape of waves, it is one of the great difficulties of art successfully to portray. In some of these Bewick has been wonderfully felicitous. At page 128, (vol. ii.,) we have that peculiar chafing of the sea, which is the result of a fresh breeze blowing a point or two off the land, given with exquisite truth and nature. At pages 145 and 378 of the same volume, the action of the rising tide is admirably expressed. At page 314, the motion of the sea before the wind is delineated with equal life and power. At page 218, we have a chase at sea, portrayed with immense force and spirit of execution; and at page 173, the anger of the ocean, when thoroughly roused, is set before us. The haze of foam, and the broken rudder cast upon the shore, speak more eloquently than can any language. Again, at page 206, the motion of swell under a

light breeze is marvellously caught. A collection of half a dozen sea-gulls are resting on the water, and we are made distinctly to perceive that the swell is just in the act of passing *under* that which occupies the place next to the extreme on the left hand. The most strongly marked, however, of all these marine sketches, beautiful as they are, is, perhaps, that at page 179 of the same volume, of the man and boat. Nothing can be drearier than the situation. The sea, we perceive, is rising. The vessel in the horizon will, we see, be out of sight in ten minutes more, and—where is the land? The view of this characteristic sketch absolutely produces a chill upon the imagination; and we are, in spite of ourselves, imbued with that feeling of desolateness and disaster so strongly impressed in the line of Valerius Flaccus—

‘Exoritur notus; et toto ratis una profundo
cernitur.’

The very waves seem dark with fate, and we hear the gale whistle more and more loudly and shrill. A similar tale is told, though in a different fashion, at page 236. We have there a simple, insulated, wave-worn rock. Behind it the treacherous waters are smooth and calm, but above their moveless surface is the remnant of a mast of a sunken vessel. On the right, a seaman's hat lies upon the shore, just left there; on the left, a minute shell-fish, of the crab species, is crawling forth to enjoy the calm after that storm in which so many human beings—fathers, sons, husbands, and brothers—peradventure, have perished.

To insist upon the genius of the man who, by a few touches, can produce effects like these, would be needless. It is clear, however, that his unreserved confidence in nature helped him to this; and that to the combined strength and simplicity of his mind we must attribute the result. Bewick had no theories to bewilder him. He saw that creation was beautiful; he endeavored to grasp and transfer those beauties, and that was enough for him. His creed was very brief;

‘The good old rule
Contented him—the simple plan.’

He essayed to portray things as they were; not as they might be, or ought to be. In point of fact, he had no idea of improving upon the work of the Almighty Crea-

tor. He believed it perfect, and was contented so to believe it. For metaphysics of all sorts he had a rooted dislike, and was the last man in the world to suffer a metaphysician to argue him out of the testimony of his own eyesight. For all the idealities of painters and connoisseurs he had a thorough contempt. He disbelieved in the whole process of endeavoring 'to paint the lily, or throw a perfume on the violet.' He could see beauty in all natural objects whatsoever; more in some, less in others, but beauty in all. Hence he held that the commonest bit of meadow that ever the sun shone upon, if truly painted, would embody in itself some portion of the beautiful and true. This was *his* theory, and his practice squared with it. Out of the most ordinary natural objects he evolved the poetical and the reflective. He found

'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

This was the secret of Bewick's success. He worshipped nature in pure simplicity of heart, and richly she repaid him. His utter dislike to any innovation upon that which *was*, he displayed very amusingly, and on an interesting occasion, towards the close of his life. A few of the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society in Newcastle, for the most part friends of the artist, wished to present a marble bust of him to the Society, in order that it might be placed in their library. To expect the artist to go to London to sit to any sculptor there was a somewhat hopeless expectation, and was therefore not entertained; but Mr. Bailey was brought down in order to make the model, from which the bust was afterwards to be cut. So far all went smoothly; but when it came to be debated in what 'costume' he should be taken, a sore controversy arose. The sculptor, as is usual, insisted upon covering the engraver's shoulders with some kind of drapery, which, for want of a better word, we shall call *Romanesque*. Whether it was precisely a 'toga' or not we cannot say; but it was, no doubt, something classical, in so far as it was not English! Against this, however, Bewick at once rebelled. He was resolved, if he must appear on earth after his death, to do so after the fashion of Hamlet's father,

'In his habit—as he lived.'

and from this resolution he would not budge. The 'toga' was accordingly given up, and

the artist was taken in his coat and waistcoat, not forgetting his neckcloth and ruffled shirt; nor can we say that the likeness was thereby injured, whatever may be the case with the classicality. The whole affair was richly characteristic of the man; for not content with the coat and waistcoat, as Cromwell would not be painted without his warts, so Bewick was for compelling Bailey to put in some of what he termed his 'beauty spots,' alluding to some scars which the small-pox had left upon his face.

With that vein of satirical and grave moralizing which runs through the works of this singular man, all who have seen his works are familiar. In the indulgence of this humor he sometimes, it must be admitted, descends to coarseness; but where he escapes this, Hogarth himself has hardly excelled some of Bewick's touches of keen but moral satire. What, for instance, can be better than the thief who sees a fiend in his path in every rugged branch, cragstone, or stump of a tree? What a moral lesson do we not read in the ass that rubs himself against the moss-clad stone, set up to commemorate some conflict, thus helping to render more illegible an inscription already three parts obliterated? What a stroke is that of the Scotsman, who is fording the river with the help of his cow's tail, in order to save paying toll at the bridge, but who is losing his hat in the adventure? What a scene is that of the two 'quid nuncs' in humble life, earnestly engaged in some interesting discussion, but forgetting, in the earnestness of the inter-communication of great things, that all the water is running out of the water-cart? Or, lastly, where shall we find a picture of contented sensuality like that of the old fellow leaning over his gate, with his pot and pipe, feeding his ducks, who are fattening themselves much in the style of their master? Bewick has indulged to the utmost in odd fondness for introducing 'his Satanic majesty' in *propria persona*. On some occasions, this is done in a way sufficiently ludicrous, but sometimes not without a strong moral purpose. That sketch in which he depicts him smoking his pipe, and quietly enjoying the execution in the distance, cannot be mistaken. Enough, however, of this.

Here we had purposed to pause; but there remains one other topic, upon which we feel ourselves bound to say a few words. In his treatise on wood-engraving, Mr. Jackson, author of that generally meritorious work, has given a currency—which

we certainly are of opinion it did not deserve—to a statement that the celebrated engraver on wood, and great improver of the art, owes a part of his celebrity, at all events, to his pupils; and that some of the best of his cuts were either designed or executed, or both, by his apprentices. A long list of these is given; and the names of the pupils who are said to have been, altogether or in part, the authors of these works, are appended. When the public is appealed to in this way, they who so appeal must be content to take ‘for better, for worse,’ such opinions and comments as may chance to follow. We must plainly say, we see no reason for giving implicit credit to such a statement as is here put forth. Had this assertion been made, and this claim been put in, during Mr. Bewick’s lifetime, it would have been manly at all events; but during the life of the great engraver it sleeps, and when his sleep is that of death, it finds time and opportunity for waking. In a suspicious way, then, it comes forth to the day; and it is as destitute of internal as it is of external evidence. What satisfactory end can it answer for any set of men to boast of leaps made ‘at Rhodes,’ if they cannot repeat them? To detract thus from the fame of their master does not increase their own.

How happens it, the world must naturally ask, that these claimants have no works indisputably theirs, and equal to those they claim? To this there can only be one answer, and that answer is sufficient. A well-earned reputation is not to be whispered away thus, when the tomb stands between the whisperer and him whose best legacy to posterity is to be thus vilified and depreciated. But all internal evidence is against the asseveration. Some of the designs claimed are so manifestly those of Bewick, that hardly any evidence could prove them not to be his. There is, for instance, that exquisite tail-piece termed ‘boys playing upon gravestones.’ It occurs at page 255, of the second volume of birds: and is asserted to have been designed by Johnson, and cut by Clennel. We question whether either of them ever understood the depth of the satire concealed under that design. The boys are seated on gravestones. The first blows a glass trumpet, and the others figure in caps made of rushes, and flourish wooden swords. This generally passes for a mere ‘burlesque of war,’ but the sting goes deeper. Upon the highest stone, next the trumpeter, it will be seen that the art-

ist has placed the well dressed ‘gentleman’s son;’ the next to him is *sans* shoe or stocking: and the last is the quintessence of a poor little ragged urchin, probably destitute of father, mother, or friend—a true picture of the system of promotion in the British army at this hour. He who can, upon such evidence, believe this *not* to be the emanation of Bewick’s satirical and playful fancy, must have a good swallow. Such charges are easily insinuated, especially after the death of those most concerned. In sculpture especially, and in painting as well as in engraving, preliminary portions are often intrusted to inferior hands; yet who would listen to a whisper that Sir Francis Chantrey did not carve his own marbles, or Sir Thomas Lawrence paint his own pictures, because one left the rough-hewing, and the other the laying on of the grounds, to pupils or assistants? We shall not say one word more on such a subject. We deemed it a duty not to pass it unnoticed; and having said thus much, we leave it to that oblivion which awaits it, regretting only that such a charge, so based, should ever have been published.

Mr. Bewick was, at the period of his death, just entered upon his seventy-sixth year. He left a son (who is also an engraver) and three daughters in a situation of comfortable independence. In person he was tall and athletic, but towards the latter part of his life had a slight stoop. His countenance, when at rest, was heavy; but in conversation on topics which interested him, underwent that sudden lighting up, as it were, of the features, often observed in men who hide high talent under a plain exterior. In Bewick, it was very remarkable; so much so, that the effect has been compared to that of putting a candle behind a transparent painting. His manners were those of much simplicity, and his conversation strong, powerful, racy and graphic. On most subjects he thought for himself; and was strongly inclined, upon most subjects, to what are styled ‘liberal opinions.’ In his dealings, he was keen, cautious, and prudent to a high degree, and was well aware of the great value of all that was produced by his hand. He is understood to have left behind him some memoirs of himself, which, we have reason to believe, contain not only his own annals, but some of his opinions on art, as well as on other topics in which he took an interest. That his family have not thought fit to lay them before the world may be a subject for regret,

but hardly, perhaps, for remonstrance. As the great improver of his peculiar art, Bewick must always be remarkable; but upon the beauty, truth, and force of his delineations of Nature must his fame, in our humble opinion, ultimately rest. There are those who regret that he had not applied himself to painting rather than to engraving. We must confess we are not of the number. Genius, we are inclined to believe, judges best its own capabilities; nor could we ever sympathize with those who very needlessly, we think, repine, because Burns did not write a drama, Byron an epic, or Bewick paint a picture. They all probably knew best what they could best do, and did it accordingly. For the last we can only say, that had his lot been cast as a painter, and could he have delineated nature in colors with all that force and truth that waited upon the efforts of his graver, he must have taken his place as one of the greatest landscape painters that ever painted.

From the Athenæum.

THE SACRED CITY OF KERBELA.

M. Lottin de Laval, an archæologist of distinction, charged by the French government with a scientific mission in the East, has addressed a letter (which we find printed in the *Courrier d'Orient*) to the venerable M. Champollion, giving some particulars relating to an excursion made by him from Musseib to Kerbela.—“Kerbela, like Mecca,” he says, “is a holy city *par excellence*—possessed by the Schytes, who have erected there superb tombs to their Imaums Hussein and Abbas. Its entrance has been, from time immemorial, interdicted not only to the Christians of the East, but even to the Osmanlis, who are masters of the country. Scarcely two years ago—before it was taken by Nedjid Pacha,—had a Musulman attempted to introduce himself, he would inevitably have been murdered. Every thing about the city was a mystery—the nature of its government and its very site. Each year 50,000 or 60,000 sectaries—sometimes 100,000—flock thither from the most remote parts of Russia, from Khorasan, the Great Bokhara, Cashmere, Lahore, and the farther parts of India. *Sefer* is commonly the month of the most celebrated pilgrimage. Numbers of caravans of Hadjis

arrive at Bagdad; and a curious sight it is to see, those long files of horsemen clad in picturesque costume, women hidden beneath their thick veils, and dervises of every shade, mingled with the Moukaris who conduct the famous *caravan of the dead*.”

Furnished with the recommendations of the French Ambassador at Constantinople, and of the Consul General of the same country at Bagdad, M. Lottin de Laval determined upon making an effort to penetrate into a city of which the orientals relate so many marvels. Crossing the Euphrates at Musseib, by a bridge of boats, he turned west-by-south across the Arabian desert; and arrived, after two hours' march, on the banks of the Husseinié—a great canal leading from the Euphrates direct to Kerbela.

“On the left bank of the Husseinié appeared plantations of date trees; and shortly after these, the gardens commence. During a march of several hours, the path traverses a forest of huge palms; and the canal is bordered, on either side, by apricot, plum, pomegranate and lemon trees in flower—with the vine twining every where among their branches; presenting a rich scene of vegetation—still more enchanting after a journey of ten days across the deserts of Babylon and Arabia. We arrived, in the afternoon, at the gate, protected by a formidable bastion; and over which towers, to the south, the Mosque of Imaum Abbas,—whose cupola and minarets, covered with painted and varnished porcelain, glittered beneath the rays of a burning sun. There, the order of our march was arranged, so as to have an imposing appearance in the eyes of the terrible and fanatic population of Kerbela. Sadeg Bey, Mutsellim of the country, and one of the most active and distinguished men of the empire, had given us, at Hilla, a considerable escort of Arnauts and Aguels—a very necessary precaution. A black Chawich marched at our head, beating rapidly on two small tabors, fastened to each side of his saddle—a mark, in this country, of great honor. I followed next to this man; then came my young companion and a Frenchman born at Bagdad—succeeded by our Persian servants and our trusty horsemen, lance or musket in hand. * * The spectacle presented by this dreaded population was curious. At every step, we stumbled on pilgrims, mollahs, and green-turbaned Seids (descendants of the Prophet.) Women looked down upon us from the terraces.

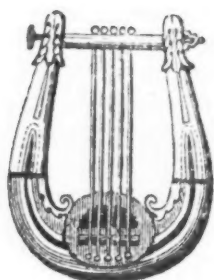
Every one rose at my approach, crossed his hands upon his breast, and then carried them to his mouth and to his head, giving me the *salâm-aleikoun*. I suppose I must have played my part pretty well; for my *aleikoun-salâm* was wonderfully well received, with no suspicion of the fraud. Clad like a Kurdish chief, with long beard, and arms at my girdle, and followed by my companion in the uniform of a superior officer of the Nizam, and M. Nourad wearing his ordinary costume of an Arab of Bagdad, the *Husseinié*, no doubt, fancied their new *Mutsellim* had arrived—Sadeg Bey having quitted Kerbela seven days before.

"I had been told that the two mosques of Kerbela were of unrivalled beauty—and I found it true: they exceed their fame. That of the Imaum Hussein is the most sumptuous. A vast pile of masonry supports the cupola; and this cupola is entirely built in bricks of copper, about eighteen centimètres square, covered over with plates of gold of extreme purity. Three minarets spring up by the side of this sumptuous cupola, adorned with painted porcelain, enriched with flowers and inscriptions as far up as the Muezzin's gallery. Above this gallery are open colonnades on the two minarets which flank the southern gate; and these colonnades and the final shafts are gilt likewise. The interior is in harmony with this unheard-of splendor. The side walls are of enameled porcelain, having a dazzling effect. Wreaths of flowers and friezes covered with inscriptions in Talik characters intermingle with remarkable elegance; and the cupola is adorned with mirrors, cut facetwise, and with strings and pendants of pearls. The tomb of Hussein is placed in the centre of this cupola. It is a square mass, of considerable height,—covered over with veils wrought in pearls mixed with diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds. Cashmere shawls are of no account. Around the tomb are hung marvellous sabres and kamas, (poniards of Khorassan), profusely ornamented with precious stones—bucklers of gold, covered with diamonds—jewels, vases, and all that Asiatic luxury can conceive as most costly. Three balustrades protect this mausoleum. The first is of massive gold, wrought with great art. The two others are of massive silver, carved with the patience and skill of the Persian. The treasury of this mosque, before the taking of Kerbela, included riches incalculable; but Sadalla Pacha,

after the massacre which took place near the tomb . . . *paid his devotions* there for a space of five hours, with some Sunnite devotees like himself,—and it may be that Imaum Hussein, irritated by such an outrage, removed to the seven heavens the treasure which had been collected during a period of three centuries—for certainly the *serdâbs* were afterwards found empty.

"The mosque of Imaum Abbas, situate to the east, has no wealth of gold, silver, or precious stones; yet, in my opinion, it is, in an architectonic point of view, far finer. Two minarets only flank its southern gate, and tower above its bold and magnificent cupola—built in porcelain, covered with wide arabesques of a very grand character, and with flowers of gold on a ground of tender green. When the hot sun of Araby darts its burning rays on this richly-colored mass, the splendor and magnificence of the effect are such as thought can scarcely picture and no painting can convey. The body of the edifice is octagonal,—adorned in enamel of a lapis-lazuli tint, and enriched by interminable inscriptions in white. All around are pierced, moulded windows, retiring within indented frames; and the great door, of the same style—flanked by two galleries, sustained by light and graceful columns—projects boldly out, in a manner closely resembling the porch of our ancient basilicæ. The court of this mosque is vast, square, and pierced at each angle with gates of great richness. A fifth gate, less sumptuous, opening on a street which leads to the Date Bazaar, fronts this porch. The interior is simple: for Abbas detested luxury; and I have been told by Arab Schytes, that all the presents offered at his tomb are carried off in the night by genii, who deposit them in the *koubbê* of his brother Hussein.

"From the terraces of the *seraï*, or fortress, of Kerbela—where I remained three days—the view of this city is extraordinary. It detaches itself vigorously and bu.ningly from a forest of gigantic palm-trees, against which it is reared. On all sides float garments of dazzling colors over the terraces of the white Persian houses—the minarets and cupolas of enamel and gold glisten in the sun—pilgrims are praying, mollahs declaiming with tears the tragical end of their revered Imaums—caravans are coming and going—and, far in the distance, for background to this animated picture, is seen, on the reddened horizon, the long reach of the Arabian desert.



BYRON'S DREAM.

See Plate.

A CHANGE came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams ; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer.
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all ; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them ; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fastened near a fountain ; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumbered around :
And they were canopied by the blue sky,
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE HIDDEN STREAM.

A HIDDEN stream ran warbling through a vale,
While o'er it bent a withered hawthorn tree ;
An old man listening to the simple tale
Of lisping childhood prattling by his knee,
Had been a fitting emblem of the pair,—
One stooping to the ground, one rising to the air.

The green leaves vanish from thy branch, old
thing !

Like youthful fancies born to fade away.
No more the blackbird in the hours of spring
With gushing warble hymns the closing day
From yonder bough, where once the callow
young
Learned the rich lay of love their happy parent
sung.

Ah ! sweeter far than vernal even-song,
Than leaf more plaintive rustling in the wind,
From year to year thy brook, that steals along
More like the solemn music of the mind
Dreaming of bliss than aught that ever ran
By meadow green, or grove that shades the home
of man.

Art thou a stream ? I hear, but see thee not.

Art thou of earth, a frail, deceiving thing ?

Or art thou but a wild, eternal thought ?

A cuckoo-presence journeying with the spring ?

A spirit-wind that loves this quiet vale

To mourn away, unseen, a sad aerial tale ?

The breathed incense of a secret flower—

The dewy freshness of a morning dream—

A star at twilight's melancholy hour—

The woodman's solitary cottage-gleam—

A cloud at rest on heaven's eternal sea,

Are in my soul, sweet brook, memorials of thee.

Methinks a nymph, to ancient fancy dear,

Had so lamented o'er her leafless grot ;

Methinks the angel of the parting year

So wakes her wild harp's sympathetic note

On the bare hill, where flowers have ceased to
wave,

And wither'd harebells droop o'er her autumnal
grave.

Where'er the music of thy footstep knells,

The grass is green, as if a fairy trod,

Pale knots of violets, and pensive bells,

And dew-cups, offering incense up to God,

Thy path betray, where, like a second Spring,

Fresh showers of bloom thy waves in lavish
beauty fling.

So, far retiring from the ways of men,

Meek Virtue walks, the source of lowliness,

By silent field, lone stream, and shady glen,

Scattering, unseen, the flowers of holiness—

Unknown, unwept, till some undying bloom,

With sacred incense, leads the wanderer to her
tomb.

Flow on, wild brook ! and weep not to depart,

A purer stream a greener nook will lave,

Deep in the living memories of my heart ;

And e'en, methinks, thy waves beyond the grave

Up from the sparkling fount of life will flow,

Scattering immortal bliss and beauty as they go.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A CHILD.

BY MRS. JANE GRAY.

SEEST thou the rose ?

It springeth from the lowly earth,

It hath a bright and lovely birth,

Where the warm East Wind blows—

So when God's Spirit breathes may sweet flowers
start,
Gladdening the low and earthly place, thy heart

Seest thou the stars?
They shine with pure and heavenly light,
Shedding their radiance on the Night,
No mist their glory mars—
So bursting through the clouds that darkly roll,
May the pure day-star rise within thy soul!

May thy young years
Be given to him that gives thee all;
No doubt disturb, no fear appal;
But all thy spring time tears
Flow out in gratitude to him above,
Who draws thy youthful heart with cords of love.

Still be a child,
Even when age its snow shall shed,
And years go dimly o'er thy head—
A daughter reconciled,
As humbly to thy Father's footstool drawn,
As when thou satest there in life's clear dawn.

IS THERE NO MEMORY IN THE GRAVE?

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

On some fond breast the panting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Gray.

The sorrow'd dead in the sepulchre sleep!
Oh! are they, then, unconscious of the tears
Grieving survivors o'er their mem'ry weep,
While hope no more with flatt'ring promise
cheers?

The body slumbers—yea, but sleeps the spirit?
Sure through the grave's dark aperture doth stream
The light eternal which it must inherit?
The God enkindled ray to 'lume their dream?
Mysterious questions! waiting for reply;
Perplexing thoughts, which puzzle still the brain,
But to be solved in heaven. Philosophy,
Them to unravel, tasks itself in vain.

The tomb is God's dread secret, which he keeps
Inviolat, to be reveal'd alone
When He arouses every thing that sleeps
By the last trump's reverberating tone.
Then whether of our anguish conscious are
Departed friends, or unacquainted they,
Let their remembrance be the eastern star
To guide us where, benign, a Saviour lay—
Not in the manger, but Jerusalem,
The New Jerusalem, for Him design'd.
Crown'd by his Father with THAT diadem
That signals Christ, Redeemer of mankind.
Let us so live as if each act of ours
Could pain or joy to buried friends impart;
Let conscience exercise restraining powers,
Whisp'ring, "Each crime committed wrings their
heart!"

Let, too, the tomb propound its solemn sere,
"Repent while thou art spar'd, and pardon crave
For thy misdeeds, repent in TIME, lest fear
Of Heaven's vengeance follows to the grave
Where no repentance is, where as the tree
Is fell'd it lieth mould'ring to decay,

Until the storm-blast of eternity
Sweepeth it terribly in wrath away."
Then weep the dead; oh! with the dead com-
mune,

Familiar grow with churchyards—homes for all—
Ay, e'en the homeless. Ah! how opportune
Must come to shelter them, death's friendly pall!
Look on the narrow crypt, how small the space!
How dark, how dismal, for lost souls to grope!
Yet radiant with the beams of heavenly grace
For those who sleep, to wake with Christ in hope!
The glorious waking of the GOOD and JUST!
The aspiration piety inspires.
Oh! be it mine, and yours, who in the dust
Feel still thine ashes keep religious fires!

THE ABSENT ONE.

BY MRS. JANE GRAY.

TIME hath passed with a light footfall,
Friend, through thy bright ancestral hall:
The fret-work still looks fresh and fair,
The windows their gorgeous coloring wear,
The dome is high, the pillars strong—
How can I think the time so long!
Years since I stooped my head before
Neath the wreath o'ershadowing the low side-
door—

Years, and no trace of dull decay
Is here, yet a something hath passed away.
The fire burns bright on the ample hearth,
But I miss the sound of the children's mirth,
I miss bright smiles and their laughter's tone—
Where, oh, where are thy children gone?

There was one whose eye had an eagle's glance,
And courage sate in his brow's expanse;
Tell me, sweet friend, and where is he?
"A wanderer from home on the treacherous sea,
Long hath he roamed with a venturous band,
Seeking for wealth in a distant land;
But when summer is fair, over valley and glen,
With the rose and the swallow he comes again."

And there was another, a thoughtful boy,
Careless of childish sport or toy,
Yet poring o'er books like a miser o'er gold,
Loving wild tales and legends of old.
Thought drew swift lines o'er that pure young
brow,
"Thro' the wood walks he strays, but when night
stars burn,
I trust to his home will the wanderer return."

And the merry, bright child, with the golden hair,
Dancing like light o'er his forehead so fair?
"He tarrieth with teachers loving and kind,
Winning rich gifts for his opening mind;
But when the frost on the leafless trees
Is rustling crisp in the wintry breeze,
And the Christmas bough in the hall doth sway,
I trust in his home shall the fair child play."

And the sweetest of all, the lovely one,
Whose low, soft voice had so dear a tone,
Whose eye was so darkly, so tenderly bright,
Whose hand so small, whose step was so light—

Thou tremblest, thou weepst! And is it so—
Is that beauteous head in the churchyard low?
Alas! and time shall the rest restore,
But the fairest and dearest shall come no more.

“Well hast thou guessed. From our household
band

The bright one is passed to a holier land;
She drinks from the fountains of wisdom there,
With a brow unclouded by earthly care;
And she dwells with a teacher far away,
Nor looks nor longs for a holiday;
She hath passed the Dark Valley's narrow track,
And we know on its pathway she comes not back.

“But by the light of her cloudless eye,
So full of Faith's heartfelt prophecy;
By the holy words of prayer and praise
That hallowed her lips in her few short days;
By her glad ‘farewell,’ when we needs must part,
I have gathered strength to my weary heart,
For I know in the Saviour's ransomed train
With the Angels and saints we shall meet again!”

CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF “THE TRA-
DUCED.”

CUMÆ--VIRGIL'S TOMB AT NAPLES.—BAL.E.

Ye winds! why bear the violet's rich perfume?
Ye birds! why soar and sing on wanton plume?
Mid the long grass, why flow, ye crystal streams?
And why, thou sun, pour down thy gladdening
beams?

Cimmerian darkness here its pall should spread,
And silence wrap this city of the dead.
Cumæ! that lives in Virgil's deathless lay,
Mother of state, ere Rome commenced her sway;
Who braved Etruria's might, and dared the power
Of Afric's chief, in Carthage's proudest hour;*
Where are her busy forums, merchant fleets,
Her mustering armies, and her crowded streets?
Where her bronzed shrine that gleamed along the
wave,

And more than all, her Sybil's mystic cave?†
Pride of Calabria! daughter of the sea!
Gone is her wealth, and bowed her majesty.

* Cumæ, founded about eight centuries before the Christian era, was one of the earliest Greek colonies on the coast of Italy, and gained great wealth and importance through its maritime trade. According to Livy, Parthenope (modern Naples) was a colony from Cumæ. During the second Punic war, Hannibal advanced to attack this town, but was repulsed with great loss.

† The temple of Apollo stood on a hill that commands a view of the coast; the ground in the neighborhood is now covered with fallen columns, tombs, and marble slabs with Greek inscriptions. The Sibyl of Cumæ, who brought her prophetic books to Tarquin, was the most famous of her ten sisters. The remains of her grotto are still shown.

Where once her long streets wound, her temples
rose,
Turf wraps the soil—a sombre forest grows!
There, blent with weeds, the wild flower wastes
its breath,

And lurks the robber with his tube of death;
Black prostrate walls, a column here o'erthrown,
A mouldering tomb, and there a sculptured stone,
Point out famed Cumæ's site; the snake by day
Glides through the grass, and green-eyed lizards
play;
The owl and bat flit there in midnight's noon,
And the fierce wolf stalks forth, and bays the
moon.

Oh, man! proud, fragile thing, who dream'st
of power,
Who shap'st thy wall, and rear'st thy granite
tower,
Hoping to wage successful war with Time,
Great in thy aims, and in thy dreams sublime;
Pause, nursling of an hour, and child of clay!
Read on thy mightiest works that word—decay!
Sure as the writing on Belshazzar's wall,
Thy schemes shall fail, thy Titian hopes shall
fall;
Mind only lives for ever, amaranths bloom,
And Time but breaks his scythe beyond the tomb.

Ruins of villas crowning mossy rocks,
Columns o'erthrown by years and earthquake
shocks,

The Formian hills where Tully's ashes sleep,
Scipio's grey tower by lone Liternum's deep;
Pass we these scenes, to yon green wooded hill,
Where more than ancient beauty dazzles still,
Posilipo, o'erlooking shore and sea,
And love's own city, bright Parthenope.*
Glorious that landscape spreads, around, below;
In hues of Heaven all nature seems to glow;
Through vales of flowers the wild bee blithely
wings,

'Mid orange groves the soft-plumed mavis sings,
Kissing the shores, and stretching far away,
One sheet of sapphire spreads the isle-gemmed
bay;

Vines clad the mountains, myrtles fringe the
wave,
And harp-like music whispers from each cave;
The very winds seem born of joy and love,
And earth laughs up to laughing skies above.
Oh, lovely land! when banished angels flew
From Eden's bowers, and bade our world adieu,
The heaven-born strangers dropped their parting
tear,
And stamped their smiles, and left their foot-prints
here.

Yet 'tis not nature's beauties glowing round
Lend the chief charm to this enchanted ground:
But radiant memories of long vanished years,
Th' immortal lore that hallows and endears.
Each ruin tells a tale; rock, grove, and stream,
The classic haunt of some bright spirit seem.
That rises near? a fabric lone and grey,
That boasts no pillars rich, nor friezes gay;
An ilex bends above its moss-clad walls,
In long festoons the dark green ivy falls,
And pale eyed flowers in many a crevice bloom—
Kneel, stranger, kneel—that cell is Virgil's tomb!

* Naples.

Yes, doubt not, though thou find'st nor urn, nor bust,
That slumbers there the Mantuan poet's dust;
Gaze on his laurell'd brow with fancy's eye,
And hear his harp amid the ruins sigh.*

But Baiæ, soft retreat in days of yore,
That knew no winter, wooes us to its shore.
Heroes and emperors whilom trod this strand,
And art, song, pleasure reigned, a festive band.
Here Cæsar stooped his pride to garden bowers,
And stern-browed Marius wreathed his sword with flowers;
Here rich Lucullus gorgeous banquets spread,
Pollio the hours in chains of roses led;
Steeped in warm bliss seemed ocean, earth, and sky,
Life one rich dream of love and luxury.†
But Baiæ's shores are dark and lonely now,
Grey nameless ruins crown Misenum's brow;
Fall'n towers, crushed temples, villas 'neath the deep,
And scattered tombs where bards and heroes sleep,
Line all the coast; and he who lingers here
Will tread with awe, and drop a sorrowing tear.
Approach yon relic, scan its mouldering wall—
Age, crime, and mystery, o'er it spread their pall;
There sleeps a Roman empress‡—dark her doom—
The furies haunt, 'tis said, her blood-stained tomb,
And when the laboring moon her crescent fills,
Low trumpets wail along the neighboring hills.
But, fair and beauteous, Love's small temple stands,
Watched by his eye, and guarded by his hands;
To dim the halls of Venus years forget,
Her cupids fly, her doves are glowing yet.
Oh, yes! the goddess left her Paphian shrine,
Deeming this land more glorious and divine;
And still her spirit, loath to quit the spot,
Glides o'er the shore, and haunts the sparry grot,
Sighs in the gales that wander round her home,
And smoothes with kisses ocean's silvery foam §

* For a series of ages the singular monument on the hill of Posilipo has been hailed as the sepulchre of Virgil; some modern skeptics only have thrown a doubt on its identity.

† Baiæ was the favorite watering-place of the Romans; so numerous were their villas here that even to give a list of them would surpass our limits. But neither Cæsar, Hortensius, Cicero, nor Varro could emulate the splendor of the wealthy Lucullus, one of whose fish-ponds still remains, forming the modern lake, Agnano.

‡ Agrippino, the cruel mother of a more cruel son, Nero, murdered by him at her own villa near the Lucrine Lake. The legend alluded to in the text attaches to this ruinous edifice.

§ This elegant circular building, now called Tempio di Venere, is in excellent preservation; adjoining the temple are several rooms, the walls of which display stucco reliefs, illustrative of passages from the Greek and Roman poets who have written on love.

SPEAK NO ILL.

NAÏ, speak no ill!—a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And, oh! to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus the kinder plan;
For if but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide—
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No: let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief its span;
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can.

CHARLES SWAIN.

COME, TELL ME THY SORROW.

Come, tell me thy sorrow, and if I can aid thee,
My heart and my purse are both thine to the end;
If not, seek support from the Being that made thee,
But mourn not as if without solace, my friend.
Though thy sky be now dark, there is hope for to-morrow,
A sunlight to come, which the morn may restore;
Then cheer! bid thy soul spring immortal o'er sorrow,
Thou hast one friend at least, if thou canst not find more.

Ne'er fancy thine own disappointments are greater
Than theirs who seem *right* whatsoever they do;
Misfortune finds all either sooner or later;
Life's mourners are many—the mirthful are few.
Then vex not thy spirit with fears and surmises,
But wrestle with care, and thy firmness restore;
There's a star for thee yet, and, till brightly it rises,
Thou hast one friend at least, if thou canst not find more.

CHARLES SWAIN.



SCIENCE AND ART.

THE CUP USED BY LUTHER IN THE LORD'S SUPPER.—The King of Prussia has purchased the wine-vase and cup with which Luther used to administer the Sacrament; and which are described as of silver, gilt in the inside. The cup resembles an ordinary goblet, but inclining in its circle to the oval; the vase has the form of a jug, is covered with subjects representing the Passion, and is said to be of admirable workmanship.—From Berlin, it is stated, too, that the house of the celebrated Jewish philosopher, Mendelssohn, has been purchased by the Jewish commune of that city, at a cost of 35,000 dollars, for conversion into a free school for the children of the Jewish poor.—*Ath.*

RESTORED FRESCOS—We learn, from the Roman States, that the frescoes with which the celebrated Luca Signorelli had adorned the vault of the cathedral of Orvieto having long disappeared under a thick coating of soot, two young German painters, MM. Bothe and Pfannen-schmidt, natives of Wurtemberg, undertook, at their own cost, and solely for the love of Art, to restore these paintings;—in which they have had complete success. The municipality have rewarded the artists with the freedom of their city; and are about to publish engravings of the frescoes,—dedicating the proofs to them.—*Ath.*

ACTION OF THE RAYS OF THE SPECTRUM ON VEGETABLE JUICES.—An extract from a letter by Mrs. M. Somerville to Sir John Herschel. In the experiments, of which the results are here recorded, the solar spectrum was condensed by a lens of flint-glass of seven inches and a half focus, maintained in the same part of the screen by keeping a pin-hole or pencil-mark constantly at the corner of the red rays, which was sharply defined by being viewed through blue spectacles; and the apparatus was covered with black cloth, in order to exclude extraneous light. Thick white letter-paper, moistened with the liquid to be examined, was exposed wet to the spectrum, as it

was found that the action of the colored light was thus rendered more immediate, and more intense, than when the surface of the paper was dry. The action of the spectrum, at the junction of the lavender with the violet rays, was found, in some cases, to be different from what it is with either of these colors separately, indicating a break in the continuity of action, and suggesting the idea of a secondary spectrum. In many instances the yellow and green rays exert a powerful influence on vegetable substances, an influence apparently unconnected with heat; for the darkening is generally least under the red rays, and immediately below them, where the calorific rays are most abundant. The action, in a great number of cases, produces insulated spots in different parts of the spectrum, but more especially in the region of the rays of mean refrangibility, in which neither the calorific nor the chemical powers are the greatest. The point of maximum intensity is sometimes altered by the addition of acids, alkalis, or diluted alcohol. But altogether, as the author states, the action of the different parts of the spectrum seems to be very capricious, the changes of color produced being exceedingly irregular and unaccountable.—*Lit. Gaz.*

FIRE-DAMP OF COAL MINES.—"A report on the composition of the fire-damp of the Newcastle coal-mines, and the means of preventing accidents from its explosion," by Prof. T. Graham. The gases experimented on were from the five-quarter seam in the Gateshead colliery, the Bonsham seam in the Hepburn, and from the Killingworth colliery in the neighborhood of Jarrow. They were collected with every precaution to insure purity and prevent admixture with atmospheric air. The details of their examination were given, and the result proved that the only additional matters present, besides light carburetted hydrogen, were a small per centage of nitrogen and oxygen, or air; thus confirming the results of Davy and of the author's experiments made some years ago. The remarkable absence

of all oxidable matters, at the temperature of the air, in the fire-damp is of geological interest, as it proves that almost indefinitely protracted oxidating action must be taken into account in the formation of coal. Professor Graham next proceeded to suggest two measures for preventing the explosion of the gas in coal-mines, and of mitigating the effects of such accidents. The first, based on the gas ceasing to be explosive when diluted beyond a certain point with air, and the fact, that, from its extreme lightness, it continues near the roof for a great length of time. It was recommended, that an early intermixture of the fire-damp and air be promoted by agitation with a light portable wheel, with vanes, so placed as to impel the air in the direction of the ventilation, and not to impede the draught. The second, that to remove the afterdamp, or carbonic acid gas, which results from the explosion, and by which the large proportion of deaths is occasioned, a cast-iron pipe, from eight to twelve inches in diameter, be permanently fixed in every shaft, with blowing apparatus above, by which air could be thrown down, and the shaft itself immediately ventilated; by means of flexible or fixed tubes this auxiliary circulation might be carried into the workings.—*Lit. Gaz.*

GASTRIC JUICE.—M. Boyer describes the properties of the gastric juice, which he conceived might be usefully employed in pathology, as follows: 1st. The gastric juice of a dog (at 38°C) rapidly dissolves portions of bones of a certain size; it would not be difficult to apply it to chalk-stones, &c., to facilitate their destruction. 2d. It dissolves also fibrous, albuminous, gelatinous tissues, &c.; and among others, as M. Boyer is directly assured, of cancer, tubercles, false membranes. Could it not be then made use of for the dispersion of these abnormal productions? 3d. M. Boyer has neutralized with it the poison of a viper. Ought it not to produce the same effect on poisons and virus in general? It is known that these substances introduced into the stomach produce no injurious effect. M. Boyer believes that this depends on the decomposing action of gastric juice. If such results be confirmed and extended, may not gastric juice be useful in wounds made by venomous animals, in abrasions, and the introduction of virus, in septic maladies, &c.? It may be artificially procured in a natural state from dogs, or artificial gastric juice may be employed.—*Lit. Gaz.*

CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY.—The establishment of a university at Calcutta is the theme of much notice in the last Indian journals: the object of which is to confer academical degrees on the students of Indian colleges, to enable them to take rank with the members and graduates of the universities of Europe. In order to accomplish this object, it is proposed to have the university incorporated by a special act of the legislature, and endowed with the privileges enjoyed by all chartered universities in Great Britain and Ireland, and empowered to grant degrees in art, sciences, law, medicine, and civil engineering. The university of London is proposed as a model for the Calcutta institution: the governor-general of India to be the chancellor; the president of the council of education the vice-chancellor. The adoption of this plan (it is added) is expected to open the path to

distinction to every class and every institution, to give a fair reward to those who have spent years in the acquisition of knowledge, and to produce a better educated body of public servants, superior to their predecessors both in character and in attainments. The government has also sanctioned the foundation of a college at Kishnagur, in the district of Nuddia; the pupils to be admitted on the 1st of November without reference to caste or religion; and the course of study to be the same as that pursued at the Hindoo college. Yearly examinations are to take place, when scholarships are to be awarded to the most deserving. Zillah schools have also been established in various Zillahs. At a meeting held at Allahabad, on the 15th September, it was proposed to establish a proprietary college in England for the exclusive education of Anglo-Indian children.—*Literary Gazette.*

"AN EXCURSUS ON THE TOPOGRAPHY OF THE HOMERIC ILION," by Dr. H. N. Ulrichs, Professor of Latin Literature in the University of Athens. Mr. Patrick Colquhoun, to whom the society is indebted for the translation and editing of this memoir, was already engaged on the spot in researches into that *rezota questio* to which it relates, when, in December 1843, he became intimate at Athens with its learned author, one of the first Greek scholars and antiquaries of his time. The attention of Dr. Ulrichs also had been particularly turned to the subject, and although he had not yet visited the Trojan plain, he had prepared himself for a personal examination of it by collecting all passages in any way bearing on the subject, and had drawn certain conclusions from the preponderating evidence. These conclusions led him to reject both the *Novum Ilium* of the Romans, and the spot selected by Chevalier; and, adopting in preference the view of Strabo, to examine the localities with special reference to that writer. Scarcely had the professor finished his notes, when he was attacked by a sudden illness on his return to Athens, where, in a few days, he expired. The present excursus, one of many works by him hitherto unpublished, chiefly on the subject of ancient topographies, has been prepared to be laid before the learned world in an English dress, in conformity with his wishes, as expressed to Mr. Colquhoun. The reading of this day ended with the close of the prefatory remarks: in our next report we hope to give an outline of the author's arguments against the two theories rejected, and in support of that adopted by him.—*Literary Gazette.*

MAGNETIC DISCOVERY.—The phenomena of Magnetism have been attracting the attention of scientific men for some time past; and it appears, from the results of their investigations, as if we were advancing to a knowledge of many of the more secret operations of nature. A very interesting discovery has been recently made by Mr. Robert Hunt—whose discoveries in thermography and photography have appeared in our columns. By placing a glass trough on the poles of a powerful magnet, and filling it with any fluid from which a precipitate is slowly forming, it is found that the precipitate arranges itself in the magnetic curves. Crystallization, taking place under the same circumstances, exhibits also the influence of magnetism on their molecular arrangements—all the crystals bending and arranging themselves

in the order of the magnetic curves. The experiment is very beautifully shown by filling the trough with a solution of nitrate of silver, and placing a globule of mercury on the glass, equidistant from the poles of the magnet:—the revived silver shoots out in all directions, in a very pleasing arborescent form; but it maintains in a striking manner the curvilinear tendency, and distinctly marks out the lines of magnetic direction. It would appear, from the results already obtained by Mr. Hunt, that this influence is universal; and, if it is satisfactorily proved to be so, we shall certainly approach much nearer to the truth regarding the influences of electricity on the structure of the earth than we have hitherto done.—*Athenæum*.

PROFESSORSHIPS.—The Minister of Public Instruction in Paris has appointed M. Damiron to the Professorship of the History of Modern Philosophy at the Faculty of Letters in that University, vacated by the death of M. Royer Collard:—and M. Garnier Professor of Philosophy in the same Faculty, in the place of M. Damiron.—*Athenæum*.

WORKS IN IVORY, CAMEOS, ETC.—The Paris papers speak of the bequest, by M. J. H. Beck,—a merchant of that capital, recently deceased,—of two fine works in ivory, sculptured in the 16th century, to the Museum of the Louvre; some antique cameos, of the highest order, and a superb medallion of enamelled gold, attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, to the Cabinet of Medals; and two magnificent pieces in jade (a sort of precious green stone), and a curious stone-mosaic, of admirable workmanship, to the Museum of Natural History.—*Athenæum*.

MONUMENTS OF ATHENS.—M. F. Boulanger, the French architect, whom his Government have commissioned to furnish them with *restorations* of the monuments of ancient Athens, has nearly, we understand, brought his interesting labors there to a close; and is about to explore the islands of the archipelago, Egina, Delos, Milo, and those parts of the continent, such as Eleusis and Delphi, which have not yet been examined for the French government,—the Art Commission sent to Greece in 1831 having confined its investigations to the Morea.—*Athenæum*.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN CUVIER AND PFAFF.—Dr. Behn, of Kiel, has lately published a voluminous correspondence between the illustrious Cuvier and the celebrated chemist, Pfaff. Cuvier and Pfaff had been friends from boyhood; and their letters, which on both sides are in German, embrace not only scientific subjects, but also literature, politics, and the occasional topics of the day. To this paragraph, we may add the announcement of a literary discovery which has recently taken place in the library of a schoolmaster near Stockholm. In making the inventory of his effects, after death, a collection of letters has been found, addressed by D'Alembert to Georges Brandt, the great Swedish chemist, who discovered the properties of arsenic in 1773.—*Athenæum*.

EXPERIMENTS ON STEAM.—The Minister of Public Works assisted M. Regnault with the

means of making experiments on an extensive and practical scale. The questions to be determined by M. Regnault, were—1. The law which unites the temperatures and elastic powers of aqueous vapor at saturation. 2. The quantity of heat absorbed by a kilogramme of water at 0 degree, to be converted into steam for saturation at different degrees of pressure. 3. The quantity of heat absorbed by the same quantity of water in order to raise the temperature to the point in which it assumes the state of vapor under different pressures. 4. The specific heat of aqueous vapor at different stages of density, and at different degrees of temperature. 5. The co-efficients of dilatation of aqueous vapor in different stages of density. In his present paper M. Regnault gives the law of the elastic powers of steam up to 230 degrees centigrade, which temperature corresponds to 28 atmospheres and a half. He next fixes the total heat of steam taken at different pressures, from 1-5th to 15 atmospheres, and finally, he treats of the calorific capacity of water from 0 to 190 degrees. Many distinguished men have devoted their attention to the elastic powers of steam. We may mention Achard, Greu, Dalton, Christian, Arzberger, Watt, Robinson, Betancourt, Schmidt, Southern, Ure, Gay-Lussac, August, Kaemtz, Dulong and Arago, the two latter of whom commenced their experiments in 1823, at the request of the Minister of the Interior, and published an account of them in 1829. They carried their operations up to 25 atmospheres. About the same period a commission of scientific Americans performed a series of experiments on this subject, but went up to only 10 atmospheres. The results, however, of these different experiments were not alike, consequently M. Regnault had to take entirely new ground, greatly aided, however, by the progress which science has made since the period alluded to. In his results he agrees most with MM. Dulong and Arago, particularly as regards high rates of pressure. Watt had supposed that the total quantity of heat necessary for the transformation of a kilogramme of water into the state of steam was certain under a constant pressure. The number admitted was 650. This law, although not exemplified by any precise experiment, had been until very lately regarded as positive, and so adopted in theory and practice. M. Regnault, however, has ascertained that this number increases constantly from 622 under the pressure of one-fifth of an atmosphere up to 670 under 15 atmospheres. At the ordinary pressure the average of 38 experiments gives 636.37. As to the calorific capacity of water it is 1,000 between 0 and 30 degrees, 1,005 between 30 and 120, 1,013 between 120 and 190.—*Athenæum*.

PRESERVATION OF WOOD.—It is now four years since M. Boucherie communicated to the Academy of Sciences, a series of experiments, proving that he had discovered a means of forcing into the pores of wood liquids capable of giving to it great durability and entirely new properties. Since that time many patents have been taken out in France and England for different modes of preserving wood. M. Boucherie's process consists in the introduction of solutions by a sort of filtration. A tub containing the liquid, is placed in contact with one end of the wood; the pressure produced by raising the level of the liquid a little above that of the wood, suffices for its perfect im-

pregnation, with the exception of the central part or heart. In the experiments now referred to, some of these pieces of wood were left in their natural state; others were impregnated to only half their length, and others in the entire length. The liquids used were pyroligneous acid, sulphate of copper, chlorurate of pyrolignated calcium, double chlorurate of sodium and mercury. The woods were buried in the ground, at the depth of a few centimetres, in an enclosed yard, at Compiègne, where they remained nearly three years. On taking them up the prepared wood was found sound, and that which had not been prepared rotten.—*Athenæum*

THE POET GRAY'S LIBRARY, ETC.—A considerable portion of the library and manuscripts of Gray, the poet, were last week sold by auction, and brought large curiosity prices. A ms. copy of the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," in the author's holograph, brought 100*l*; and was remarkable for having the names of Tully and Cæsar in the places of Milton and Cromwell of the printed publication. The Strawberry Hill edition of "The Bard" and "Progress of Poetry" was sold for a like sum; and a ms. of the "Long Story," 45*l*. Gray, it is well known, was one of the early examples of persons who kept regular journals of their excursions about the country, which now furnish memoranda of considerable interest. We are not, therefore, surprised that seven of these little books sold for 30*l*.; and that above forty unpublished letters reached nearly 150*l*. Two other letters, and some satirical poetry on the heads of Houses in Cambridge, thirty guineas; and another lot, including several minor poems, and an epitaph on a child, 40*l*. Some very neatly executed pen-and-ink drawings, and small paintings, also found purchasers at high prices. Mr. Penn, of Stoke Pogeis (whose residence is close by the churchyard reputed to be the site of the Elegy,) was the principal buyer, for the sake of preservation; but some of the other articles have, it is believed, been obtained with a view to publication.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE ERUPTION OF MOUNT HECLA.—From Iceland, 12th October, it is stated that the eruption still continued with the same violence; the lava run from the south-west crater without intermission, and had already covered a space of three miles, and heaped up a mass in a plain at the foot of the mountain, thirty to forty cubits in height. This river of lava presented on a clear night a spectacle at once magnificent and imposing; like a river of flaming fire precipitating itself from the summit of a lofty mountain, and assuming as it advanced from the crater a redder color, or a sort of bluish red. Three immense columns of smoke constantly ascended from the three craters which had formed and spread themselves over the surrounding districts. Up to this period the lava had not destroyed any farm, but the ashes which had fallen into the meadows had already exercised most pernicious effects upon the cattle, especially the cows. In some districts as many as forty had perished. The pastures in the district of Rangrævalla, situate to the eastward of Hecla, were entirely devastated on the first eruption by consid-

erable quantities of pumice-stone, and it is feared that a great number of sheep perished on the occasion. Much uneasiness is felt at the duration of the eruption, as the lava, when it receives fresh supplies, always approaches nearer to the cultivated lands.—*Lit. Gaz.*

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A Comparative Grammar of the Sanscrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Lithuanian, Gothic German, and Slavonic Languages, by Prof. F. Bopp, translated from the German, principally by Lieut. Eastwick, M. R. A. S., conducted through the press by H. H. Wilson, M. A. F. R. S.

For this excellent translation of a truly erudite and critical work, we are indebted to one of the most estimable members of our aristocracy, Lord Francis Egerton. This fact (so honorable to the noble lord) is thus stated in the preface, and justice to him requires that it should be known: having alluded to the success with which philological studies have been pursued in Germany, and to their comparative neglect in this country, Mr. Wilson proceeds:—"Influenced by these considerations, Lord Francis Egerton was some time since induced to propose the translation of a work which occupies a prominent place in the literature of Comparative Philology on the Continent—the *Vergleichende Grammatik* of Professor Bopp, of Berlin * * * As the *Vergleichende Grammatik* is especially dedicated to a comprehensive comparison of languages, and exhibits, in some detail, the principles of the Sanscrit as the ground-work and connecting bond of the comparison, it was regarded as likely to offer most interest to the Philologists of this country, and to be one of the most acceptable of its class to English students: it was therefore selected as the subject of translation. The execution of the work was, however, opposed by two considerations—the extent of the original, and the copiousness of the illustrations derived from the languages of the East, the Sanscrit and the Zend. A complete translation demanded more time than was compatible with Lord F. Egerton's other occupations; and, as he professed not a familiarity with Oriental Literature, he was reluctant to render himself responsible for the correctness with which the orientalisms of the text required to be represented. This difficulty was, perhaps, rather over-rated, as the Grammar itself supplies all the knowledge that is needed, and the examples drawn from the Sanscrit and Zend speak for themselves, as intelligibly as those derived from Gothic and Slavonic. In order, however, that the publication might not be prevented by any embarrassment on this account, I offered my services in revising this portion of the work; and have hence the satisfaction of contributing, however humbly, to the execution of a task which I consider likely to

give a beneficial impulse to the study of Comparative Philology in Great Britain." In Lieut. Eastwick, who acquired a knowledge of the sacred language of the Parsees during his residence in Bombay, and whom we have before introduced to the reader as the translator of Schiller, [*ante*, p. 6291,] his lordship had a very useful coadjutor. "Lieut. Eastwick devoted part of a furlough, rendered necessary by failing health, to a residence in Germany, where he acquired the additional qualifications enabling him to take a share in the translation of the *Vergleichende Grammatik*. He has accordingly translated all those portions of the Comparative Grammar, the rendering of which was incompatible with the leisure of the Noble Lord with whom the design originated, who has borne a share in its execution, and who has taken a warm and liberal interest in its completion." To find any members of the aristocracy thus employed, is always pleasant; nor ought it to pass unnoticed, on the equitable principle—"Honor to whom it is due."—*Athenæum*.

Romancero Castellano, ó Coleccion de Antiguos Romances Populares de los Espanoles. Publicada por G. B. Depping. Nueva Edicion, con las Notas de Don Antonio Alcalá-Galiano.

DEPPING'S 'Collection of Spanish Ballads' is, we believe, the most complete which has been published. The present edition is convenient, neat, and well printed. The editor complains of the inaccuracy of Lockhart's translations with some justice; for the spirit of the English version belongs exclusively to the translator. The old Spanish historical ballads are for the most part prosaic and straightforward narratives, with no poetical attribute but that of very lax metre. A more severe charge is directed against Mr. Lockhart's alleged ignorance of Spanish; and certainly it is strange, that in the well-known ballad, 'My Ear-rings, my Ear-rings,' he should have translated *morena*, *Moorish*, instead of *black* or *dark*. The following extract is from a contemporary ballad on the capture of Rome by the army of Charles V. The poet seems singularly balanced between loyalty to his king, and piety to his pope.

"Mournful stood the Holy Father,
All with grief and sorrow drooping,
In St. Angelo his castle
O'er the lofty bulwarks stooping.

"And his head with no tiara,
Full of dust and perspiration—
Seeing Rome, the world's great Empress,
Harried by a stranger nation.

"And the yoke of conquest pressing,
On the Romans once so stately—
All the cardinals in fetters—
All the bishops bound so straitly.

"And the saintly bones and relics
Scattered through the wide arena,
Yea, the holy coat of Jesus,
And the foot of Magdalena."

And so on, with a quiet and perhaps unintended humor. The same rhyme *ena* is used exclusively in the whole poem.

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English Synonymen Classified and Explained, with Practical Exercises, by G. F. Graham.

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L'Europe depuis l'avènement du roi Louis-Philippe. Par M. Capefigue.

Bibliotheca Orientalis. Manuel de Bibliographie orientale, par J. K. T. Zeuker.

Chefs-d'œuvre des Auteurs Comiques, 2 Vols. Firmin Didot.



